PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY
25 CENTS



GINGER ROGERS

LOVE, FAME and the CLARK GABLES

The poignant story behind their separation · By Adela Rogers St. Johns

COLDS are dangerous infections—*give them Antiseptic Treatment!*

• Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ-killing action in mouth and throat.

Colds are infections. Why not treat them as such—not with harsh drugs powerless against bacteria, but with a first-rate antiseptic that kills germs quickly?

Fewer, Milder Colds

People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.



Tested and Approved 4602 by Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Kills germs on membranes

Listerine holds such germs in check. When this pleasant though powerful antiseptic touches the mucous membranes, it begins to kill by the millions germs associated with colds and sore throat.

Even 3 hours after its use, vulnerable areas show a substantially reduced bacterial count.

See for yourself

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine

—at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



10¢

Her Greatest Role . . as tender as "Little Women" . . as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister" . . as glamorous as "Morning Glory" . . as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

HEPBURN



You will thrill to every unforgettable moment of this different, charming love story of a woman who almost waited too long . . . before she dared admit that she was a woman!

•

An RKO-Radio Picture directed by GEORGE CUKOR, who gave you "Little Women" and "David Copperfield"

in "SYLVIA SCARLETT"

with CARY GRANT
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

A Pandro S. Berman Production

HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!



"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved...

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!



RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Cast of 6000 including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Billy Bevan, Lucille La Verne, Tully Marshall, E. E. Clive, Lawrence Grant, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Tom Ricketts

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • *Produced by* David O. Selznick • *Directed by* Jack Conway

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PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR
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On the Cover—Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Portrait by James N. Doolittle

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Boos & Bouquets



Rochelle Hudson's latest picture, "Show Them No Mercy," has advanced her next door to stardom. She's vacationing at Palm Springs

She gets better and better, though that sounds impossible. Ginger Rogers does a new dance routine in "Follow the Fleet"

All Photoplay readers' opinions have merit, but the best eight win prizes. Read below

PHOTOPLAY Magazine *awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second prize, $5 third prize and five $1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players.* PHOTOPLAY Magazine *reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part.*

FIRST PRIZE—$15

THE WINNAH!

EVERY so often the old argument of the stage vs. movie is dragged out of camphor. I am often amazed that intelligent people can compare the two. They are distinct arts. The moving picture is a photographic art and in its better moments, it gives us pictures of rare beauty. For instance, could the stage produce anything equal to the island scenes in "Mutiny on the Bounty," or the rural scenes in "Way Down East," particularly the one where Henry Fonda gives Rochelle Hudson a drink of water from a battered cup? Remember the thresher's dinner in "Stranger's Return," the strange beauty of "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," and scenes of the early West in "Cimmaron"? The stage has its moments, but "movies" have just begun to show us their future.

EDITH BLEZ, Philadelphia, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE—$10

MOVIES PRESERVE IDEALS

One of my favorite film actors is William Powell. I like him particularly in detective stories, whether the humorous entertaining type or the more serious portrayal. Powell can really act. He undoubtedly can play the crook as well as the detective, but we like him so well, we want him on the side of right. I like detective pictures. If they are good, they give you a chance to use your analytical and reasoning powers, solving the mystery before the end of the picture. Also they can put over the message more subtly than any other way that "Crime doesn't pay." The motion picture is the finest medium today for bringing back the ideals of home, marriage, education and government by portraying what the result is when they are disregarded.

F. B. KELLOGG, Chicago, Ill.

THIRD PRIZE—$5

"BOUNTY" A NEW STANDARD?

Ship Ahoy! Hurrah! And a couple of whoopees! A new high has been reached in the ever widening field of cinema! For those whose innards have been yearning for some genuine stiff film fare, "Mutiny on the Bounty" will more than appease that desire! In this vehicle we have emoting that is good, so good, we almost taste the salt of the sea whipping at the sides of the *Bounty!* To see Gable's bare feet and hear his voice ringing vibrantly across the sea-going hulk would seem quite enough, but we have more, much more. We have a Laughton who is even more vicious than his most vicious, and a Tone who excels without benefit of a Crawford! With only a native maiden for ornament, here is a picture which will set a new standard in film photography. Ship Ahoy! we're off on the *Bounty!*

RUBYE M. CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.

$1 PRIZE

MOVIES DO THEIR BIT

It seems to me that motion pictures are playing an important part in pulling the country out of the depression! I mean especially such pictures as "Top Hat" and "Broadway Melody of 1936."

Pictures like these definitely pick you up, and there's no letdown afterwards. The lilting rhythms and captivating dance steps crowd the doldrums right out of your system. They make your spirits zoom, and give you [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85]



SAMUEL GOLDWYN *Presents*

EDDIE CANTOR

IN

Strike Me Pink

with ETHEL MERMAN · PARKYAKARKUS · SALLY EILERS
and the GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS

Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown . . . Dance Ensembles by Robert Alton . . . Directed by Norman Taurog

. . . Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland" . . . Released thru United Artists



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH IT WAS REVIEWED

★ **ACCENT ON YOUTH**—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sidney. Phillip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (*Sept.*)

AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Universal.—Only the droll humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely hearts" who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (*Dec.*)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (*Aug.*)

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont British.—Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (*Dec.*)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland (*Aug.*)

ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Ring Lardner's famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (*Oct.*)

★ **ALICE ADAMS**—RKO-Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (*Nov.*)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (*Sept.*)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL — Paramount. — A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (*Nov.*)

★ **ANNIE OAKLEY**—RKO-Radio.—With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill's show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-eye Annie who outshoots champion Preston Foster until Cupid outshoots her. A hit. (*Jan.*)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern (*Aug.*)

★ **BARBARY COAST**—Samuel Goldwyn.—The story of San Francisco's disreputable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season's noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as *Old Atrocity*. (*Dec.*)

★ **BECKY SHARP**—Pioneer-RKO Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in "Vanity Fair," and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (*Sept.*)

BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravagant revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (*Dec.*)

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, gives Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (*Dec.*)

BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Boris Karloff in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dual rôle. Katherine De Mille. (*Oct.*)

BLACK SHEEP—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan (*Aug.*)

BONNIE SCOTLAND — Roach-MGM. — Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (*Nov.*)

BORN FOR GLORY — Gaumont-British. — A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (*Oct.*)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (*Aug.*)

BRIGHT LIGHTS — First National. — Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (*Oct.*)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER — Warners. — Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (*Sept.*)

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising adman who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (*Sept.*)

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he bests his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (*Nov.*)

★ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE**—First National.—Warren Williams, superbly suave and witty, gayly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. You'll have a grand time finding the murderer. (*Dec.*)

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives *Charlie Chan* another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (*Nov.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

No Wonder Franchot Tone calls BETTE DAVIS

"DANGEROUS"



LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS, IN HER LATEST PICTURE, ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!



"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to!"



"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."



"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free . . . If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

YESSIR, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together!

If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "*Dangerous*".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll *certainly* agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you *must* see "Dangerous". Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!

Advertisement

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten thousand dollars and returns it, made into a confusing and ineffective movie. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (*Oct.*)

★ **CHINA SEAS**—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Beery) in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventures and exciting situations of modern pirates in Oriental waters. Lewis Stone and Robert Benchley are not to be overlooked. (*Oct.*)

CHINATOWN SQUAD.—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (*Aug.*)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (*Sept.*)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (*Aug.*)

CONFIDENTIAL—Mascot.—Donald Cook is the G-Man in this swift moving thriller who sets a trap for a big "numbers" racketeer. Pretty Evalyn Knapp and Warren Hymer's humor relieve the tension. You'll like it. (*Jan.*)

CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI, THE—Republic.—Eric Von Stroheim as the revengeful surgeon in the screen version of one of the eeriest and most gruesome of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, "The Premature Burial," will keep your spine tingling with excitement. (*Dec.*)

★ **CRUSADES, THE**—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the familiar religious lore directed by the master of spectacles, Cecil B. De Mille, in the typical De Mille manner. An ordinary story attempts to supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (*Oct.*)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at materializing Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (*Oct.*)

★ **DARK ANGEL, THE**—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall give excellent and finished performances. Fine supporting cast. (*Nov.*)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway's renowned spender of the colorful "gay nineties," Diamond Jim Brady. Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual Lillian Russell. Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting rôle. (*Oct.*)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners.—Guy Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a freak policy insuring him against his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by old gags. (*Oct.*)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her lover, Clive Brook, only to rediscover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing but Tutta Rolf is charming in her American picture début. (*Oct.*)

ESCAPADE—M-G-M.—Miscast as a lady-killer artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film début of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the sex-melodramatics of the weak story. (*Sept.*)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—British & Dominions-United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded as the waif who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (*Aug.*)

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Patsy Kelly. (*Oct.*)

★ **FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE**—Fox.—It takes farmer, Henry Fonda, a long time to get Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of Charles Bickford. The settings faithfully reproduce the early Erie Canal days. Good supporting cast. (*Oct.*)

FIGHTING YOUTH—Universal.—A handful of radical students upset college routine in this unconvincing film of campus life. Charlie Farrell is unimpressive as the football hero. (*Dec.*)

FRECKLES—RKO-Radio.—A pleasant, though unexciting little story of the Limberlost, affords Tom Brown an opportunity of making love to Carol Stone, but it affords little else to the audience. (*Dec.*)

FRISCO KID—Warners.—James Cagney in fine fighting form as a sailor who rises to rule the gaudy Barbary Coast underworld. Margaret Lindsay, Ricardo Cortez and George E. Stone are splendid. Lots of action. (*Jan.*)

PICTURES Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine, and refer to the criticisms of the films before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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★ **GAY DECEPTION, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A light, whimsical though preposterous tale in which Francis Lederer is a Graustark prince working incognito as a bell-boy in a Manhattan hotel Frances Dee leads. (*Nov.*)

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Columbia.—Mostly a burlesque skit about Napoleon, but hardly professional stuff. Has a good song or two but little else. Roger Pryor, Ann Sothern starring. (*Nov.*)

GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (*Aug.*)

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, and others. (*Aug.*)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Warners.—One of those overnight, marital-infidelity comedies in which Kay Francis and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner Genevieve Tobin, Ralph Forbes. (*Oct.*)

★ **HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE**—Paramount.—Don't miss this gay and sparkling comedy of a manicurist who is determined to marry money but winds up entangled in poor but honest love. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Astrid Allwyn contribute outstanding performances. (*Dec.*)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (*Sept.*)

★ **HARMONY LANE**—Mascot.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Stephen Foster and the beloved American melodies that he wrote. Douglass Montgomery interprets the role of Foster with sincerity and feeling. William Frawley, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames. (*Nov.*)

HEADLINE WOMAN, THE—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations. (*Aug.*)

HEALER, THE—Monogram.—A somewhat laibored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (*Aug.*)

HERE COMES COOKIE—Paramount.—A good chance to lose your mind with George Burns and Gracie Allen and to have a hilarious time while you are doing it. George Barbier plays papa. (*Nov.*)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M.—A new type of musical with Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton as the ambitious, musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusing in spite of the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (*Oct.*)

★ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE**—20th Century-Fox.—A gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight that introduces Nino Martini and Madame Schumann-Heink to the screen See it for its fun and listen for the thrill of Martini's voice (*Nov.*)

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKO-Radio.—Even James Barton's excellent acting is unable to save this preposterous story of a mayoralty campaign which is based upon the changing of the candidate's name from Murphy to Murfree. (*Dec.*)

HIS NIGHT OUT — Universal.—An exceedingly hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton as a fussy dyspeptic who forgets his ailments in love and adventure with Irene Hervey and Jack LaRue. Lots of fun. (*Jan.*)

HONEYMOON LIMITED — Monogram. — Neil Hamilton's bright banter may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (*Sept.*)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance (*Aug.*)

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-riding, square dealing young ranch hand in this first picturization of Clarence E. Mulford's famous story. Filled with action from start to finish. (*Nov.*)

HOT-TIP—RKO-Radio.—Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, the two lovable zanies, are at it again in a well constructed little story of a race-mad cafe owner and his non-betting wife. Abounding in humor and wisecracks. (*Nov.*)

I FOUND STELLA PARISH—Warners.—Kay Francis and a good cast in a weak story of an actress who tries to protect her child from the shame of a prison birth. Ian Hunter and Jessie Ralph. (*Jan.*)

★ **I LIVE MY LIFE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne battle along the obstacle laden pathway to ultimate love in this smart, society comedy that is sufficiently vital and humorous to fulfill the expectations of all Crawford fans. (*Dec.*)

★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell Lots of laughs, good dancing A bright evening's entertainment. (*Aug.*)

★ **IN OLD KENTUCKY**—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handing out a laugh a minute, against a race-track background Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardie top support. And Bill Robinson, colored tap-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (*Sept.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture — just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed . . . For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity — for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women!



IRENE DUNNE · ROBERT TAYLOR

IN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION

Far greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life!" . . . With

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH · BETTY FURNESS

Arthur Treacher • Ralph Morgan • Henry Armetta • Sara Haden

From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle

THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

KING OF BURLESQUE

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936
..ablaze with color..crowded with the drama
of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

WARNER BAXTER

Even greater than in "42nd STREET"

ALICE FAYE
JACK OAKIE

ARLINE JUDGE ★ MONA BARRIE
GREGORY RATOFF ★ DIXIE DUNBAR
FATS WALLER ★ NICK LONG, Jr.
KENNY BAKER

GLORIOUS SONG HITS
including
'SPREADING RHYTHM AROUND'
'SHOOTIN' HIGH'
'LOVELY LADY'
'TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'
'I LOVE TO RIDE THE HORSES
ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'

A Fox Picture
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed
by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar

20th CENTURY FOX

close ups and long shots

BY RUTH WATERBURY



GOD cost Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer $800,000 but thereby Irving Thalberg got an artistic triumph.

It was all because when "the boy genius" wanted a rolling sea, he wanted a rolling sea, and not a couple of dozen sweating stage hands pulling a studio boat around.

So Mr. Thalberg added hundreds of thousands to his already $1,000,000 budget for "Mutiny on the Bounty" and waited for the sea to act for him.

But the Pacific wouldn't oblige; it chose to roll on the nights when it couldn't be photographed: on the few days it ran high, it hid behind fog. The company did $800,000 worth of waiting to get the shots wanted.

Right now, nobody in the home office cares, for in relation to the number of theaters it has played, "Mutiny on the Bounty" is terrific. If it keeps up, it will become the most successful picture ever made.

Which only goes to make the Thalberg record more impressive. A year and a half ago Metro was full of political factions. Thalberg as a producer was given Chevalier for a picture. In the shifting kaleidoscope of Hollywood, Chevalier wasn't as bright as he had been at the box office. Thalberg was also told to make a film with the Marx Brothers, whose preceding picture had disappointed. His own health wasn't at its best.

The will to succeed in the man, however, wasn't in the least downed. He made "The Merry Widow" with Chevalier and MacDonald, which, while it was only a slender success in this country, made millions in Europe. He took the Marx Brothers and turned out one of the funniest pictures ever made, "A Night at the Opera," and along back last February he decided upon filming that tale of brutality, loyalty and the sea, "Mutiny on the Bounty." He had to force through the appropriation on the picture practically alone, for there wasn't much faith in it at the beginning. Now, he is winning the highest accolades for his good judgment.

See Irving Thalberg slender and boyish seated behind his great desk, and you find it incredible that he is the dynamic genius his work proves him to be. Outside, corps of secretaries keep impatient visitors at bay: writers must see Thalberg, directors must see Thalberg, actors simply must see him—they all do eventually.

Yet his office is quiet, and he the quietest thing in it. Behind his head is a long telephone switchboard, with some fifty odd stations flashing their red lights. He takes the calls, one after the other, with no sense of strain; there is no flurry of papers on his desk, merely one or two folders and a big photograph of his quite new daughter, Katrina; on a table nearby there is a photograph of his son, Irving, Jr.

His credo is that the public should be served with amusement, adventure, beauty and good taste. He feels that it should never be educated deliberately since he believes that it already knows when it is given the best, and that it responds in kind.

OVER at Paramount Ernst Lubitsch is just hitting his own production stride. The jolly little Teuton, with his inevitable cigar, has changed since the days when he produced saucy comedies. The cares of administration he finds more demanding than the gay dishing of sex, but the pictures are beginning to show the master's touch. Two of his recent pictures are "So Red the Rose" and "Hands Across the Table." Lovely pictures, both of them. You will do well not to miss them.

DO you like our color insert photograph on Page 61 of this issue? It cost a lot of money, but we are going to have a new color fashion every month hereafter, the most alluring and chic fashion pictures we can bring you from Hollywood.

I SHOULD like to make each month's PHOTOPLAY completely representative of the entire movie industry with its myriad facets of interest, but sometimes one star or one company will dominate an issue.

That Colbert girl dominates this issue. It started with the fashions, then came those gay photographs of her and Fred MacMurray and Robert Young. Later she was bubbling over with the story of her forthcoming marriage (see Page 22), and finally, came the showing of her best picture to date, "The Bride Comes Home." That was shown so close to press time we had to telephone the review to New York just to serve you, but that is just what makes this kind of editing so exciting. You are always dealing with the human element.



The Bicycle Isn't in the Picture . . . but we don't need any bicycle to make "The Bride Comes Home" the fastest moving picture comedy you've ever seen.

What's Wrong with this Photograph?... We'll tell you. It's too peaceful! There's not a moment as quiet as this in the whole rip-roaring comedy of "The Bride Comes Home," a Paramount Picture directed by Wesley Ruggles.



s Claudette Call-ng for Help?... Far from it! She an take care of both of these lads ..and how? If you lon't believe it, sk Fred, her spar-ing partner, in hat pre-nuptial battle of the cen-ury..."The Bride Comes Home."

• *Previeu*

Best Picture

"THE BRIDE COMES HOME"... CLAUDETTE COLBERT, FRED MACMURRAY, with ROBERT YOUNG. Story by Claude Binyon and directed by Wesley Ruggles, the same lads who did the "Gilded Lily" for Claudette and Fred. A rip-roaring comedy of a pair of Chicago youngsters who battle their way to the altar. Our nomination for the 1936 Academy Award.

This Doesn't Mean a Thing . . . except that we're slightly goofy about this picture. You will be, too, when you see Claudette and Fred throw rocks and kisses at one another!

Advertisement

"You'll Getta Kick Outa Us!" BING CROSBY and ETHEL MERMAN, star of the Broadway stage hit "Anything Goes," sing the famous Cole Porter tunes, "You're the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and a bunch of new ones.





Clever These Chinese . . . they know this old Mandarin is Public Enemy No. 13 (Charlie Ruggles to you), the ace laugh-getter of "Anything Goes."



Only the Beginning . . . of one of those grand chorus numbers Dance Director Leroy Prinz has worked out for you with those gorgeous gals of his in "Anything Goes," a Paramount Picture directed by Lewis Milestone.

Shots of the of the Month!

"ANYTHING GOES" . . . The smash musical-comedy hit that played Broadway for one solid year to packed houses, with BING CROSBY, ETHEL MERMAN, star of the Broadway show, and CHARLIE RUGGLES, in his funniest-in-a-lifetime part as Public Enemy No. 13, Cole Porter's famous songs, "Anything Goes," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "You're the Top," plus a bunch of new ones.



Not a Cigarette Ad . . . but a glimpse of those two badmen—Bing Crosby and Charlie Ruggles—in the ship's jail...one of the hundreds of laughs in "Anything Goes."

LOVE, FAME and



The Poignant Story Behind Their Separation

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Intense publicity which made Clark Gable's home life with his wife a glorified fish bowl helped to part them, but what is this virile, dynamic, intensely ambitious man going to substitute for the affection, understanding and loyalty of a woman he still loves?

THE parting of the Gables makes my heart ache a little. I think it does yours, too.

Because they were in love with each other, those two. And I know that they expected to live out their years side by side, with love and laughter and courage. I've listened to them, in the serene and lovely home Rhea Gable had created, planning things they were going to do, places they were going to see, books they were going to read—always together.

Now they are planning to go separate ways and you can see the heartbreak in Clark's eyes. Because even with all the other women there are in the world, even if a man were the screen's great lover, it would be dreadful to wake up in the morning and think you'd lost Rhea—because there aren't any other women like Rhea, at least none I've ever met.

Why?

Why did it have to happen?

Why did two such swell people, both of them real, both of them fine, both of them deserving of happiness, have to come to the end of what seemed to all of us who knew them well, all of us who'd been close friends, an ideal marriage?

I've been sitting here looking out at trees that are bare, but that will be green again in the spring, at lilac bushes that today are brown twiggs but that in April will be fragrance and beauty and color once more, and trying to figure it out.

You see, it was like this with the Gables—you felt a wholeness of self when they were together. You felt that they presented a united front to the world and therefore they were safe. I've so often noticed them at parties. Maybe they'd be separated the length of a room, the length of a dinner table. Maybe Rhea, stately and elegant in black, would be playing bridge and Clark would be spinning yarns with a gang of men. But every once in a while their eyes would meet in an exchange of sweet understanding, a moment's greeting, that said, "I'm having such a good time because I know you're here, in the same room, that we see little things, and laugh over little jokes that belong just to us, and that when the party is over, we'll go home together to our own home. That's what really makes everything so nice."

They weren't sentimental or gushing. They were too modern for that, too casual, as is the fashion nowadays. But your heart felt a little warmer because they were joined in their own way, and the world is often a lonely place and men and women were meant to be one, so that loneliness would roll back like a wave and stand trembling at the command of love.

Now the Gables are parted, there's going to be a divorce.

Fame helped to separate them. Fame and the terribly increased wear and tear of every day living that fame brings and which I sometimes think has to be seen to be believed. The old and desperate problem of two temperamental people attempting the most delicate of all human relationships in a sort of glorified gold-fish bowl. The thousand and one little added problems that come with the sort of fame which descended so unexpectedly upon Mr. Gable and the natural changes of character and outlook which such things bring.

A strange fatality has followed the screen's great lovers.

Rudolph Valentino, the greatest of all matinee idols, loved only one woman in his whole life—the strange, exotic Natascha Rambova—loved her and lost her after a brief marriage

the CLARK GABLES



Rhea Gable, Clifton Webb, Ruby DeRemer and Clark at the Troc the night before he left for South America. Did Gable, the screen's perfect he-man tire of endless social dinners like these distinguished by the Park Avenue background of his wife and her friends?

Jack Gilbert never really loved anyone but Garbo—and they parted.

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey were as madly in love as any two people I ever saw. But Estelle couldn't take the punishment that went with being the champion's wife, and finally left the most popular ring idol of our generation.

Everyone knows how heartbroken Rudy Vallee, whose voice on the air made feminine hearts flutter and still does, was to give up Fay Webb, and he hasn't yet found anyone to take her place.

In every case, it has been the woman who has made the break.

It was Rhea Gable who broke with Clark. That I know and know positively. Once before, several years ago, she left him, and he begged her to come back and try it once more, and she did. This time it looks as though the break wouldn't heal. And strangely enough I am sure, that it is Clark who is suffering and will suffer the most.

And I think maybe I can tell you why. It's because Clark needs Rhea a great deal more than she needs him, because he hasn't the resources within himself that she has, because he is going to find the things which he tries to substitute for her love and understanding and companionship will wear pretty thin. Clark's been lucky enough for quite a long time to have his cake and eat it too, and that because Rhea's sweetness and fineness permitted him to do it, and when he comes face to face with the fact that he hasn't that lucky break any more he's going to be pretty miserable.

I remember one time only a few months ago when Rhea and I were lunching together in Hollywood. I am not, I think, given to over-estimating my friends. Try to love 'em in spite of their faults, as I hope they'll try to love me in spite of mine. But I see those faults plainly enough. So when I tell you that I've never seen any in Rhea Gable, I mean it. She has tolerance, and humor, and courage, and incredible loyalty. She knows life and men and human nature. More men have been in love with her than with most screen beauties. When my men friends come out from New York—editors and writers and newspapermen—they always fall in love with Rhea Gable instead of any of the pretty gals from the screen to whom I present them.

As we sat over our melon and eggs, Rhea talked about Clark. I know now that she was afraid then this break might come. Her fine brown eyes were steady and her sweet mouth held its upward curve. She said, very quietly, "I sometimes think Clark ought to be free. You see, we were married before he had his great success. Perhaps he's never really had the benefit of it as he would have done if he hadn't been married. Clark is definitely a man's man, he's not domestic, he doesn't like conforming to social obligations and things like that. He works very hard and no matter how hard I try, I cannot give him complete freedom. It can't be done, in marriage. Sometimes I think he would be happier on his own."

And Clark once told me that the only thing on earth he really wanted was to be free to roam when he felt like roaming, to turn down jobs without any sense of cheating somebody else, to be a sort of soldier of fortune between pictures.

Let's go back to the beginning of their romance, for it was a

romance and a lovely one. I think they'll always remember it.

They met in New York when Clark was a struggling young leading man and Rhea Langham was a much courted and fashionable young Park Avenue divorcee, with a son and daughter in their teens. She was almost as beautiful as Florence Vidor and very much the same type. Clark was a virile, intense, ambitious young man who needed a good deal of polishing on the rough edges. The hand of fate intervened.

They fell in love, much to everyone's surprise, and married.

And then, after they were married, after they were happy together, after they had adjusted themselves to a life of hard work and struggle, with the hope that in time Clark Gable would be a successful actor, the wheels of the gods turned and—success descended in a rain of light.

Rhea found herself married to the man every woman in America was in love with, the dream prince of the feminine world. She found herself the wife of a screen star and therefore married to all the problems that such a life entails.

Socially perfectly at home everywhere, or anywhere, used to luxury and money, cultured and highly educated, Rhea Gable had never known anything about professional life, the theater, Hollywood, nor the spotlight. It was all new to her. But, as Clark said to me the other day, "She didn't like it at first. She's naturally very shy. But no woman ever did a better job of it. You know that. I want to say now, to go on record for all time, that she was pretty close to being the perfect wife."

I think Rhea made a tragic mistake. But I think—I know—she did it with every good intention. She oriented herself to the new situation as quickly as she could. Then she decided Clark must have the best of everything. A charming home, such as other screen stars had. A wife who was ready to entertain important people for him, so that he might take his place in the best Hollywood had to offer socially. He must be made to take care of his money, so that in time he'd have financial independence, the independence he had always wanted.

So Rhea Gable, tall and slim and dark, put her whole soul into being the kind of wife she thought Clark Gable, the world's new matinee idol, the screen star who was flaming brightest upon the horizon, ought to have. Being a lady, she remained a lady, and she ran an exquisite home and everybody fell in love with her and she gave the most delightful parties with the best food you ever tasted. But she went much further than that. She understood Clark's position, understood the pressure and the temptations of being adored by women everywhere. Her tact and discretion were perfect. She neither saw nor heard nor spoke evil. If gossip linked Clark's name with that of Joan Crawford, Rhea went to Clark's rescue by becoming friends with Joan. If Clark got temperamental and yelled at his boss, Rhea used her great social ability to straighten it all out.

Every gift she had as a woman, every social grace, all her beauty and fineness, were thrown into the job of being Mrs. Clark Gable, and it wasn't an easy job, believe me.

And the tragedy of it all—I think—is that while everything she did seemed right, seemed perfect, everything she did was wrong, because that wasn't what Clark wanted. There isn't any use giving a man squab if he prefers corned beef and cabbage.

Clark's a natural roughneck. He's one of the grandest guys who ever lived, he's decent and honest and I defy anyone to know him and not love him. He's got a sense of humor that lights life for him every day and every hour. He's got a straight, dynamic, fascinating sort of mind, if it is untrained. His charm is as natural as the charm of a forest of redwood trees at sunset. But he's a roughneck, even if he does wear the best cut dinner clothes in New York. And he always will be.

He loved Rhea desperately. He still does. He told me the other day that he will always love her, and he means it. In his heart is a deathless gratitude for all she did for him, all the devotion and loyalty she gave him.

But it wasn't what he wanted.

He wouldn't have given a darn if dinner hadn't ever been on time—because then he wouldn't have worried if he didn't get home for a couple of nights when he got to yarning with a gang of electricians. He wouldn't have minded a bit if Rhea had busted a vase over his head some night if she caught him making eyes at some beauty who'd been pursuing him for days. I think it would have amused him. He talks a lot about saving money and independence, but he'll probably never have a dime he doesn't earn and he won't care if he winds up broke. I don't mean Clark doesn't know how to behave in Buckingham Palace if Queen Mary should have invited him there, but I don't think he was ever perfectly comfortable in the perfect, shining, white and silver home in Brentwood. Maybe I'm wrong. But I got that impression.

The only time I ever saw Clark and Rhea Gable even verge on a quarrel—and that's more than I can say for most of my married friends—was one night when Clark came home tired and had to put on a dinner coat and go out to a party. Rhea looked so beautiful that night, like a duchess, she was so gentle and so swell and so sorry, but—they had to go.

I don't mean to be unkind, for Rhea Gable surrounded Clark with the most interesting people in Hollywood. Dorothy Parker came there for dinner and made Clark roar at her gentle, biting wit. Charlie MacArthur and Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Dick and Jessica Barthelmess—all the fascinating people of the screen world adored Rhea and came to her home.

But I still think you could encompass the whole trouble in that popular household in the same paraphrase Dotty Parker used to describe Edith Wharton's slightly dull autobiography. Dotty said "Edie was a lady." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



Clark Gable thinks "freedom" is the most valuable thing in life. Will he find separation from his wife too high a price to pay for that vaunted commodity?



jeanette - nelson

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie," M-G-M's timely response to the universal shout of acclaim (still resounding, by the way) for Eddy's and Miss MacDonald's vocalizing in "Naughty Marietta"



Bull

myrna

Profile of the Loy lady: not too proud to fight, nor too womanly to win; leaps from melodrama in "Whipsaw" to romance in "The Great Ziegfeld"; prepares inscrutably for marriage



Fryer

Her eyelashes are as light and charming as her conversation. You meet her, recall your most gay, least troubled moments. But in "Petrified Forest" you will find quite a different Davis!

bette



irene

Irene Dunne just can't say no to the innumerable requests for more tune-full films from her, so now that she has finished "Magnificent Obsession," she has gone into that musical delight, "Show Boat"

Don't Argue With Donat!

At once the delight and despair of producers, Robert Donat knows what he wants — and he gets it!

By William Boehnel



"Donat?" the producers say. "I'd give anything to get his name on a contract even for one picture." Above, with Jean Parker in GB's picture, "The Ghost Goes West"

ROBERT Donat, whom you may now see in Rene Clair's first English-speaking film, "The Ghost Goes West," is at once the delight and despair of motion picture producers in London and Hollywood. The delight because he now ranks with Gary Cooper and Clark Gable as the most popular actors on the screen and they would like to sign him to a long-term contract; the despair because since he achieved stardom and with it financial security, he has steadfastly refused to accept their offers unless he was convinced that the roles they offered him were suitable for him.

As a result, he has caused many a headache not only to producers, who naturally realize that this new, vital personality who can also act, is one of the biggest box-office attractions in the world, but to his friends as well who are wondering if Robert isn't being a little too "cockey" in refusing so many tempting offers. But to Robert's credit he knows what he wants and he intends to get it. He has known failure too often in the past not to be careful now that success is his.

It will also probably surprise, as well as amuse, Mr. Donat to learn that one of the chief reasons why he is the most sought-after of all the British male stars on the screen today with the possible exception of Charles Laughton, is because to British producers in particular, he is that rarity of rarities, an Englishman who acts, speaks and looks like an Englishman, but is not an Englishman. Lest one become confused by what sounds like a "paradox, a most startling paradox," let me explain.

Among other major problems that confront the British film producers at the moment—and there are many, I can assure you—is the question of leading men. If the British producers are to continue to be a threat to Hollywood, they must have something more than just money to make that threat effective. Except for capital, they are sorely in need of almost everything—directors, scenario writers, technicians, cameramen and actors—necessary to make large and successful films. And not the least important of these items is the problem of leading men. Not that there is a dearth of actors in London, but rather that they do not possess the qualities that make for world-wide success on the screen. For one thing, most of them lack the virile, rugged appearance that audiences everywhere seem to demand in their screen heroes.

While in London last autumn, a prominent British motion picture producer, who at that time had to postpone work on a very important film because he could not find a suitable leading man from all the stage and screen actors available in the British capital, told me that he would give anything in the world for an actor like Clark Gable or Gary Cooper.

"The trouble with most of our leading men," he said, "is that they look and act effeminate. Don't misunderstand me," he added hurriedly. "I don't mean that they *are* effeminate. It just happens that most of them seem to lack vitality on the stage and screen. We have no one here like Cooper or Gable."

"What about Donat?" I asked.

"Donat, of course. I'd give anything to get his name on a contract even for one picture. But Donat will not play any part unless he feels it is exactly right for him. What's more he has threatened to go back on the stage if he doesn't find the screen role he wants."

"Why don't you start training some good, husky leading men?" I asked.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



When Claudette's eminent fiancé, Dr. Joel Pressman flew to San Francisco to speak at a medico's convention, she went too

THIS TIME IT'S NO MODERN MARRIAGE

Claudette Colbert, a bride in "It Happened One Night," will soon be a real bride

I HAVE just talked to one of the happiest women in Hollywood! Not the most glamorous, or the most seductive, or the most successful, or the cleverest (though there are times when I have believed her to be all these things) but the happiest!—Well, I'll go the whole way and say: the very happiest!

No, I am afraid that Fanny Hurst, and the other banner-bearers for the two-roofs-for-one-marriage theory, will take their stand minus the support of their leading stellar advocate when Claudette Colbert becomes the bride of the young and successful Dr. Joel Pressman the first of the year.

"I don't want a smart marriage, or a clever marriage, or a wise marriage for the professional woman," Claudette poked fun at herself as she curled deep into the white chair that faced the fire, "I just want a marriage. I believe now that any marriage must be lived by the rules marriages have been ruled by since the institution started.

"I believe today that one of the troubles with a 'modern marriage' is that it does away with the small intimacies of daily living—the problems over the furnace that doesn't work, or the ills of the cook, and such silly things which really mean a bond of common interest.

"I know now I don't want a marriage plan." Claudette laughed a little breathlessly "That sounds a little strange coming from me." But this shift in attitude didn't strike me as strange as I watched this glowing Claudette in her vivid green sports suit with the yellow blouse. She is wiser now, and more sure of herself than at any time over the period of years I have known her. She has not the attitude of having tried one theory, found it wanting, and immediately jumped to the opposite.

The two marriages in her life have not happened to the same person!

The same rules cannot possibly apply to the clear-thinking young woman she has evolved into today, who has found what she wants and means to preserve it, and to the bewildered girl she was, who found happiness eluding her in spite of every experiment she made to salvage it. For six years she made a sincere effort to adapt the individual problems of her marriage to what she believed to be the sensible solution for two people



With her expected marriage, Claudette begins the new year with a new love, and a new life in a new house

Will Claudette's new ideas on marriage necessitate giving up her hard won position on Fame's ladder?



The future Mrs. Joel Pressman—Claudette Colbert—no longer believes in marriage on the modern plan

By MARY STEVENS

struggling with the hurdles of a career. She was growing up then, facing the problems of her work, of contracts, of overcoming a lack of money, of creating a new home, of supporting her mother—all this plus trying to attain mental maturity. Then she fell in love, and a headstrong young love it was too. She wanted very much to do the right thing. She honestly believed that the woman in the throes of ambition could not pattern her married life like other women. Perhaps, what Claudette and Norman did not realize was that they were not two young people in love struggling with marriage, but two actors in love struggling with two separate careers.

Today she stands as one of the five leading feminine personalities of Hollywood stardom, with her contract with Paramount one of the best in the business. Fame and fortune didn't fall to her by an accident. There have been slack spots in her career when her particular star was on the verge of waning in obscurity, but never for a moment did she ever conduct her life on any other terms but intelligence and honesty, with constant development of her personality It was bound to show in her work. And it did. She began getting better parts. She was better in them, and just as everything was coming along nicely, her earnest attempts at a modern marriage turned out to be a failure.

Claudette has never discussed that failure very much, but her first friends were aware, nevertheless, of her loneliness and her sense of hurt. Her health, always delicate became even more delicate. Then about a year ago, she got one of her more annoying sinus attacks. A friend told her that Dr. Joel Pressman was the best specialist on the Coast for her particular ailment, and she went to him [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



Well over a hundred thousand dollars worth of star-owned racing horseflesh awaits its destiny at popular Santa Anita race track, shown above



Now—It's Horses

"They're off!" Who's off, mister? The horses or the movie stars? Well, it's the latest enthusiasm

By Kirtley Baskette



Bing Crosby keeps his prancing pets down on his ranch at Rancho Santa Fe. He's put his hopes in Khayam, above, to lead them home at Churchill Downs in a year or so

There's always bound to be a gay crowd at Santa Anita, watching the races. Right, Sally Eilers, Sharon Lynn, and Ann Alvarado are waiting for the start



Look at 'em! Who has a ticket on the winning horse? We'd say Ben Bernie. Arline Judge, husband Wesley Ruggles and his brother Charlie don't look quite so lucky as ye maestro

"THEY'RE off!" blares the loudspeaker.

It is Christmas Day at Santa Anita and across the purple velvet of the Sierra Madres the afternoon pennons of a California sun slant on the taut tendons and slick sides of a bunch of bobtailed nags.

"They're off!" echo the jam-packed stands where the rays proceed to highlight hundreds of faces any moviegoer could pick out of the crowd with no trouble at all.

It is Christmas Day at Santa Anita, and if you could rise above the color and excitement of this auspicious opening of Hollywood's second big racing season, you might calmly and reasonably question,

"Who's off, mister? The horses or the movie stars?"

For that fevered babble you hear of "selling platers," and "speed burners," "morning glories" and "mudders;" that hectic glow that reddens a famous face when the jockeys boot 'em home—they are merely symptoms of a seasonal madness, a delirium into which Hollywood has gradually been whipped, en masse, by the mighty *virus equus*, or "horse bug" to you.

They get a new enthusiasm every season



Among the many stars who are to be found at Santa Anita every year, Jack Holt is one you'll surely see. Above, it's Lady's Man and Charming Lois Wilson



Joe E. Brown, shown above with Mrs. Brown, is the only movie horse-owner who has padded his bank balance substantially



Clark Gable's Beverly Hills (there they are above) won his first big race. But then—well, read a neat bit of racing luck

or so, these movie stars. They've had it for cars. They've had it for yachts. They went crazy for tennis, for badminton, for the desert, for bicycles. But horses are killing them.

Last year the siege was comparatively mild, but this year it's an epidemic, fanned into fury by stacks of Hollywood greenbacks invested in thoroughbred horseflesh, by records of betting clean-ups (and clean-outs), by pages of systems, dope-sheets and rival hometown riding silks.

Last year horseracing was new and a little frightening to most of the stars. They stood on the side like a country boy taking his first spring swim, and tested gingerly the exhilarating current—but this year beginners' luck has all run out and practically everyone you know or ever heard of it—at least in his own estimation—a wise and experienced old railbird, set to plunge ahead on into the Sport of Kings.

And that "plunge" is more than a figure of speech. It signifies a deep dive into stellar pockets for the stuff that makes a horse race interesting. They didn't name it the Sport of Kings because a jockey happened to wear a purple shirt. "They're off!" also means the lids are off the Hollywood coffers as they have never before been off for purely sporting purposes. Even those investments for a comfortable old age which have been concerning the heavy sugar makers of late, will have to wait while the ponies run.

Last season fifteen million dollars poured through the betting machines of Santa Anita. It wasn't all from the wallets of the colony, of course, but they did their bit. This season much more than a wagering interest glues Hollywood to the track.

Well over a hundred thousand dollars worth of star-owned racing horseflesh, bought, trained and groomed for the past year with Santa Anita in mind faces the barriers this year carrying the silks of sports minded stars.

Last year Clark Gable created something of a mild sensation by actually buying a racehorse, one Beverly Hills, of whom there is more to tell later on. Connie Bennett, not to be outdone, responded with Rattlebrain. And after consistently backing a nondescript nag named Bing Crosby, who had a forlorn habit of eating dust, the real Bing decided to toss sentiment to the winds and risk his roll on horses he could keep an eye on. Whereupon he claimed one Zombie after a claiming race and started the most famous movie stable to date, one in fact, which may someday give the Whitneys and the Bradleys and the Dodge-Sloans and the Vanderbilts a respectable run for their money, if Bing's dream comes true.

For from Zombie, whose sinister name somehow seemed to scare the rest of the horses into running right away from him, the Crosby stables have grown to impressive proportions.

Before the season closed last year, Bing had gathered seven bangtails under his blue and gold colors, picked, you know, from his former radio theme song, "When The Blue Of The Night Meets The Gold Of The Day." Like Zombie they were no Man O' Wars. They set him back around $1500 apiece, the original price tag on Zombie.

Today Bing counts sixteen horses in his rapidly multiplying thoroughbred family. They represent an investment of around eighteen thousand dollars, and Bing figures that each horse costs him roughly $100 a month to keep. $1600 a month is an item if you call it a hobby. But [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Those Mad Marx

Editor's Note: With everyone going around saying, "Did you hear that one the Marx Brothers pulled in 'A Night at the Opera'?", we felt we just had to have a story on the Mad Marx Hares. Knowing from bitter experience that it was practically impossible to get any of them to remain in one place long enough to talk for publication, we sent our reporter to ferret out the fifth Marx Brother, Gummo Marx, who used to be in the act years ago, and is now associated with Brother Zeppo in his talent agency. Gummo's intimate revelations of the private life of the Marx Brothers follow.

"WHY is it," I demanded, coming straight to the bush instead of beating around the point, "that you Marx Brothers are nearly always together lately, except when you're apart?"

It was Gummo Marx to whom I put the question. Probably you have never heard of Gummo. You have never seen him on the screen and you never will unless he loses his reason. (Gummo has forgotten what his reason was, but he sticks to it just the same.)

Gummo is known far and wide, or at least wide, as the sane Marx Brother. In fact, Gummo is so sane that he quit the act fourteen years ago and went into the clothing business.

I had been told that Gummo was one Marx Brother to whom you could put an uncivil question and expect a civil answer. So here I stood in his Broadway office. The only catch was that Gummo didn't seem to be listening.

"Why is it!" I began again. But he checked me with a gesture.

Gummo remained silent while the cigar he was slowly swallowing traveled from just under the lobe of his right ear to just under the lobe of his left ear and back again.

Then he faced me without flinching, and answered fearlessly:

"Yes and no."

A moment later he was pacing the floor.

"Do you want to know why the Marx Brothers are always together?" he said, "I'll tell you why. Suspicion—intrigue—collusion! That's why. What has the career of the Marx Brothers become? An elimination contest!

"It's this way: I left the act and business immediately began to pick up.

"Zeppo left, and the new picture 'A Night At the Opera' is terrific. Now the suspense is terrific. Who will be next?

"That's what the boys started asking each other right after the preview. In fact, they all drew lots. Chico claimed his lots were under water, so he called the deal off. What Groucho called it is nobody's business.

"But someone's got to go. That's progress. Why, I can forsee the day when their pictures will be billed, 'Absolutely no Marx Brothers Whatever Positively!' And then won't they pack them in!"

"And what," I asked "are these brothers of yours really like?"

"So you want to know about father," said Gummo, reflectively.

I did not say I wanted to know anything about father, so Gummo began:

"It seems that one day he was sitting up in the balcony watching the boys down on the stage when two men in front



Hares

As Revealed by the Fifth Marx Brother to Edward R. Sammis

Caricature by Frank Dobias



Those zestful zanies, Groucho, Chico and Harpo started life as acrobats and ended up in pandemonium. This three ring circus offers a brand new Marxian theory in the rakish hilarious "One Night at the Opera"

of him got to arguing about whether Harpo was really dumb or whether he could talk.

"The old man reached over and tapped one of them on the shoulder and said,

" 'He can talk all right.'

"The man turned around incensed.

" 'All right,' he said to the old man, 'I'll bet you ten dollars he can't.'

"My father looked at him with a gleam in his eye and said,

" 'What odds will you give me?' "

Gummo flicked six inches of ash from his cigar and continued:

"You see how it was. We never had a chance to make an honest living. So there was nothing left for us to do but go on the stage. We started out as acrobats, building a human pyramid, but somehow we got off on the wrong foot, and our house of cards, (we never could decide who was the greatest card) came tumbling down."

"Very interesting," I said, "but what are these brothers of yours really — —"

"So you want to know how Groucho got his moustache," chuckled Gummo. "Well, that's quite a story. It seems that Groucho used to make up a moustache of crepe hair for every show. Then, one day, Harpo found a bald spot in his wig, just before curtain time. And he stole all of Groucho's crepe hair to patch it up. So Groucho had to go on with a moustache of burnt cork. But he made a tremendous discovery. Burnt cork didn't tickle like crepe hair. It changed Groucho's whole nature. He used to be gruff, glum and surly. Now he's impossible."

"True, no doubt true," I interrupted, "but what are these brothers of yours — —"

"I knew you'd ask that one," laughed Gummo. "Everyone does. Well, the way we got our names was this. When we were in vaudeville, there was a cartoonist, Art Fisher, playing on the same bill with us, who gave us those names.

"Where he got them, heaven knows. Of course, Harpo was playing the harp, but I'm sure that had nothing to do with it. Chico was a cheeky sort of guy—so what? Zeppo was playing a rube named Zep—pure coincidence. I, Gummo, was always gum-shoeing around—a happenstance. And then there was Groucho. He couldn't have been named for his disposition Groucho isn't really like that. He's worse."

"Authentic, undoubtedly authentic," I nodded. "But tell me, what are these — —"

"Why did I quit the act?" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]

Discovered, Gummo Marx! Daffier than the others! He tells—with gestures—just how crazy they all are!

cal york's qossip



Gene Raymond takes Janet Gaynor to the Troc. Janet proves that a leopard can change its spots by changing from her gingham film rôles into this sparkling person



Deciding that fun at the Troc does not come too high for the well known pocket book, the above quartette made a first appearance there the other eve. Fred MacMurray and Stanley Fenton squired Lillian Lamont and Maria Gambarelli



Mary Pickford's helpfulness in all charitable activities is well known. She is shown, at the right, speaking to Bob Taylor at a polo match for the benefit of crippled children

YOU probably have your own definitions of Hollywood but here are some coined by some of its sons and daughters!

Fred Allen: "Hollywood is a city of orange trees surrounded by unemployed actors."

Warner Baxter: "Hollywood is a bit of Heaven dropped near the studios for retakes."

Ronald Colman: "Hollywood is a city of dreams come true. Nowhere else in the world can you earn so much money and respect for the little you must give in return."

Jack Oakie: "It's a place where you spend twice as much as you have to and wish you made twice as much as you do."

Rochelle Hudson: "It's the only place in the world where a girl can earn as much money as a man."

Loretta Young: "It's the most informal city in the world."

Fredric March: "Hollywood is the Riviera, Bagdad, Chinatown, Addis Ababa, a cowtown and Broadway rolled into one."

Mae West: "It's the only city where a girl can say 'come up and see me sometime' without someone taking her up on the invitation."

Shirley Temple: "It's the place where it doesn't snow."

FOR once a real dog is in the doghouse. His name is Captain and he's Jeanette MacDonald's wind-blown pride-and-joy English sheep mutt. Captain is going to lose his happy home, however, because he gets cross and fretful and is likely to take a piece out of your pants if he takes a notion. So Jeanette will let you have him if you have room for him to run off his bad humor, and if you live close enough to her so she can see him every now and then.

It might be worth having the crotchety "Cap" around just to have Jeanette come out to see you sometime—hey?

ONE actress we never tire of looking at is Shirley Temple. She always does something not in the script, and something as cute as Christmas.

They were shooting a scene in "Captain January" the last time I was on her set. Shirley was trying to sing "Asleep in The Deep." You try it some time. She wasn't having much success. Finally, in one take, after cracking the low notes, Shirley cried, "Oh—how can anybody sleep in the deep anyways!"

They left it in the picture.

OTTO Kruger was being interviewed by a feminine fan magazine writer. They were discussing types of women.

"I wish I could find an old-fashioned girl around Hollywood," Kruger said.

The writer blushed coyly.

"You're looking at one now," she vouchsafed.

Three minutes later she was blithely relating the unusually large number of cocktails she had drunk at a recent party "without turning a hair."

NO wonder Bette Davis can hardly wait until she gets the New England farmhouse built on her Connecticut farm. It's going to have four bathrooms—with a fireplace in each one. That's what Cal calls luxury!

KATHARINE Hepburn and Leland Hayward took a plane to New York together recently, reviving the old insistent rumors that she and the tall, clever and successful agent are really man and wife.

Before she changed her mind and winged it East, Katie had secretly planned to motor cross the nation under an assumed name and partly in disguise—just like the gal. What would have happened if she had is hard to guess. But it might have been on the front page for days, and maybe Leland Hayward was smart enough to talk her out of it.

Incidentally, the day they hit Katharine's Connecticut home town, Hartford, Leland went right into the hospital for an operation.

of Hollywood...



The traditional California sun forgot to appear at the polo matches, hence the bundled-up look above. First row—Ann Shirley, Phylis Frazer, Bob Taylor. Second row—Carol Stone, Clark Williams, Pat Ellis, Paula Stone, Henry Wilson



The honey-colored Madge Evans' recent trip to England made no difference in her long friendship with Tom Gallery and this familiar duet are seen again at the night spots



Charles Brackett, left, took Ruth Chatterton to lunch at Cafe Lamaze to hear about her recent trip to the Coast when she piloted her own plane. Isn't her fur hat cute?

HAVE you ever noticed that odd little mannerism of Arline Judge on the screen? She never walks forward without first taking two funny little steps backward. Mabel Normand did the same thing.

It is a smart trick. It may be a good luck superstition but it means added footage on the screen too. Footage, you may well know, is one of the great gods of movietown.

FOR some months now Gloria Stuart has been wanting to move in from Brentwood Heights to Beverly Hills.

But she's been putting it off because of her little daughter Sylvia's nursemaid. It seems that the maid has worked up a nice romance with the milkman, who leaves her nice fresh gardenias every morning on the milk bottle.

Gloria hated to break up the romance by moving away from his route!

WHAT will probably be Bill Powell's most popular comedy of the season, "Rendezvous," has completely baffled him by insisting upon becoming a hit picture.

Bill was convinced he had done a terrible job in the smart, sophisticated spy yarn. Came the night for the preview and he didn't have the heart to go. Friends told him it was a wow but Bill merely groaned.

Finally he saw it himself, and at the same time read the critical raves all over the country.

"I still can't believe it," he declared.

Which only goes to show, an actor is his own worst critic.

THE Freddie Bartholomew-Victor McLaglen palship is on a firm basis.

Victor gave Freddie a horse the other day and a swell new uniform to wear. It's a major's uniform, pint-sized, of course, in Vic's Lighthorse troop.

"I'm awfully glad it's a major's uniform," thanked Freddie in his precise, clipped English. "I'm glad it's not a general's, I mean. Now I can be promoted later on."

CHARLIE Chaplin needn't worry about the gentlemanly upbringing of his two sons. They're very gallant and mannerly. Shirley Temple can tell you that.

No long ago Mrs. Temple had Shirley down at Palm Springs. Next door in another bungalow of the fashionable hotel, the two young Chaplin hopes, Charles, Jr. and Sidney, held forth.

They wanted very badly to come over and play with Shirley, but you know just busting in on a girl you've never met isn't done. So they hung over the fence in between and looked longingly.

Shirley asked her mother if she could invite them over to play.

They came, bowed gravely, placed Shirley's chair properly, sat very mannerly with their hands folded.

Then Shirley gave them that dimpled grin. From then on it was okay. They were all over the hotel grounds.

"I DO not believe in marriage for two people living in Hollywood.

"I do not think it is fair for a woman who who wants a career as much as I do to marry."

"There is only one possible way that I could ever consider marrying again and still have my interests in Hollywood.

"I would insist that a clause be inserted in my contract whereby I was allowed six months of the year to get as far away from this place as possible."

Says who? Joan Crawford, now Mrs. Franchot Tone. The year? June 1934. In the public prints.

Joan's contract at M-G-M still doesn't permit her that six months of freedom every year. She still wants a career and she and Franchot certainly are living in Hollywood. But what the heck, this proves love or Something, doesn't it?

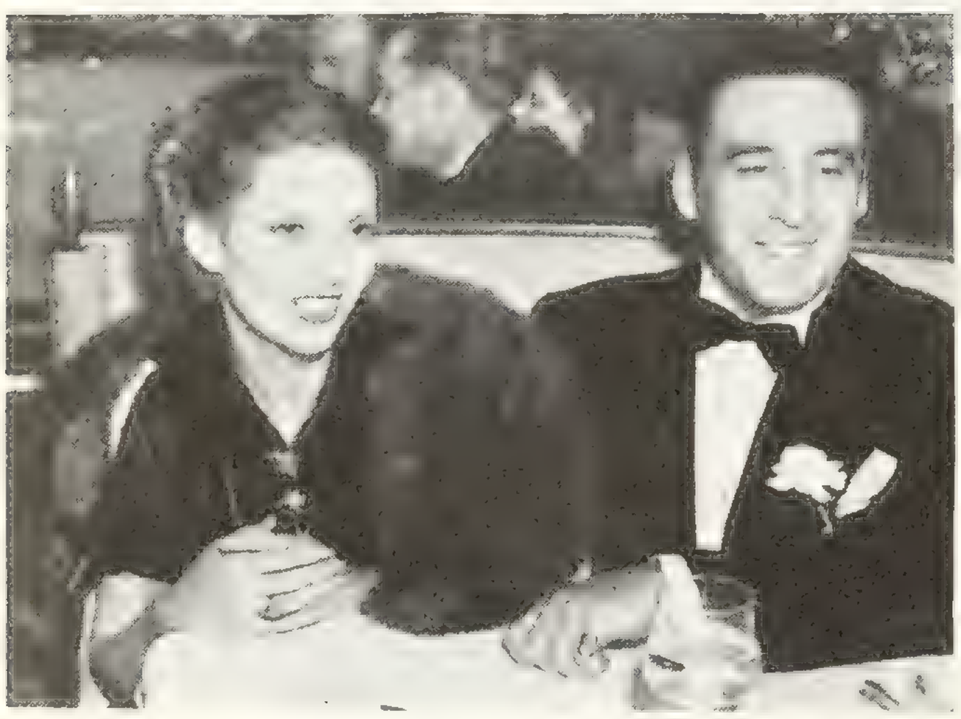




The distinguished looking couple above are Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown at Cafe Lamaze. Mr. Brown directed "Ah Wilderness" and the former Alice Joyce is renowned for her perfect taste in dress



Two hearts that still beat as one. Lovely Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor (above) are constant companions at the Brown Derby. That gleaming countenance peeping over the back of the bench is the incorrigible Al Jolson



Left, above, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer at the Troc after a trip abroad. Versatile Mr. Boyer is an accomplished violinist, and his wife (Pat Paterson) calls him "Charlo"

These two happy night owls at the Troc out on the Bold Coast are Mr. and Mrs. George O'Brien. Note Marguerite Churchill's tailored velvet dinner dress and skunk cape (See p. 62)

NOTHING is so much fun as a good one on the boss, and it's even more fun when the boss takes it with a smile.

Sunny O'Day was doing a dance number on the "Shoot the Chutes" set. A lock of hair kept falling in her eyes. Greatly disturbed, Sam Goldwyn stepped out and in explaining about it to Sunny, used the Goldwyn pate to illustrate his point.

There was a giggle that grew to a roar, and after a startled moment, Sam joined in. The Goldwyn pate, you see, is quite barren of hair.

SINCE the death of Will Rogers the most universally popular actor in Hollywood must be W. C. Fields.

Bill has a place in the heart of everyone who has ever known him. The other day, when he returned to Paramount studios after being away several months with a prolonged illness, his reception was so enthusiastic that Bill had to go back home and rest up again for a week!

LEAVE it to Joan Crawford Tone! Nothing but the best for her, thank you.

Several times in the past she has been approached and offered the gold-sealed papers which signified a commission in the none-too-exclusive ranks of the Kentucky Colonels. Each time she sniffed them away with "I'll be a general or nothing!"

A few days ago another gold-sealed parchment was offered for her inspection and acceptance. It commissioned her a full-fledged Kentucky General!

LITTLE Arline Judge isn't sure whether to be flattered or dismayed at her new job. She's mother-confessor, chaperon and general advice-giver for three actresses, all under eighteen, just placed under contract by 20th Century-Fox.

She was chosen by the girls, Dixie Dunbar, Shirley Deane and Maxine Reiner, because she is married and the mother of a child, knows all the angles of studio life, and is "one of the girls" herself and hence will be sympathetic to their problems.

Her job consists of supervising the girls' dates, okaying their boy friends, keeping check on their hours and listening to their troubles.

OH yes, it does get cold in California—and if you don't believe it, you should have seen Jeanette MacDonald recording the beautiful songs of "Rose Marie" with two gas heaters keeping her tootsies warm, and Nelson Eddy warbling with a hat and coat on.

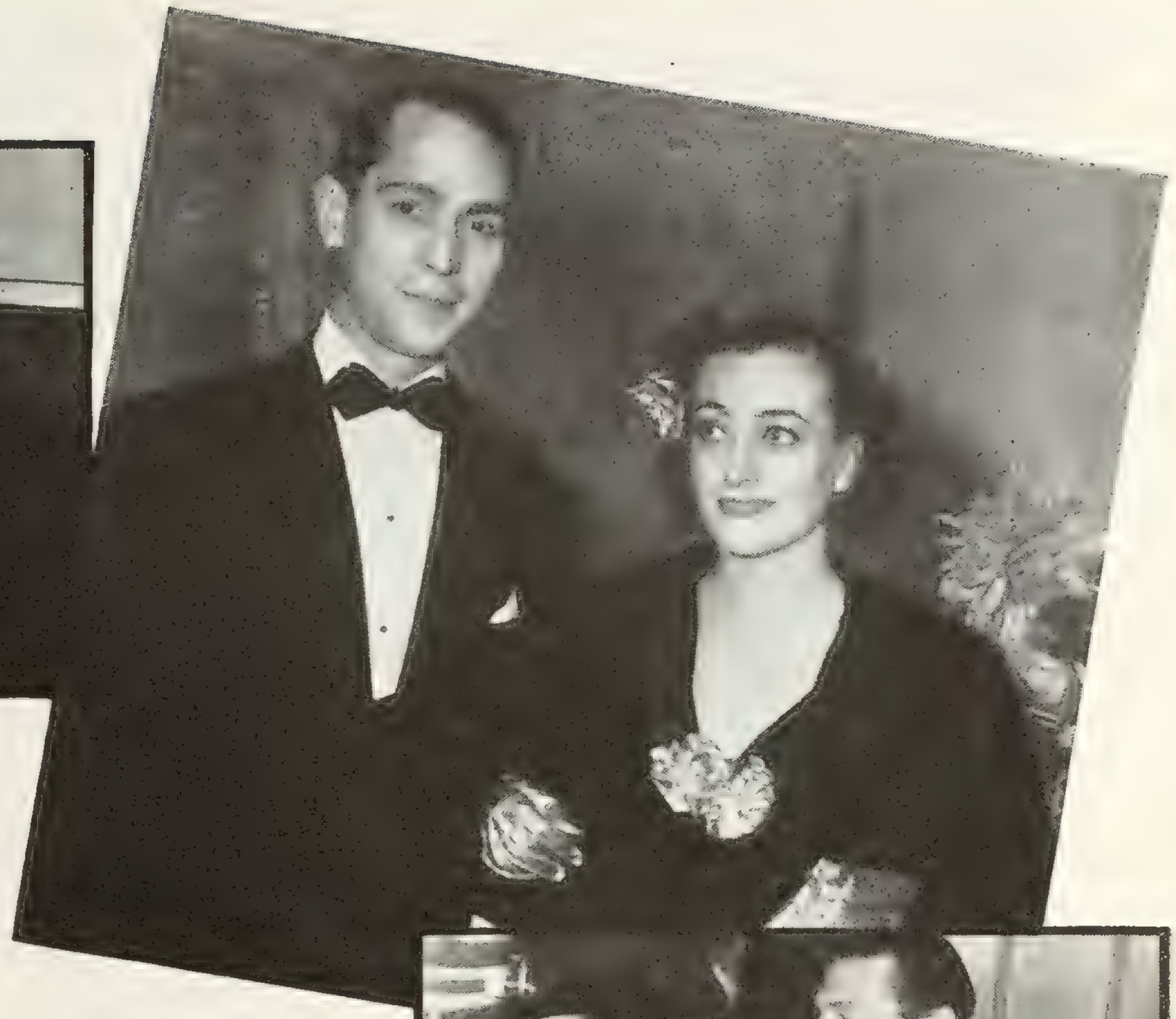
MARLENE Dietrich turned thumbs down on Lewis Milestone, so they say, as her next director. Instead, she wants Fritz Lang to guide her destiny in "Invitation to Happiness." Mr. Lang is a very able director. Besides, he is a charming gentleman, and a very good friend of Marlene's. They run around together of nights often.

ILLUSIONS vanish every day in Hollywood. Now for instance, you'd think that people like Boris Karloff, monsters and ghouls and walking corpses and all that—you'd think, wouldn't you that the care and feeding of such macabre souls would be a little—shall we say *outre?*

Well, the other day Mrs. Karloff held a big birthday set-to for Boris. She announced to her guests the refreshments would be her husband's favorite dish. Everyone expected black bats' hearts or tomcats' tails or some thing equally sinister.

The steaming dish came in. It was—corned beef and cabbage! Dear Jiggs!





Ah, there! Holding hands again! At the Brown Derby, Bryan Donlevy and blonde Lucille Ball are impervious to camera men and food alike. Brian is a handsome newcomer you will want to see



Above, meet, Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, alias Joan Crawford and the ubiquitous Franchot Tone at the Trocadero after a hectic honeymoon in New York playing hide and seek with the ever-industrious news hounds



At the Trocadero the camera man amuses the very attractive Margot Grahame, she of "The Informer" fame, and Ivor McLaren who are twosoming a lot these days. Margot and Francis Lister were recently divorced

Hollywood is no exception to the "Thursday is the maid's night out" rule of the rest of the country. Right, Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez at the Brown Derby. They just returned from a trip to New York

Photo by Fink

REALISM is rampant among the younger set in Hollywood. At least, there will be no phony chopper for Spanky MacFarland, the dumpling kid of the Roach comedies.

Spanky lost a front tooth right in the middle of a picture. They wanted to have a false one set in, a la Shirley Temple. Spanky squalled The director saw the light.

"He'll be cuter without it!" he cried. And he is—wait 'till you see him.

A WISTFUL twinge of sentiment plucked this old heart when the news came out the other day that Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers were to make a picture together again.

Jimmy and Sally, almost as much as Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, crept right into the hearts of the world with "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team." Since they've parted things haven't been the same—for either of them.

Jimmy hasn't done what he might. Sally has been just another actress. It wasn't like that when they were together. Maybe what has been lacking will show up again. Anyway, here's one who hopes so.

BING Crosby is the latest guy to protest about the autograph mania which is getting the stars up on their million dollar ears.

And Bing has darned good reason, if you ask Cal.

The other day at a northern race track Bingo rushed to the betting window to lay a respectable bet on a long shot. It was about time for the race to start. On his way an autograph hound tugged at his sleeve and extended paper and pencil. Bing paused to sign. The window slammed in his face. The horse came in at twenty to one!

And all because of an autograph book!

AGAIN Marlene Dietrich says she is bidding Hollywood farewell. After her next picture, to start immediately, called "Invitation to Happiness," Marlene plans to go to Europe, and she's signing no contract in Hollywood before she leaves.

Incidentally, Marlene is to draw down a neat $300,000 for her first foreign-made film—which will set a record for salary in jolly old London.

OH, oh—why didn't we think of this before?

For years Hollywood has been bothered by that irrepressible animal the gate crasher. No party has ever ended up with only the invited guests present. That is, no big party.

Well—Grace Bradley, who thought up the grand idea of a big barn dance—so grand an idea, in fact, that the next day she was offered five hundred dollars cash to sell it—also thought up a perfect way to deal with the uninvited guest problem.

In the middle of the party, she held a summary court, weeded out the crashers and sentenced them to kitchen police, wrestling with the dirty dishes!

PRACTICALLY the entire country had viewed Joan Crawford's recent hit, "I Live My Life," and Joan had gone to New York, brought back Franchot Tone as a husband and everything, before the studio decided that the picture needed retakes!

So Brian Aherne and Joan reported at the studio to do the final scenes over again—after the picture had played every big city in America! Reason—in England, it seems, they consider it sacrilegious to show the interior of a church on the screen, and as that's just where "I Live My Life" ended—at the altar so, something had to be done about it for the British chappies.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

The PRIVATE LIFE of a TALKING PICTURE

THREE months ago your enterprising correspondent began a tour of the Hollywood neighborhood, ringing bells in apartment buildings, knocking on mansion doors, stepping perturbed but insistent into beauty shoppes, cornering house-wives as they hung up the Monday wash. I had one question to ask: "*Do you know how a talking motion picture is made?*"

Out of 200 people who live in cinema-land's vestibule 178 were honest. They answered, "No." The rest mumbled vaguely of hidden 'mikes,' cameras, directors, extras. They didn't know either

Poring over these findings your editor and I came to a number of conclusions: (1) If this is Hollywood's crying shame, what about Idaho, Nebraska, Maine? (2) Something ought to be done; and (3) something *shall* be done!

So began three months of exhaustive but fascinating research. In order to get the inside stuff I worked for those three months in the world's largest and best-equipped studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; I followed a current motion picture from its inception in a scenarist's brain to its preview; I ran errands and made up extras and lugged props and snipped film. And I feel like Ulysses returned.

The M-G-M lot—a magical city of 5,000 souls. Upper left, workmen on typical movie set. Upper right, steel worker welding a prop. Center, Irving Thalberg's executive bungalow. Lower, artificial lake in "China Seas"

When you have finished with this series of articles you'll have a speaking acquaintance with the forgotten unsung Hollywood that makes your movies. You'll have visited a small city of 5000 inhabitants, run by its own civic unit, watched by its own police, governed by one purpose. It's the richest city on earth and the people in it are the most amazing.

Are you in the mood for a sort of Ripley interlude? Here is a long-shot of the great set on which my story is told:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sprawls its bulk over two great



Upper left, cameras being rebuilt in the precision shop. Upper right, file of half a million synopses and author's records. Center, an electrician views a sound stage from a high cat walk. Lower, front of M-G-M offices

Beginning the first complete inside story of how modern movies are made. A behind-the-scenes chronicle of never-before published information and details. This month — finding the story

By Howard Sharpe

pieces of California ground; they are known simply as Lot I, and Lot II. Lot I is the city, Lot II its backyard—and it is this backyard which the public in general knows most about. There, of course, are the towering unstable faces of buildings, the streets lined with façades. There are the pieces of great liners, sailing the bounding mud-puddle. There are the Brazilian jungles next door to the formal Italian gardens.

But this asylum of imitation is relatively unimportant. To the initiate, M-G-M is Lot I: 75 big white buildings closely huddled onto 72 regulation acres. There is nothing romantic-looking about these buildings, nor about the paved streets nor the great warehouses. But your talkies are made here . . .

When you have stepped through the guarded gates of Metro you are within a few yards of sanctum sanctorum: the producers' offices, hidden in the administration structures on either side. Here is the Brain, the Control; six men who are the key-links of the studio. There is an aura of Too Much Greatness here, a sort of breathless infinity. It is better to hurry down the limousine-lined street, jostling the made-up characters from many books and many nations, until the buildings begin to settle back with a more sympathetic air.

HERE, then, are the houses of the departments and it is when you step through their doors that the business-like exterior is belied by a pinch-me-to-see-if-I'm-awake atmosphere inside. You are shown and told things you couldn't believe if you tried—and then they are proved to you. You learn a great many things, all magnificent, superb, astounding, terrific: movie superlatives for once with a genuine meaning.

You are told and are forced to believe that this casting office can put its well trained hands on 25,000 human beings almost at once if need be; that that wardrobe department houses enough clothes to dress 15,000 men [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



Never lovelier, Dolores Costello returns to the screen as Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for Selznick-International. Of her tragic marriage she says sincerely and warmly: "At least I've had five years of happiness"

DOLORES COSTELLO—GALLANT LADY

She was warned against her marriage. She believed love could win. Love lost. But, she is going to win

By Elizabeth R. Freund



It was after little John Blythe Barrymore was born (shown above with Dolores and John, Sr.) that this gallant lady faced her most difficult problems all alone



Within three years, the salary of the beautiful and ethereal Dolores rose from $75 a week to $3500. But she willingly sacrificed her career for love

DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE is talking about it for the first time. With her divorce granted and the relief that is here now that the nervous strain of these many months is over she has this to say:

"Yes, I'm happy. I'm happy that the tension is all over; that the nasty and ugly talk that surrounds such a divorce may be forgotten now. I'm thankful for the five years of happiness I've had and"—and here she points to her two children—"I have them as the monuments to my married years of happiness. For a long time, through my married years, I could never have believed that the sordidness that has clouded the marriage of too many people would ever come to me. But it did. However, that's all behind me now. I consider myself lucky in several ways. I have two darling children. I'm going back to work in pictures and the future looks bright and promising. No, I haven't any regrets about anything. I don't think you can call anything a mistake as long as you've had some happiness out of it. And I'm one of the fortunate people in this world who has had that."

And when you read a statement like that you know she justly and honestly merits the title of Gallant Lady. Where other women, with their pride, their vanity terribly hurt and their seeming failure exposed to a curious and snooping world would, through emotional weakness and for egotistical relief, air their woes this patrician was silent. Her self respect, her dignity and her courage, her feeling for her children and her natural shyness before a prying crowd made her determine to fight her battle alone. Tragedy, sorrow and disappointment weren't new experiences to her. She had grown up with them. Her mother had suffered through them. Here, although she could hardly comprehend it at first was the incredible recurrence of what she had been born into.

The daughters of Maurice Costello—Dolores and Helene—were born in Pittsburgh of Irish, Alsatian and English extraction. Their father, the idol of his day, was a man of fierce, violent temper, diabolic moods and a completely unnatural husband and parent. As the girls grew up and saw their mother's unhappiness and themselves felt the pinch of hunger and utter lack of fatherly love through the man's complete irresponsibility they should have hated any male who suggested age or was a contemporary of their father's. Strangely enough they both married men old enough to be their father with Helene marrying, as her second husband, Lowell Sherman.

This early period of misery, worry and continuous insecurity which haunted them through their adolescent years might account for the tragic beauty that is Dolores'. When you say so glibly that a girl is blonde, blue-eyed, fair-skinned with a nose that tilts and a mouth lusciously lovely your first thought is of a shallow little heroine, brittle and artificial. It's hard to believe that trouble stalks beauty. Dolores' face, however, in its loveliness, is not a happy one in repose. There is unmistakable sadness there; you see an almost hunted, questioning look that seems to ask an explanation for so much disappointment and unhappiness.

But she won't talk about herself. She isn't a self-pitying woman nor does she play the tragic rôle for one minute ever. She has a fine kind of courage, a fighting spirit and a will that is strong once her mind is made up.

She had been advised, long before she started grounds for divorce, to end her marriage. She refused that advice because, in her own heart, she wasn't yet sure that the man she loved, the man she had given herself to with a loyalty and devotion rare in the glamorous or workaday world wasn't being too hastily condemned. It wasn't until the rumors became unmistakable pieces of evidence; until she realized, with her eyes open, that the father of her two children didn't care about the ugliness he was exposing them to that she knew, for her self-respect and for the future of her children who are her entire life, that she had to make a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]

The Secret Behind LAUGHTON'S ACTING

The reason you hate him more than anyone you've ever known!

By Anthony McAllister



"I don't act any one scene for the scene itself," he says. "I try to discover what mood is behind the entire story. Then every movement of mine . . . is working toward that impression." Right, as Captain Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty"



DURING the next fifteen minutes you will concern yourself with the man whom, at specific intervals, you have hated more than anyone you have ever known in all your life.

You have sat in darkened theaters and felt the loathing and fury knot up inside of you at the sight of him; you have tossed on your bed and dreamed of smashing your fist into his ugly face after the things he has done to your favorites on the screen . . .

But at the same time you must admire him. You must wonder a little at the genius of Charles Laughton, who is the greatest villain of them all.

During the next fifteen minutes you will learn for the first time, and from his own lips, the professional secret behind the magnificent effects he gives you. And you will know why his rating as today's greatest actor is justified.

On the morning of our conversation no sun had popped over the hill to shine on the *Bounty* which rode at anchor in the bay at Catalina Isthmus; and from the Hollywood standpoint you couldn't have a "Mutiny On the Bounty" without any sun. So *Captain Bligh*, venomous and evil ship's master, was free to become Charles Laughton again for a time. In 1935 clothes, smiling blandly at everyone, he outraged the tradition of villainy that is his aura.

We talked at Banning House, which squats on one of the high knolls and which sheltered the stars of two location companies that week. Laughton had been clowning all morning, his subtle scoffing comedy an antidote for the weather, but over coffee in the dining room his mood changed and he began to talk seriously of his profession.

"In the first place, I try hard to be a good actor because I feel I owe the audience something," he told me. "They drive to the theater after a humdrum day, they pay their money and in return they must be given two hours of emphasized emotions. These are my wares, these emotions, and I must sell them as a peddler sells his brushes or his vegetables. You can't afford to cheat the public—and I wouldn't want to."

He reached for the cream-pitcher and I watched his coffee turn from clear amber to muddy brown to beige.

"Acting," he said finally in his hurried British voice, "is really over-acting, I suppose. A great actor, faced with the problem of suggesting an emotion, cannot possibly depict just what a character would really do under a certain circumstance. It wouldn't get over, because in ordinary life we don't portray our feelings very much through our actions. Instead, we try to cover those feelings up, we hide them because we don't want pity or sympathy from our friends, and we don't want to be laughed at."

I looked vaguely into my cup.

"For example," he explained, "I slipped yesterday and banged my knee. Some friends rushed up, clustered around, asked if I were hurt. I was, but I deprecated the incident—I said, 'No, not at all, thank you. It's nothing . . .' *You'd* have done the same thing."

He dropped lump after lump of sugar into his coffee. "So an actor must take that into account. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Hear ye! Hear ye! the sturdy little voice of bonny Shirley Temple as she peddles her lobsters in the market place. She plays the granddaughter in "Captain January," the screen version of Laura E. Richards' famous tale of the Maine coast. Guy Kibbee is the old salt

All Play and No Work



Piquant Claudette Colbert has two handsome leading men, Fred MacMurray and Robert Young, in her scintillating Paramount film, "The Bride Comes Home," directed by Wesley Ruggles





Clowning Claudette's pals turn out to be a couple of kibitzers when she tries to order afternoon tea over the phone so this hard-working happy trio had to concentrate on drinking lots of soda

Fred, Claudette and Bob, three dizzy Thespians, work up an appetite and scamper off the Paramount set with but a single thought—plenty of hot dogs!





Paul Muni the versatile. One of the greatest character actors of his day, he portrays an illiterate miner (in "Black Fury") with as much ease as he plays the complex genius of science in Warner's brilliant production, "The Life of Dr. Louis Pasteur"



Hurrell

Playmate Gene Raymond. This very serious appearing young RKO Adonis is actually one of the gayest of companions, as Jeanette MacDonald will testify. They pal around, enjoying each other's company for the sheer fun of it. Nothing serious

Those Great

Ziegfeld "Leg's

Luise Rainer (above, right, with Bill Powell) plays the part of Anna Held whose famous Follies song "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave" became the theme song of tired business men who considered the glorification of the American girl the "tops" in entertainment. "The Great Ziegfeld" will be enlivened by Gilda Grey's original Hula, Leon Errol, Virginia Bruce, Frank Morgan and many others from the former Follies



Graceful Anita Louise cuts a figure in the enchanting guise of Peter Pan. Under contract to Warners, she is currently in "Red Apples" and will soon appear in "The Life of Dr. Louis Pasteur"



On the floor next to Leslie Howard is Bette Davis, who cringes as the bullets fly. The "Petrified Forest" company, like an army, moves on its stomach



We Cover the STUDIOS

The "tops" in topics. What big and little stars are doing on the Hollywood lots

By Michael Jackson

SHORT, volatile, Darryl Zanuck is the man responsible for the greatest change in working Hollywood. He is the head of 20th Century-Fox pictures and when his company merged with Fox, all the wise boys said he was getting a white elephant. But Zanuck has taken the sprawling, debt-ridden Fox Hills studio and whipped it into a dynamic, exciting producing center.

Typical of its fresh and intelligently guided enthusiasm are the colorful pictures in production. "A Message To Garcia," "A Military Melodrama," "Captain January," the Shirley Temple film, and "Shark Island," a poignant history of a tragic man. The Fox lot was always pleasant to visit, for its commissary, called The Cafe de Paris, serves the best food of any of the studio cafes. Now that its pictures are on par with its cuisine, this lot is one of the most interesting centers in the community.



In her second musical, Gladys Swarthout appears opposite Jan Kiepura, the Continental song bird, in "Give Us This Night"

Jan Kiepura's enthusiasm on the set of his first American picture, "Give Us This Night," is boundless. Left, with Phillip Merivale

Just beyond the newly erected Will Rogers memorial stage, Wallace Beery and John Boles were enacting on the day of our visit a tensely dramatic moment from "A Message To Garcia." The scene is a rather bare hut in the interior of Cuba. The red light (meaning cameras grinding) was glowing at the stage door, so we couldn't get on the set right away. But at 20th Century-Fox the doors have glass panels, so you can see what is happening even if you can't hear it.

What we saw was this: Beery, wearing a faded pongee shirt, dirty linen trousers and aged straw hat, is seated at a rickety





A new script arrived on the "Woman Trap" set. Fifteen minutes and everybody had to know the new part. Director Harold Young (with script), Dialogue Director Bill Russell, Sidney Blackmer, Gertrude Michael, Akim Tamiroff

"Putting on the Ritz" Richman is back, in "Rolling Along," a Schertzinger musical. Right, with Walter Connolly (left), Romaine Collander (right)

table trying to open a letter. Behind him, though Beery doesn't know it, stands John Boles, all dressed up in a military uniform. As Beery works on the envelope, Boles, holding a kettle, creeps closer. Suddenly, Boles pokes the kettle in Berry's back, takes the greatly surprised Mr. Beery's revolver and pushes him up against the wall. The action was really thrilling to watch.

When we finally got on the set, we discovered that the letter Messrs. Boles and Beery were so pugilistic about was the message to Garcia. Pretty nearly everyone has heard of The Message To Garcia. It's the symbol of doing what you're told without asking questions. Elbert Hubbard, the Eddie Guest of philosophers, used it as a theme for a piece on courage. One of the most famous notes of all time, few people know who sent it, what it said, who took it and who Garcia was.

Just so you may join this select circle, we'll give you the facts. The Message was sent by President McKinley and the man carrying it was Lieutenant Rowan. This was during the Spanish American war and Garcia, a Cuban rebel, was helping the Americans. The message told Garcia, who was in the interior of Cuba, where the American army would land so that his forces could press toward the Americans, thus attacking the trapped Spanish from two sides.

In this picture, John Boles plays the dauntless Lieutenant Rowan. His encounter with Beery is but one of the many adventures that beset him on his harrowing trip. When Beery and Boles have rested a bit, the important scene is re-shot. Wally, finding a brand new use for rum, starts pouring the liquor over the envelope, which he plans to re-seal, when the contents are discovered. But he needn't have taken these precautions, for before he can get any place Boles is upon him. Flustered at first, Beery starts turning on the oil. He promises that he will tell the soldier where he can find Garcia.

But Boles, who, like Charlie Chaplin, is left-handed, seems unimpressed and keeps waving the revolver about. Since you never can tell what a southpaw will do, the scene has a lot of suspense. Any moment you expect the gun to go off. Beery, fighting for his life, keeps trying to alibi his way out of what is an almost hopeless snarl. And, at last, Boles relents a bit—but not much. "Talk," he says. "And talk fast."

Then, with the revolver still swaying in front of his nose, Mr. Beery really talks. Cowering against the wall, he gives a beautiful portrayal of frenzied fear. The words—obvious lies—pour out. He breaks under the strain, admitting that he doesn't know where Garcia is. Then he quickly claims that a friend of his does, though. Since the take ends there, we don't know if Beery gets killed or not. But we do know that he has just given one of the best bits of his career.

Barbara Stanwyck is the girl in the picture. On our way over to the next stage to watch Shirley Temple, we pass Miss Stanwyck who is getting prettier every day. Shirley, who so far has dodged all marital complications, was in her new dressing room when we arrived. She was cutting squares and circles out of a folded paper, then unfolding it to surprise herself with the design. Her portable dressing room is just like those of the grown-up stars except that everything is scaled down. It is done in light blue and white, of faintly nautical motif, with two amusing water colors on the wall. There is a couch, a chair and a desk. Hanging on a long rack are about ten dresses, the smallest things you ever saw.

Shirley has to do a bit of studying with the studio teacher and, that finished, she toddles to the set which is a school room, too. This is the interior of a little school on the Maine coast and on the blackboard are drawings of ships, testifying to the locale's sea-going environment. Above the blackboard are crayon drawings, supposedly done by the children, but actually turned out, we learned, by a gent in the art department who evidently had a lot of fun kidding the modernists. While director David Butler got the camera set, we squeezed into one of the tiny desks, all ready for what might happen.

Shirley, bright and beaming in her little dimity dress, would have no rest while the crew busied itself about the set. Pushing herself into the air, she swung precariously back and forth between a row of desks.

"Shirley, dear," Mrs. Temple [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

PHOTOPLAY'S Memory Album

Edited By Frederick L. Collins

THE EIGHT MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS OF 1924



Never anything wrong with the eyes of Photoplay's readers. They picked these eight beauties in a nation-wide poll

Above, beloved Mary Pickford, in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," the schoolgirl heroine, mold of modesty and virtue



Right, Norma Talmadge. Rumors of divorce from Mr. Schenck were looming. But ten years passed before there was a split



Above, in center, Marion Davies, then in "When Knighthood was in Flower." To her left, Alice Terry. Valentino's "lead"

Left, Gloria Swanson. It was reported "Whether she is taking the Marquis de la Falaise seriously, only she can say"



Pola Negri, when her romance with Chaplin cooled. She did not want to halt his "career"! He said he had no money to wed



Corinne Griffith married Walter Morosco, director, and induced him to give up movies to sell a new-type gas heater



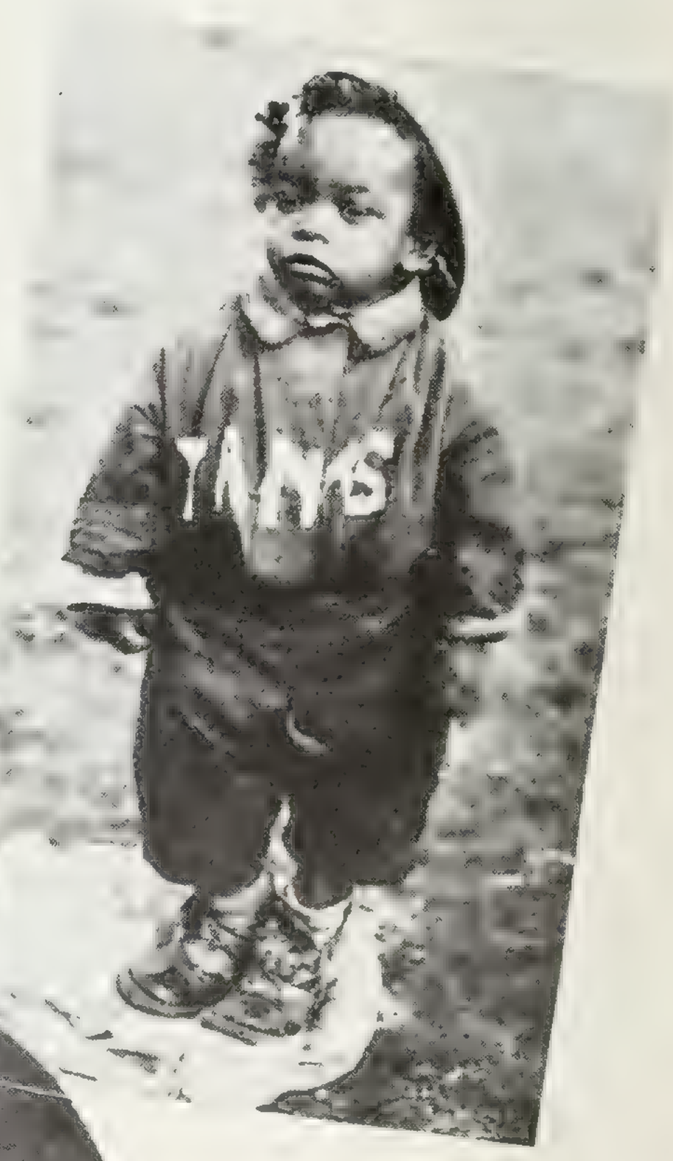
Madge Bellamy had just finished a triumphal tour, and had been entertained by President and Mrs. Warren Harding





Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey (still champ) were engaged. He said he'd give up his title, settle down and become a hotel manager!





Gilda Gray was the center of a storm of controversy with her introduction of the "shimmy"- a la Hawaiian grass skirt

A young actor named Horton played "Ruggles of Red Gap." With Louise Dresser, Ernest Torrence, Lucien Littlefield

Hal Roach's "Our Gang" films were the Mickey Mouse sensation of the time. Hal was acclaimed a genius of comedy



Maurice Stiller arrived from Sweden with his very shy pupil, Greta Gustafsson. When he died four years later, she wept that without his guidance her career was over



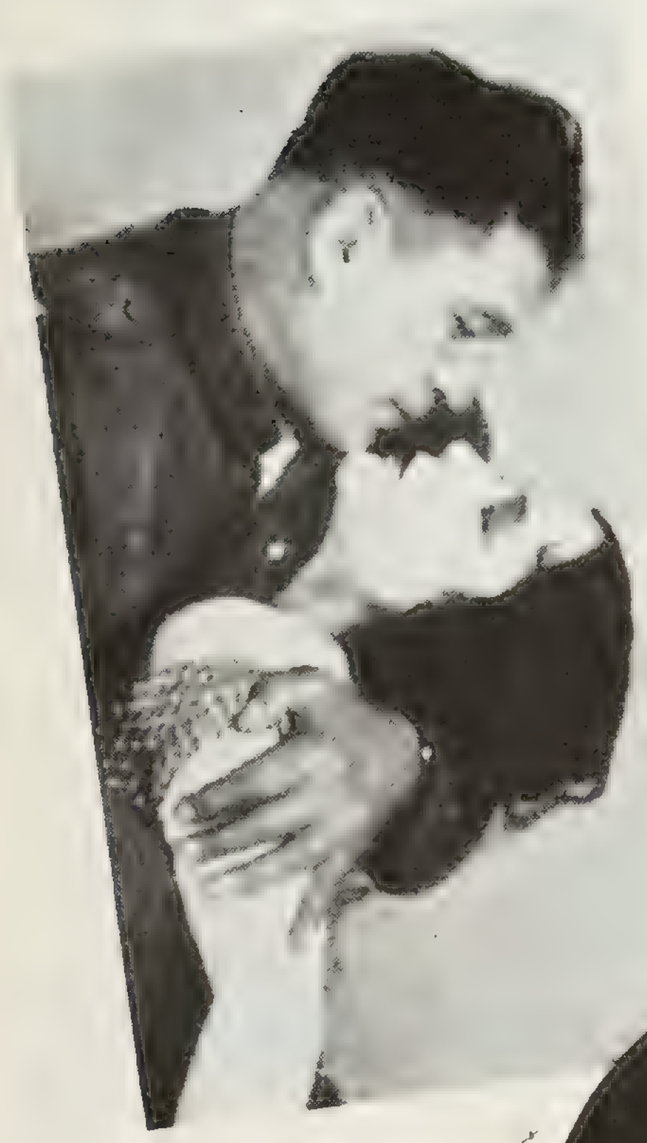
Syd Chaplin as Old Bill brought Bairnsfather's war character of that name to life in "The Better 'Ole"

Shy Greta Gustafsson became Garbo, and, with Gilbert, set all pulses racing in "Flesh and the Devil"





Louis Wolheim, Marion Davies in "Little Old New York." Publicity men wrote: Miss Davies used no double, taking the lashing herself





"The Big Parade," starring the paragon of matinee idols, John Gilbert, with Renee Adoree, was the great film of 1925

Left, the good Conrad Nagel made tiger love to Aileen Pringle in the film from Mrs. Glynn's daring "Three Weeks"



Above, Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio in the mild version (silent, you see) of the shocking "What Price Glory"





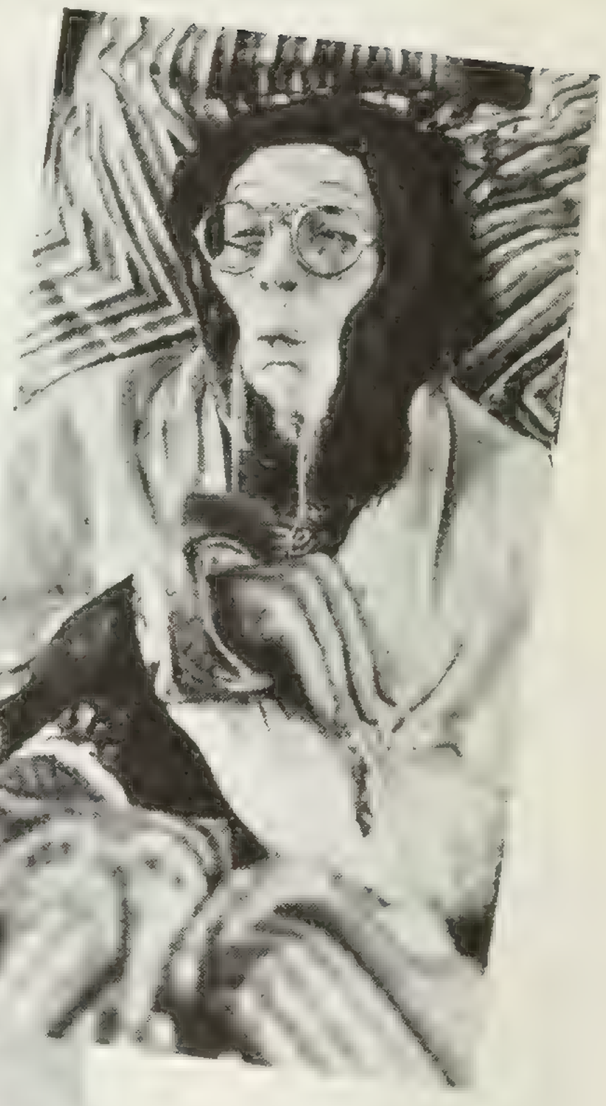
Above, "What Price Glory" started the hard-boiled "enmity" of McLaglen-Lowe. Ed and Miss Del Rio

Doug Fairbanks gave the world a beautiful new film, "The Gaucho," and a new actress, Lupe Velez

Charlie Chaplin rewarded Edna Purviance with the star rôle in "A Woman of Paris," and Edna rewarded Charlie with a star performance, aided by suave Adolphe Menjou







In this period lived the greatest character actor of all time—Lon Chaney. Above, he's seen as the legless fiend in "The Penalty"



Above, "the man of a thousand faces" as Singapore Joe in "The Road to Mandalay." To achieve more horror, Chaney made a sightless false eye



Above, one of Chaney's most unusual make-ups, that of Mr. Wu. The secrets of many of his make-ups died with him

Left, one of the less complex make-ups was that of "The Hypnotist"

Right, the next to the last picture Chaney was to make, "The Phantom of the Opera," completed just five months before his death







Many still consider Chaney's own masterpiece was his characterization of the grotesque "Hunchback of Notre Dame"



Loretta Young came to the fore with her part as the ward of Chaney in the very weepy, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh"

Above, Chaney as the sinister Dead Legs in "West of Zanzibar"

Above, Chaney as The Frog in the masterpiece, "The Miracle Man," with Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Joseph Dowling

NEXT MONTH!
THE LAST DAYS OF
THE "SILENTS"



One of those things that just can't happen —but somehow do! "Dream," then "Captain Blood," and "Anthony Adverse" (opposite Fredric March) a star at nineteen!

"She's One in a Million"

For Olivia de Havilland those glorious, impossible dreams came true!

By Warren Reeve

THE cameras had whirred to a stop. The first take of a delicate love scene was over and it was perfect.

"That's it—yes—that's the one," said the director slowly, as if to convince himself by repeating his own words. He had expected a tough time with this scene. The little nineteen-year-old girl playing it had never done a love scene before.

Lloyd Bacon turned to his assistant, as the girl slipped out of Jimmy Cagney's arms, flashed him an honest young smile and sparkled her schoolgirl eyes.

Behind the palm of his hand, the director who had seen too many young hopefuls to be easily impressed whispered somewhat incredulously,

"She's one in a million!"

Mr. Bacon's strictly professional observation was, of course, not too original. Max Reinhardt, the Warner Brothers and several others held something of the same opinion. But his words tapped another truth squarely on the button.

Olivia de Havilland, the youngest, freshest, the most promising of all Hollywood's young [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



☆ THE BRIDE COMES HOME—Paramount

ROMANTIC, frolicsome, and even poignant at times, this picture is the best Claudette Colbert has had since "It Happened One Night." On it, the star lavishes her most ingratiating performance.

Claudette is an heiress who discovers her father hasn't a dime and goes to work to support them both. The only way she can get a job is to beg one from Robert Young, a lad with millions who is in love with her. Bob turns her over as an assistant to Fred MacMurray who is editing a magazine Bob is financing. Fred doesn't like the idea or Claudette. The way love tangles these three lives provides the comedy.

Performance, direction, Claudette's clothes—all are delightful. This is grand fun.



☆ CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—Columbia

THE magnificent power and artistry of this tale of a fugitive conscience plants it firmly in the screen's top bracket. The somber mood of the famous Dostoievsky novel and its unleavened tragedy may not entertain you, but you'll certainly thrill in its realistic grip.

Peter Lorre reaches the heights of his promise in "M" as the scientific murderer who can escape the technical talons of the police but not the harrassing clamors of his soul. Moving, dramatic and individual are the characters woven about his grim plight as presented by Edward Arnold, Tala Birell and Elizabeth Risdon. Marian Marsh uncannily resembles Dietrich in her sympathetic Magdalen rôle.

Von Sternberg's treatment makes this a triumph in serious drama. You should see it.

The SHADOW STAGE

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ THE STORY OF DR. LOUIS PASTEUR—Warners

THIS picture is unusually strong drama. While it deviates considerably from the general Hollywood formula for making pictures, it will appeal to every conscientious movie-goer.

The story is an honest biography of the hopes, struggles, disappointments and achievements of the great French medical genius of the past century, F. Louis Pasteur.

It pointedly portrays the background of prejudice, superstition, and filth in the medical profession of his time.

Pasteur devoted his life to the teaching of cleanliness and the importance of serums in checking disease. We of the laity best know his name in connection with milk—Pasteurized milk.

The story, briefly, is of Pasteur, handicapped by obstacles at every turn, exiled, triumphs to see proved and heeded his theory that germs were the actual cause of infection.

His findings in bacteriology revolutionized the entire field of medical science.

Paul Muni is excellent as Pasteur. Anita Louise as his daughter *Annette* and Donald Woods as *Dr. Jean Martel* furnish the small love interest. Josephine Hutchinson is *Madame Pasteur*. Every member of the supporting cast turns in a meritorious performance. William Dieterle was the director.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE STORY OF DR. LOUIS PASTEUR
THE BRIDE COMES HOME
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT
I DREAM TOO MUCH
AH, WILDERNESS
A TALE OF TWO CITIES
THE LITTLEST REBEL
MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Paul Muni in "The Story of Dr. Louis Pasteur"
Lionel Barrymore in "Ah, Wilderness"
Eric Linden in "Ah, Wilderness"
Claudette Colbert in "The Bride Comes Home"
Fred MacMurray in "The Bride Comes Home"
Robert Young in "The Bride Comes Home"
Ronald Colman in "A Tale of Two Cities"
Peter Lorre in "Crime and Punishment"
Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel"
John Boles in "The Littlest Rebel"
Bill Robinson in "The Littlest Rebel"
Lily Pons in "I Dream Too Much"
Henry Fonda in "I Dream Too Much"
Cary Grant in "Sylvia Scarlett"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 117



☆ A TALE OF TWO CITIES—M-G-M

IF you enjoy costume pictures, rich in historic glamour and power, you will thrill to this fine presentation of Charles Dickens' immortal story of the French Revolution. Ronald Colman gives us another superior performance with his portrayal of *Sydney Carton*, the brilliant young lawyer with a passion for drink. Falling hopelessly in love with Elizabeth Allan, as the daughter of Henry B. Walthall, Colman is drawn into the maelstrom of the Revolution. His sacrifice to the guillotine, thereby saving the husband of his beloved, brings self-redemption for his misspent life. Alive with interest and spectacular beauty, this film permits the splendid acting of a talented cast to stand out in the mass movement of such a tremendous production.

Very much worth while.



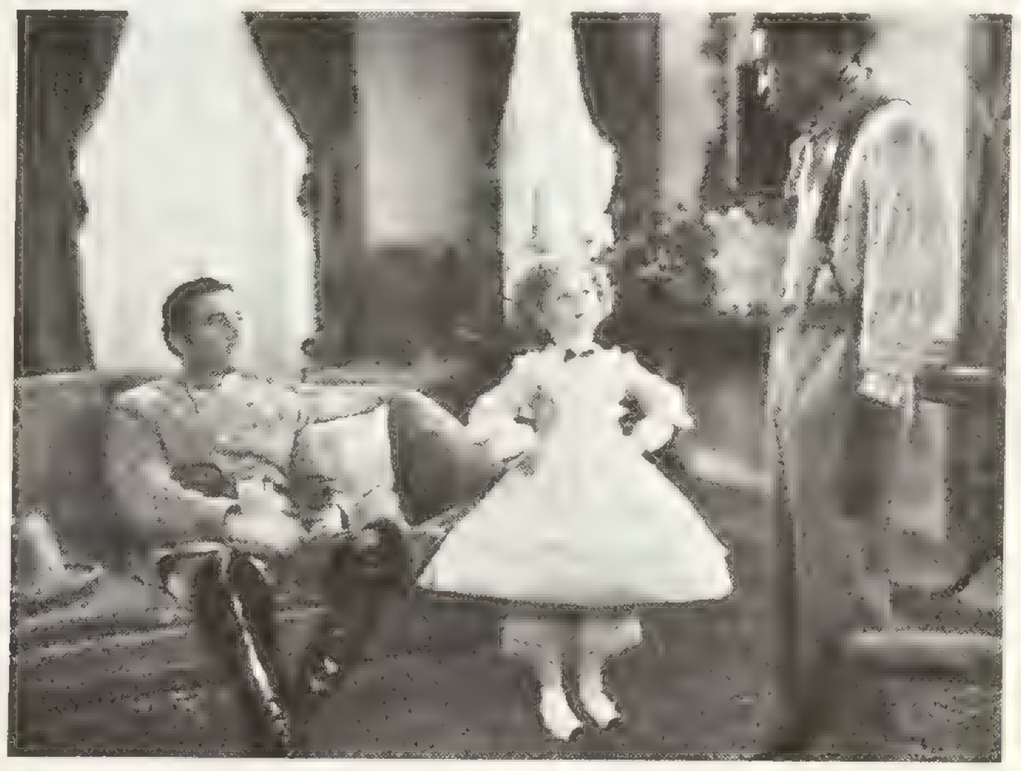
☆ AH, WILDERNESS—M-G-M

THE honest realism, simple charm and wholesomeness of this nostalgic film will send you away singing its praise. It is so truly American, so honestly understandable to everyone that it will send your memory scurrying back to pleasant recollections of other years.

The story deals with the everyday life of an average Connecticut family about 1906. Eric Linden, son of Lionel Barrymore, suffers the pangs of schoolboy love. To soothe a temporary romantic disillusionment, he engages in a rebellious night of high living, but strong family influence and the guiding hand of his father steer him back to youthful paths.

Lionel Barrymore gives one of his greatest performances as the kindly father. Linden's portrayal of the sensitive youth is an inspired piece of acting. Wallace Beery is good as the shiftless relative in love with Aline MacMahon, a family boarder. Mickey Rooney, Frank Albertson and Cecelia Parker handle minor family rôles of importance in splendid fashion. Charles Grapewin is convincing as the grouchy neighbor. Spring Byington makes an excellent mother.

Much credit is due Hunt Stromberg, producer, and director Clarence Brown for making the screen version of O'Neill's play such a strong, excellent picture. See it by all means.



☆ THE LITTLEST REBEL—20th Century-Fox

IN this stirring picture of life in the war-torn South, Shirley Temple will as easily win all hearts in the audiences seeing this picture, for never did the darling of the screen give a more talented and entertaining performance, as the daughter of a Confederate Army captain, John Boles.

When war comes to separate Shirley from her father, cause her mother's death and bring poverty and hardship into her young life, it cannot break her staunch little spirit. She sings, weeps and dances. She makes you laugh and tugs at your heart-strings. Singing a lullaby to her weary daddy, sidewalk dancing with Bill Robinson to raise money for a trip to Washington to plead for her father's life, and eating an apple with the President are high-light scenes you will long remember. Don't miss it.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



☆

I DREAM TOO MUCH—RKO-Radio

LILY PONS makes an auspicious movie début in this thoroughly delightful picture. An American composer, cocksure of his talent, marries a French singer. He believes himself to be the discoverer of her voice and exploits it. When he finds himself swamped in her fame, he refuses to believe she prefers his love to success and he deserts her. But—



☆

MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE—Walter Wanger—Paramount

A DRAMATICALLY strong story, carefully produced, which abounds in excellent performances throughout. *Mary Burns* (Sylvia Sidney), unjustly sentenced to prison as an accomplice of the sweetheart she did not know was a hunted criminal, escapes and starts a new life. She is hunted down and made the bait in catching her ex-sweetheart.



SYLVIA SCARLETT—RKO-Radio

THREE fourths of this amazing film is probably the most different and merrily mad of any you've seen lately. The picture hops the high hurdle of a meandering pointless story with scenes of incomparable charm. It presents Cary Grant in a comedy cockney crook rôle which filches the picture right from under Katharine Hepburn's close cropped crown.



WHIPSAW—M-G-M

SATISFYING movie fare in this story, notable chiefly because it brings lovely Myrna Loy back to the screen and co-features her with capable Spencer Tracy. Tracy, a federal agent, strings along with Loy, accomplice of jewel thieves, hoping she will lead him to gang headquarters. She does, but love, meantime, has got things all mixed up.



SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—RKO-Radio

THE perennial thriller is with us again, dressed up with modern wisecracks but still playing Money, Money, who's got the money at lonely Baldpate Inn. The ending has been changed to make fact out of the make-believe of the original plot. Gene Raymond heads a cast which sparkles with Eric Blore, Henry Travers, Moroni Olsen, Margaret Callahan et al.



KIND LADY—M-G-M

A BRUTAL British crook melodrama works up plenty of suspense in this one on a kidnapping-in-the-home idea. But it's not very entertaining, and too cruel for the kiddies. Aline MacMahon deeply regrets her kindness to hungry Basil Rathbone when he brings his gang to imprison her while he tries to sell her valuable paintings.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK— Columbia

ONE of those charmingly preposterous little Cinderella masquerade tales with Herbert Marshall's disarming manner and Jean Arthur's honest art to make it delightful watching. Seeking true romance on the eve of his bluebook wedding, wealthy Mr. Marshall pursues it incognito into the Butler's pantry of a racketeer's mansion.



SPLENDOR— Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

WHILE you may not get excited about the woes of the ex-wealthy, you can enjoy and be entertained by the performances of Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Paul Cavanagh, Helen Westley, Billie Burke, Ruth Weston and David Niven in this story of the enforced sacrifice of a wife's honor for her husband's success.



ANOTHER FACE—RKO-Radio

THIS exciting mystery film contains some of the best comedy of the month. It will also add to Brian Donlevy's growing popularity. As Public Enemy No. 1, Donlevy has his face remade and hides out in a Hollywood studio until publicity director Wallace Ford and studio manager Alan Hale learn his identity and attempt his capture for publicity purposes.



MILLIONS IN THE AIR— Paramount

WENDY BARRIE and John Howard make an appealing team of young sweethearts in this feather-weight comedy which capitalizes on the current amateur radio hour craze. He's an icecream salesman and she, unbeknownst to him, is the daughter of the soap magnate on whose radio program they are trying to win the prize to set him up in business.



EAST OF JAVA— Universal

THIS has Charles Bickford's famous screen scrap with a lion to recommend it—but that's about all. You've seen the rest of it before, and better told. Bickford, as a fugitive from justice meanie, messes things up when a small group is shipwrecked on a jungle island. Then the beasts close in. Leslie Fenton, Elizabeth Young, Frank Albertson help.



THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN —M-G-M

A SLIGHT, foolish affair with Frank Morgan as a garrulous ex-Army officer whose brashness makes him a music-hall favorite with comedienne Cicely Courtneidge. Morgan's son, however, is a preacher and the more popular the father becomes, the less chance the son has in his career.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Thelma Todd, gay and beautiful, a comedienne of high order, but did life play a ghastly joke on her? Was it unrequited love that led to her death?

Into the Lonely Valley

Another favorite, Thelma Todd, has passed forever from the panorama of life that is called Hollywood

By Dorothy Lawlor

HOLLYWOOD is still reeling from the shock of the sudden and mystifying death of one of its best known actresses, lovely blonde Thelma Todd, whose body was found slumped over the wheel of her car in the garage of her home on a deserted beach road.

Several years ago, Thelma said: "It's tragic to be beautiful." Did she have a premonition of this terrible fate? Truly a lonely and tragic death for anyone, but its suddenness was terrifying to those who knew Thelma so full of the joy of living, carrying sunshine in her hair. This one-time New England school teacher seemed to belong to a race of goddesses. Tall, balanced, rounded, serene—golden, white, sky-blue eyed, her beauty was practically flawless. Even Death respected this beauty, for when they found her in her silver and violet gown, wrapped in her magnificent mink coat, not a strand of her golden hair was rumpled, her face as lovely as ever her friends remembered it.

Thelma Todd had won a beauty-contest as Miss Massachusetts when she was signed by Jesse Lasky in 1926, and then she appeared in many rôles as a vamp, and then a comedienne. When she wanted to get away from comedy parts, she changed her name to Allison Lloyd and played in "Corsair" under this name. But then she returned to her old name, and in recent years has been one of the hardest worked young actresses on the screen; her comedy rôles have been notably successful.

Under the sweet serenity of her perfect features, Thelma might have been a lonely person . . . she had a far-away look. She was very simple hearted, loved violets and all garden flowers. Perhaps she never got over the real love of her life, Pat de Cicco—the man she married in 1932 and divorced in 1934. That Saturday night—the night of the party—it was rumored about Hollywood Pat and Margaret Lindsay were married, or about to be. Coincidence? Who knows? She has never been wholly happy since. Contrary to the idea that women don't trust beauty, they trusted Thelma . . . she was such a swell person. Hollywood will miss her special brand of charm—warm, sweet, friendly, humorous . . . Why did this radiant, lovely, trusting soul who loved the bright high sun of noontime, have to die alone in the dark and ugly hours between midnight and a dim grey dawn . . . perhaps we will never know . . . Why . . .?

Hollywood at the Mike

By Dan Wheeler



Clark Gable is in frequent demand as guest star for big programs



Jimmy Durante was never a real radio hit till he made the "Jumbo" broadcasts

Mary Pickford was the guest of Louella Parsons on the Hollywood Hotel program



Wally Beery and his adopted daughter—you heard her on Wally's Christmas show

WHEN a movie star makes an appearance on the air these days, somebody pays and pays well. Not so long ago it was the practice to guest star prominent Hollywood people without remuneration. Now that pay checks are in order, you can't turn on your radio of a winter night without hearing some film personality.

Two programs, though, have had their fingers burned trying to present film stars. The General Motors Symphony Hour and the Ford Symphonic Hour made elaborate preparations to get Jeanette MacDonald and Gladys Swarthout at the mike. At the last minute both were forced to cancel their arrangements because picture schedules were behind time.

The big news of the month, of course, is the possibility that Mary Pickford will again be broadcasting—some time in February, the columnists promise. The idea is to have her programs come direct from the lovely Pickfair estate, a series of houseparties on the air, as it were. A national association of ice dealers want to foot the bill.

Wally Beery finished his job as master of ceremonies on the Shell Chateau program right after the first of the year and Al Jolson resumed his work which he interrupted to make some more pictures for Warner Brothers. But Wally stayed on long enough to get Carol Ann, his adopted daughter, on the Christmas program. Confidentially, it was all part of a grand scheme to give Carol Ann all the experience he can. She wants to be an actress and Wally approves.

It looked for awhile back in December as though Leslie Howard were going to discontinue his Sunday-night shows. The sponsor (Hind's Honey and Almond Cream) wasn't very pleased over the results of the serial Leslie was presenting, "The Amateur Gentleman." But now he's giving a different dramatization every week and the sponsor is happy.

Some contract renewals will insure your hearing more stars on the air throughout the winter months. Eddie Cantor, sponsored by Pebeco, has gone to New York to broadcast . . . Igor Gorir, MGM's operatic singer, stays on Campbell Soup's Hollywood Hotel Friday nights . . . Eleanor Powell, after her sensational success in "Broadway Melody of 1936" has a permanent place on another Friday night program, Socony Oil's "Flying Red Horse Tavern," on the Columbia network. She was sick for a short time, but now she's back for keeps, or for as keeps as radio ever is.

Not so long ago the New York columnists got busy and reported that Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur weren't living together. But judging from the way Husband Charlie religiously attends every one of Helen's broadcasts in "The New Penny" for Sanka Coffee, the rumors were considerably exaggerated.

Lily Pons, who is such a box-office success in her picture, "I Dream Too Much," has consistently denied rumors that she and her orchestra director on the Chesterfield air program, Andre Kostelanetz, are married. And she gets madder every time she's asked to deny it. Mr. Kostelanetz won't say anything. He just growls and walks away.

This happened a while ago, but it's so good it's worth the space. When Clark Gable was in New York to appear in a Lux Theater play, the production department, after careful thought, picked out a young lady who was rehearsing for a Broadway play to take the role opposite him. The young woman had already appeared on several Lux programs, and had given excellent performances. They sent a special messenger with the good news He found her backstage, told her, and she promptly fainted dead away!

Perfect camera face



GEOFF had taken it very quietly. "Another amicable divorce," the fan magazines said. She did wince a little when she read that phrase. She saw Geoff again standing as he had stood when she told him; at attention, with a quality of true terror frozen into his rigidity, like a soldier waiting for a court-martial.

"Janie—you're sure?" he had said. "You're sure that he can make you happy—happier than we've been?"

"You know we haven't been happy," she cried; "not for years!"

The rigidity went out of him on that. "I—thought we had," he said.

"You're just being chivalrous, Geoff—as you've always been—" she cried. "This way you'll be free to be happy with some girl—on the road that we lost!"

He had gone to the window and stood with his back to her, looking out. "We didn't lose the road," he said. "We just hadn't found it yet."

As her memory for words was theatrically photographic she registered his speech without its meaning, busy flooding herself with solace that he accepted the blame for their ruin. She went on swiftly to talk of practical things. Jimmy wanted her to live on his salary and she intended to sell Herndon Hill.

Geoff had grown paler. Maybe she shouldn't have said that about living on Jimmy's salary. She was trying so hard not to speak of Jimmy, but it would burst through.

"I'm ready to move out—now—any time," Geoff said.

"But what will you do? Where will you go?"

"Oh! I'll manage. I'm going to try to do something on my own hook for a change."

"You've said that thousands of times," she cried, "and you've never done anything! You'd better let me give you some money, so I won't have to worry about whether you eat!"

"Why, Jane!" he said. Not Janie any more. As soon as this. "What a load you've been carrying around against me.—No, you don't need to worry; I'll eat all right."

"Geoff," she gasped, "you won't go away from me as a friend—will you?"

"People don't go away from us, Jane," he said. "We go away from them."

"When I start my new picture and everything—you'll come to see the rushes every day just the same, won't you?"

He blinked. Then he said: "If you want me to."

"I'm pretty dependent on it. You know that."

He looked happier somehow. But he said: "You may find you're not. Just like you found—a lot of other things. Well, good-bye, Jane."

"Can't you say good-bye, *Janie*—just so it seems we go out smiling?"

He took the crystal jar away from her. "If that's what you

"We've been phony enough times, Jane. Good-bye—and better luck!"

"Good-bye, Geoff—good-bye!"

Amicable divorce!

JANE and Jimmy had no time for a honeymoon. Jimmy had scored in "Never Believe Me" and had been rushed into another picture. The studio wanted to show Jimmy opposite another leading lady as soon as possible after the announcement of his marriage to Jane Herndon, a policy Jane readily understood. Not that Jimmy asked her to understand it.



think," she cried, "I don't care if I never see you again!"

Violent jealousy dramatically halted her new love, but—

By Dorothy Speare

Illustrated by Frank W. Swain

He didn't talk things over with her; he just told her. It was exciting to be told. When she had said: "That's all right for one picture, but after this I'm going to tell Reuben I want you with me," he had retorted:

"Listen, the set is one place where I'm not going to be with you. I do my job as Jim Grey and not Jane Herndon's husband!"

"Oh. All right, fine, Jimmy," she had recovered. "That's maybe better, because then, if you do well, we can be co-starred."

"There's no 'if' about my doing well," said Jimmy, "and we will not be co-starred. Get that into your lovely nut right now. I stick to my pictures and you to yours!"

It was exciting. She found herself murmuring, "All right, fine," again, as she had heard Geoff murmur so often to her. A woman wanted to be told. For years, she saw now, she had been cherishing a grudge against Geoff because he had let her tell him.

That was why she had not been able to keep herself from saying, "Jimmy wants me to live on his salary." Jimmy had told her there too.

"Save your money, or throw it in the Pacific," he said. "I'm going to buy everything for you. There's not going to be any part of your lure that isn't paid for by me, or it might want to stray!"

Thrilling to be a stray-suspect after years of perfect faith, or perfect indifference, from Geoff. Jimmy didn't even want her to smile at the cameraman. As for the Tonys and Andys and Vergils, they were, as Jimmy said, "out." She didn't miss them. She didn't even have time to look in the mirror and miss herself.

Jimmy couldn't afford Beverly Hills and he wouldn't have let her stay there anyway. "Your social career is over, see?" he told her. They found a pretty pink stucco house built like a chalet in the Hollywood hills.

They went to the movies in the evenings, sitting in the balcony and holding hands along with all the other lovers. They went to prize-fights twice a week. Jane learned the technique of boxing and the names and points of all the contenders; she sat beside Jimmy and felt him tremble as his body followed the fighters' moves, his muscles darting and twitching like a dog who is dreaming of battle; she breathed the air panting with smoke and sweat and the violent perfume of the girls men took to fights and felt that she was part of something elemental and real at last, after years of brittle drawing-room endeavor to touch emotion in art because she had found it nowhere else.

Coming home afterwards they would take long winding rides, parking on lonely hilltops like any homeless couple that must snatch romance al fresco; they gazed at the lights of Los Angeles that spread below them like stars on a mammoth jet fan and talked like any lovers who had never been anywhere or seen anything except themselves.

He never really cared how late they got home although he had to be on the set at seven every morning. She marvelled at his vitality and was dimly apprehensive of how their hours might conflict when they started work on her new picture. It was not possible for her to look young and radiant in front of the camera unless she was in bed every night before ten,

and often after an especially taxing day she needed to go to bed immediately on reaching home. But perhaps now she would be strong enough not to require all that rest. She felt stronger than she had been since the New York days. Everyone told her how young she was looking, and how beautiful. Salesgirls in shops and casual acquaintances hardly knew her.

One reason for this was that Jimmy had made her doff her hallmark of always wearing white. He wanted her in colors. He took her to gay shops along Wilshire Boulevard and bought her a bright blue tweed suit, a red wool dress, a sport suit of soft green flannel, and four in-between gowns in pastel shades. There was no need for evening dresses, as they weren't, he told her, going to any parties.

She did mind this a little. She knew that she looked best in white, beyond the fact that it had become a part of her public social personality. She could not make him see that colors blocked out her face and made her feel less dramatic about herself.

Of course, she knew that she could not expect to look like a prim gardenia any more, but a tiny nostalgia after unfurled petals made her realize that she had enjoyed that picture of herself, white and ethereally wistful and unfulfilled. And now she must conform to Jimmy's picture of her, which she did not, after all, have time to decide whether she enjoyed it.

She was still accustoming herself to colors when the machinery of her new screen play started to turn and she was forced to concentrate upon her camera self, which was distinctly menaced, she felt at once, by the script that the writer faintingly delivered into her clutches.

The story, in her Reno absence, was completed with its defects firmly built into it, and all she could do was bang the script up and down on Reuben's desk and say:

"It misses, I tell you. It just misses somehow. That's all I know—it simply absolutely misses!"

"If you can tell me where it 'simply absolutely' misses," said Reuben, "then we can fight about it. Otherwise, Jane, we start shooting on Monday. You can't afford to stay one more day off the screen."

She couldn't tell where it missed. She had asked Jimmy to read it, which he had done rather breezily. "Don't worry, it'll go all right," he had told her. "It always has, hasn't it?"

"Yes, it's always gone all right because I *have* worried," she had retorted.

She could not help feeling that if this were Jimmy's own script he would not have been quite so care-free about it. Her mind, which was literal and retentive if not developed in logical reasoning, could not banish the memory of certain combats she had heard Jimmy wage over the telephone with the front office in which Jimmy had refused to go through with a flowery passage in a love scene.

SHE had not seen Geoff since her return, but she knew that he was living in a small apartment-hotel. She called him as soon as she reached home. He listened to her problem and said that he would read the script as soon as she could send it around.

"Oh, Geoff, you're an angel!" she gasped. "Are you sure it won't interfere with anything you're trying to do?"

"I'm doing nothing, as usual," said Geoff. "This will be a nice break."

"Oh," she said. "Geoff—how are you about money?"

"I'm very shy," he said. "I may be holding you up at any time."

"Oh," she said. "Well, Geoff—why wait? Let me send some over with the script—"

"No," he said. "I'm still eating. Let's get the script settled first. I'll call you as soon as I finish it." There was a pause. "Jane," he said, "how are you?"

"Oh, I'm just fine," she said.

"That's fine," he said. "Well—I'll call you back."

He called toward the close of the afternoon. "I know what's wrong," he said. "The climax sounds all right on paper but it won't stand up on the screen."

He had put his finger on the thing that had been troubling her.

He told her that he would send her a copy of the scene as soon as Reuben approved it. She thanked him as courteously as they had always thanked each other for everything, mechanically said, "Good-bye, darling!" and turned to see Jimmy staring at her from the door.

"Who were you talking to?" he said.

"Why, darling," she said; "only Geoff."

"Only Geoff, huh?" He came into the room. "You called him darling. Now you call me darling. Quite a little quick-switch champion, aren't you?"

"Why, Jimmy," she said, "Arch Hammer calls me darling, so does everybody on the lot, and so do I to them whenever it seeps in. I'd hate to say how often Geoff must have heard me use that word just on a telephone!"

Jimmy's face grew white. He looked exactly as he had looked in a rage scene in "Never Believe Me." His voice, too, was the same one he had used in that scene, quiet and deadly.

"And he lost you, didn't he?" he said. "I'm not going to be such a heel."

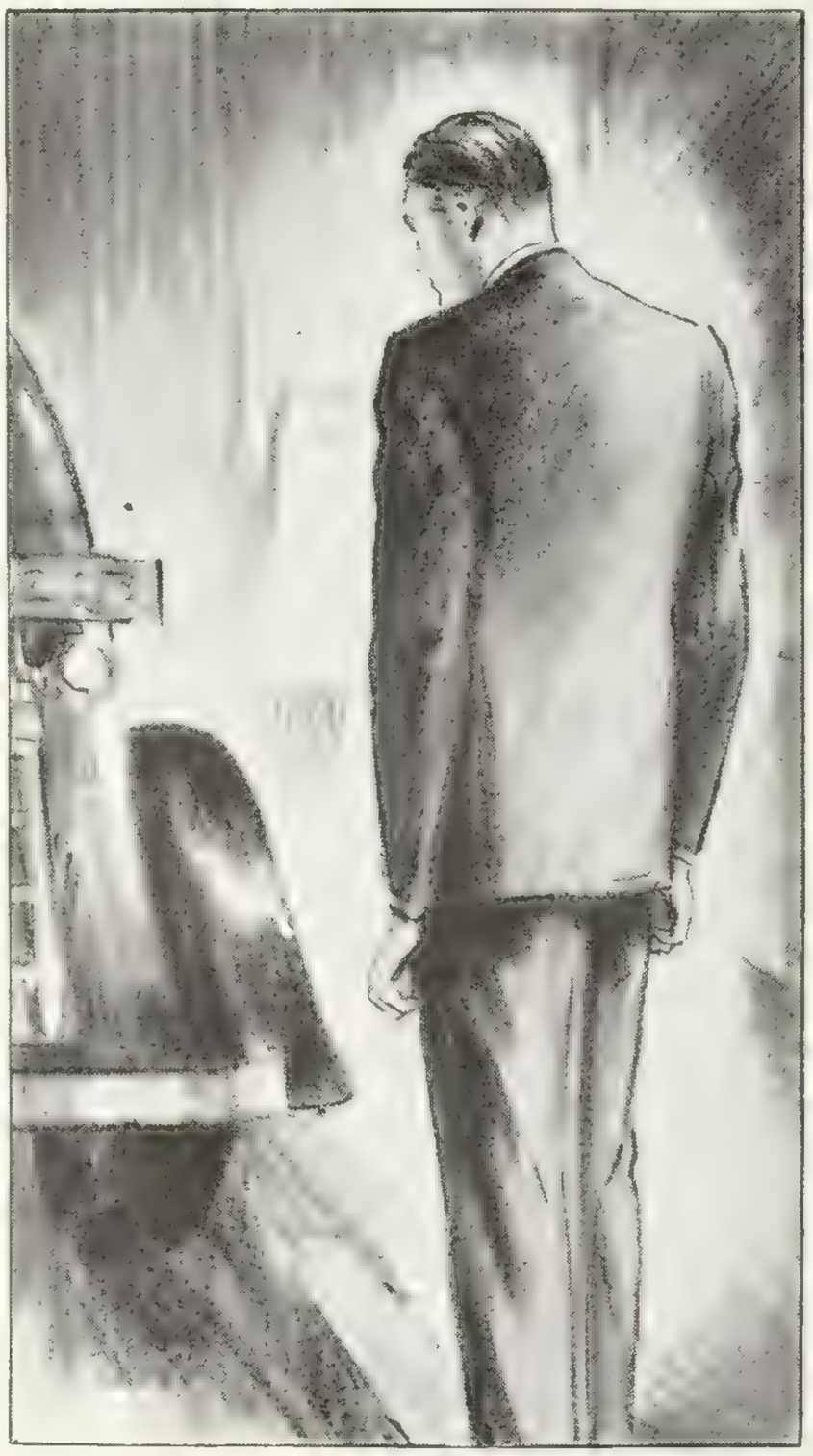
"He's not a heel!" she cried. "And he didn't lose me—any more than my father or brother would lose me—if I had had a father or brother and then married someone!"

She explained about the script. Jimmy listened, his face going into Shift One of the rage scene. She could not help likening it, because her mind was on technical shifts and scenes anyway. She was still too absorbed with her problem to take him seriously.

"All right," he said. "He can fix the thing this time. But you're not to see him or talk to him on the phone again."

It was her turn to stare now. He didn't look like a rage scene any more. He looked real. She began to be frightened. "Why, Jimmy—" she stammered, "that's incredible. Civilized people don't do things that way nowadays—"

"Then I'm not civilized," said Jimmy, "and I don't believe that anyone in love is civilized either. I don't want you even to have any memories, do you hear?" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



He stood on the sidewalk smiling after her cab. It was the first time in years his smile was not polite, vague

PHOTOPLAY Fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD



Claudette Colbert, caught by our color cameraman, James N. Doolittle, on her way to the races at Santa Anita, in a sports outfit designed by Irene of Bullocks Wilshire. Her coat is a vibrant green with red-brown flared skirt and lumber jacket blouse of dull raspberry. A pheasant's feather trims her smart hat poised above her burnished curls



Welbourne

Oriental Allure

Sinuous in marine blue crinkly satin, Marguerite Churchill, newly signed by Warner Bros., suggests the splendor of the Orient. Note the conical Hindu turban of silver and metal cloth, the corded silver girdle and the silver dancing-girl bracelet

Marian goes sight-seeing

Marian Marsh, soon to be seen in "No More Yesterdays," contemplates the sweep of the Los Angeles Coliseum in a suit of navy wool and grey tweed. Her cape swishes back. Red velvet ascot, navy hat. Costume here, and on next two pages, from Bebe Daniels

Buy a toy, lady! Hollywood's parade of stuffed toys tempts Marian to pause in her dress of emerald green velveteen. Brown leather buttons match her leather belt. Green felt hat

Marian hunts for first editions in a dusty pink woolen suit with brown wooden fastenings closing her jacket. With it she wears a brown felt hat with a pompom, suède gloves and pumps



As the sun sets, Marian waves farewell in a coat dress of white gabardine. A brown silk tailored shirt matches her brown shoes. Her white felt hat is softly turned up in back to show her curls

Slacks for scrambling, says Marian. The view is no lovelier than she is in natural color silk gabardine buttoned to a pointed collar. Accents, brown grosgrain hat-band, gloves and shoes

Fashion Snaps of Life



Ann Sothern goes to sea in a tuna clipper. She exposes her mink coat to the salt water test, but protects her eyes from sun glare



Carole Lombard, dressed in a brown and gold lamé jacket worn over a draped skirt of brown crêpe, passes judgment on the juicy barbecued steaks at Mitchell Leisen's party

Ida Lupino starts off with a stride after a fruit luncheon at Paramount. Back to the set in a fur coat over her good-looking pajamas



Madge Evans and Una Merkel at a dude ranch. Red, white and blue blouses and scarfs, blue jeans, and gallon hat

in the California Sun





Here is Jean at the races in a tweed suit with patch pockets. The coat lining is of brown linen to match her tailored blouse

Badminton at Palm Springs. Una, in shorts of blue with sailor stripes. Madge is ready to go in tan pongee, with brown



Hush! Jean Arthur in a trouser-skirt dress of salt and pepper tweed selects a juicy ripe pineapple. Her hat is black



Smiling Snug in Sealskin

A last glimpse of Norma Shearer before she becomes Juliet of Verona. Her coat is of Safari seal, designed by Adrian and executed by Willard George. The sandals are for sunny climes



Norma in a Juliet Mood

Miss Shearer embodies a rare and lovely quality of distinction in a trailing chiffon gown of soft moss green. The hooded cape is of velvet, and is richly trimmed with Russian sables



Hurrell

Blue Eyes in Golden Setting

Exactly matching creamy coffee in tone, Miriam Hopkins' enchanting dress blends with her skin and gleaming golden hair. Jeweled clips allow just a glimpse of her throat

Pick the Best Picture of 1935

Once again, Photoplay asks you to decide the eagerly awaited winner of its annual Gold Medal award. Vote now!



Fifty Outstanding Pictures of 1935

Accent on Youth
Alice Adams
Anna Karenina
Annapolis Farewell
Black Fury
Broadway Gondolier
Becky Sharp
Bright Lights
Barbary Coast
Clive of India
Call of the Wild
Case of the Curious Bride, The
Crusades, The
China Seas
David Copperfield
Doubting Thomas
Diamond Jim
Escape Me Never
Farmer Takes a Wife, The
G Men
Gay Deception, The
Hands Across the Table
Here's To Romance
Informer, The
I Live My Life
Little Minister, The
Les Miserables
Love Me Forever
Last Days of Pompeii
Midsummer Night's Dream, A
Mutiny on the Bounty
Naughty Marietta
No More Ladies
Oil for the Lamps of China
Old Curiosity Shop, The
Private Worlds
Public Hero No. 1
Ruggles of Red Gap
Roberta
Scarlet Pimpernel, The
Scoundrel, The
Steamboat Round the Bend
She Married Her Boss
39 Steps
Top Hat
Three Musketeers, The
Vanessa—Her Love Story
Wedding Night, The
Woman Wanted

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"

WHAT motion picture do YOU think "tops" them all for 1935?

Did you like adventure, mystery, horror, romance, realism, trick photography, musical shows, costume pictures, sea sagas, westerns, comedies, or grand opera stories? Did you like the picturization of your childhood classics? Did you like to laugh or cry? In your judgment, which was the best picture as to story, cast and presentation?

Each year Hollywood and the motion picture world watches for PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL AWARD. This award is made by YOU, the readers of PHOTOPLAY. YOU are the jury in this trial. When YOUR votes for the best picture of the year are counted, the majority rules. It is the only decision of its kind in which the public absolutely has the whole say.

Not only does this contest give you the chance to express your views on what you thought was the best picture for 1935, but your vote will influence the type of picture produced next year.

Think over very carefully the pictures you liked in 1935; your family and friends liked. As we realize you probably can't remember all the good ones you saw, we list fifty in the left hand column of this page to refresh your memory. You may think some other picture not on this list should be the winner. That's all right, too. You are not limited in any way to the ones printed here.

At the bottom of the page, PHOTOPLAY has printed a convenient form of ballot which you may use; or you may print or write your choice on a slip of paper, or card, with your name and address, and send it to the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y. No matter how it gets here, we want your vote.

After you have carefully come to an opinion, send in your vote as soon as possible. Doing so will help in a speedy count. Don't forget producers and public eagerly await your verdict.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is very proud of the previous decisions made by its readers. A list of these decisions is on this page for other years, and you will note the outstanding distinction and merit of the pictures chosen.

The PHOTOPLAY MEDAL is solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It is designed and executed by Tiffany & Company, New York. PHOTOPLAY acting as the representative of thousands of its readers and picture goers the world over will bestow this distinguished award to the studio which made the picture which wins the most votes. Send YOUR vote now.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1935

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

FACE DOWN

The unknown monster has again killed, and he's still at large! More shivers for you!

By Charles J. Kenny

ILLUSTRATION BY
FRANK GODWIN



DICK BRENT felt Peters' elbow in his ribs.

Vilma Fenton opened her eyes, stirred uneasily, met Dick's gaze and smiled. The husky individual leaned over her and said, "Miss Fenton, the D. A. wants to talk with you."

She sat up, looking slightly dazed and punch-groggy.

Someone said, "If you're from the district attorney's office, you'd better investigate what's happening here. Miss Fenton was almost killed. Someone tried to murder her."

Brent's voice was vibrant with cold fury. "Haven't you enough decency to be tactful? Miss Fenton has just had a severe shock, and you. . ."

The two men paid no attention to Dick's angry expostulation. One of them slipped his hand under Vilma Fenton's arm and said, interrupting, "Come on, sister, the D. A.'s waiting."

Brent braced himself, picked the exact spot on the man's jaw where he intended to plant his fist. Dead-Pan Peters unostentatiously grabbed Brent's wrist, holding Dick's fist down at his side. "Don't be a f-f-f-fool," he said in a low voice. "The only way you can help her is by keeping on the outside. It won't do any good for us to get in too."

One of the men from the district attorney's office, still holding Vilma Fenton's arm, said, "We're looking for a man named Brent. Any of you folks know him?"

Peters, grabbing Brent by the arm, said, "S-s-s-step this way, Mr. J-J-J-Jones. J-J-J-Jack Warner wants to see you in his office right away."

Vilma Fenton turned a politely impersonal smile upon Dick and said, "I'm quite all right now. Thank you so much, *Mr. Jones*. Please don't keep Jack Warner waiting." Then, as Dick still hesitated, she added, "I'm quite certain you can do so much more for me by going at once to see Mr. Warner . . That's a darling."

Dick realized the expression of endearment was no casual matter. Her eyes as well as her voice told him she was pledging her heart.

Reluctantly, Dick let Dead-Pan Peters escort him from the stage. As he was walking away, he heard the district attorney's man say. "Any of you folks know this Brent guy?"

Peters almost dragged Dick through the sound-proof doors.

"Come on," he said, and now there was no trace of stammering in his speech. "They'll nab us before we can get off the lot unless we pull a fast one."

"But I want to stay with Vilma. I want to see just how much they know, and then I can back her play. . ."

"You s-s-s-stand as much ch-ch-ch-chance as a Ch-Ch-Ch-Chinaman. My God, do you think the district attorney's so d-d-d-dumb he'd let you talk to Vilma Fenton? He'd put her in one room and you in another. You're c-c-c-crazy. The only way you can help her is by keeping out and being f-f-f-free to do things."

Dick, forced to admit the logic of Peters' statement, slowly nodded.

"You w-w-wait here," Peters said. "I'll f-f-figure how to g-g-get us out."

He led Dick to a hut which had evidently done duty in a South Seas picture, a hut thatched with cocoanut palm and surrounded by half a dozen stately imitation palms which reared their fronds against the blue-black of the Southern California sky.

"St-st-stay right there. I'll be b-b-back," he said, and slipped away without waiting for an answer.

The interior of the hut was a replica of that of some South



She grabbed at the edges of the kimono and pulled it together. Dick turned to Peters: "Ring up the cops, Bill, and tell them we've got the man who murdered Frank Alter." The man cried, "Ruth, if you sell out on me, I'll . . ."

had seen her, and even before that, when he had watched her performances on the screen. At the time, he had told himself he was appreciating her remarkable qualities as an actress. Now he realized that his emotions had been far more personal and far more powerful than he had even dreamed was the case.

Brent's thoughts were interrupted by the return of Peters.

"I g-g-got 'em," he said, dropping bundles on the hard-packed ground. "They're having a circus scene, and these are a couple of clown costumes I snitched. Put them on, and make it snappy. We've got to g-g-get out of here right now."

Seas savage. There were fish spears and war clubs on the wall, a *Kava* bowl on the hard-packed dirt floor. Drinking cups of cocoanut shells, ground thin and polished, were scattered about.

Long as he had been accustomed to the Hollywood environment, Dick could never quite adjust himself to the startling changes of locale within the studio grounds.

Pacing the packed dirt floor of a cannibal hut, the problem of Dr. Copeland's murder seemed rather vague and remote. He wanted most desperately to grab one of the war clubs, sally forth from the hut, force his way to Vilma Fenton's side, and protect her against those who would add to her harrowing experiences that of a third-degree in the district attorney's office. However, he realized the logic of Peters' remarks. He would necessarily have to be free if he were going to give the woman he loved any real assistance.

The woman he loved!

The realization of his true feelings for Vilma Fenton had crashed home to him with the shock of some violent blow. He knew now that he had loved her, ever since that first time he

DICK telephoned his office and said to the girl who answered the telephone, "What reports on Merla Smith?"

"Stan Whiting just telephoned," she said. "Merla gave him the slip."

Brent cursed into the transmitter. "How'd it happen?" he asked.

"She was wise she was being tailed, according to what Stan said. She gave him a run-around, ducked into a ladies' restroom with an outside exit and beat it."

"How long ago?"

"About half an hour."

"You tell Stan to go to that Beachwood address where we located Ruth Gelder," Dick said. "That's where she'd head for as soon as she ditched him."

"We've got a report on the Gelder woman, she's keeping someone in the apartment."

"Spill it."

"It's a bachelor apartment. She can't cook in it. She's taking her meals at a restaurant and she's bringing trays into the place."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



luncheon at Dolores Del Rio's

- Flower Bowl—hand-made antique Mexican
- Service Plates and Bread and Butter Plates—Sterling, hand-made by Sojihe in Mexico
- Flat Silver—Spanish Borocco
- Crystal—Modernistic, from Bullocks
- China—Wedgwood's "Patrician"
- Napkins—Irish damask
- Furniture—Designed by Cedric Gibbons

hostess in the modern manner

WHEN Joseph, a suave Frenchman, releases the electric lock on the unique chromium gates guarding the Dolores Del Rio-Cedric Gibbons estate near Santa Monica and then swings wide the enormous front portal of solid chromium, you, as guest, step into a house as vastly different from the norm as the fascinating *Wonderland* little *Alice* found so long ago.

Not that it is bizarre, exaggerated, unbelievable or even uncomfortable. No, not that. It is just that it is the modern mode at its most modern yet controlled, good-taste best.

For instance, the walls of your house probably are of solid plaster and wood; here are walls of mirrors. You probably have floors of polished wood or carpeted; these are of gleaming linoleum. You have chairs about the room; here three huge built-in divans four feet deep serve instead. Dividing the room in a horizontal half, you place your flowers and greens in the lower half; Miss Del Rio's are in the upper, part of them well nigh touching the ceiling. You may have a fire screen in front of your fireplace; Mr. Gibbons has draw curtains of linked chain.

It's modern as tomorrow's newspaper, and yet in that whole, there's not one false item.

Nor should there be. Every line, every detail, every stick of furnishings were worked out in the brain of that ace interior decorator and master of the household, Cedric Gibbons, as the perfect background for his exotic and darkly lovely wife.

In this setting, Miss Del Rio recently gave a formal luncheon which may well serve as the perfect pattern for the hostess in the modern mode.

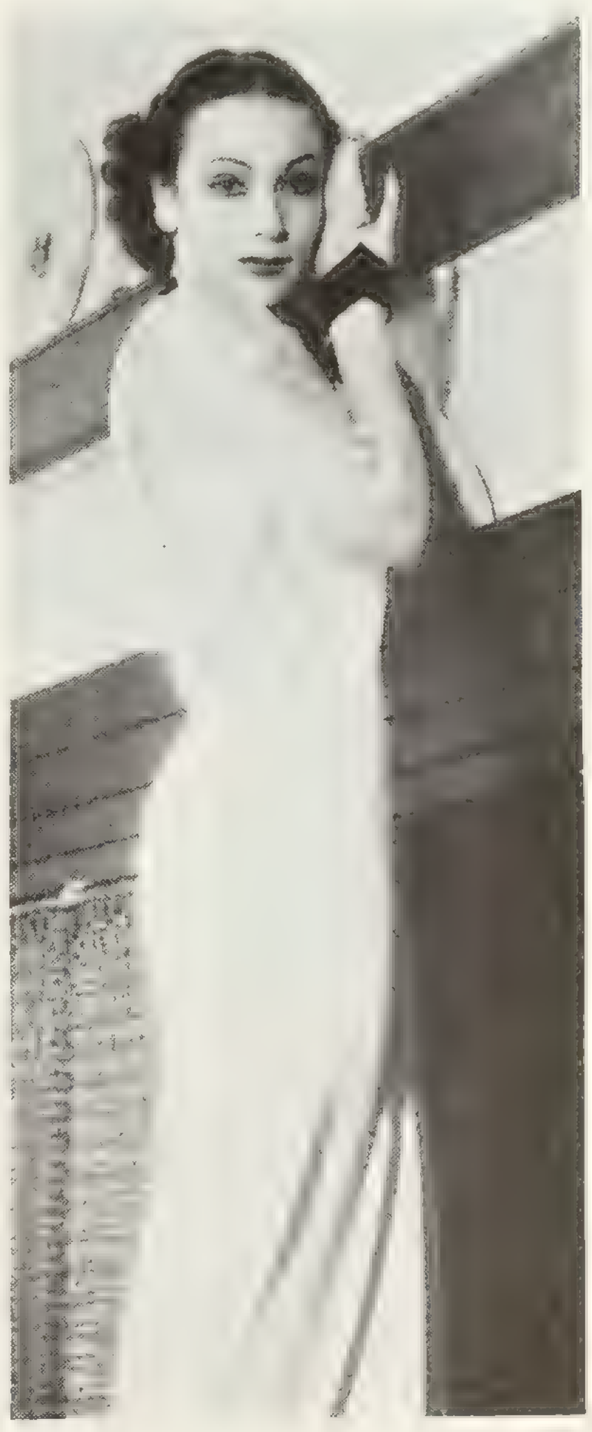
Eight guests, close friends of Miss Del Rio, were bidden for the one-thirty hour on that brilliantly sunny California day. While anywhere from three to thirty often join her at her justly famous informal buffets and afterwards repair to the well-kept Gibbons courts for strenuous tilts of tennis, eight is the number she prefers for her rare formal moods.

Marlene Dietrich, Maureen O'Sullivan, Virginia Bruce, Anita Louise, Lili Damita, Mrs. Gary Cooper and the Countess D'Maigret, a visiting social favorite of the season, comprized this list.

Ensconced in the deep, Roman-like divans of pale lemon velvet corduroy, two of which face each other at right angles to the fireplace, (the third is flush with a fourth wall which forms part of a wide staircase) the guests sipped aperitifs of Dubonnet.

The guests then adjourned to the dining room with its unexpected angles, mirror insets in the ceiling, built-in buffet some six feet in length and backed by mirror, table top of pure crystal, and white chairs of unique design with bands of chromium and upholstered in white grosgrain. Wide ceiling-to-floor windows occupy one entire corner, and bordering them are draw-drapes of heavy topaz velvet. Black inlaid linoleum covers the floor and a white rug of deep pile carries a modernistic design in rust and blonde.

The long oblong table was almost austere in its simplicity. The crystal top was barren of any covering. Fragrant gardenias were massed in an antique Mexican silver bowl and individual mums in silver dishes stood at either end. Silver pheasants on either side of the center floral piece lent a decorative note.



Miss Del Rio's home is as modern as tomorrow's newspaper, and her luncheons are justifiedly famous

Before each place were chaste sterling service plates, handmade in Mexico by the famed silver artisan, Sojihe. The flat service was Spanish Borocco. At the tips of the forks were matching silver bread and butter plates, by Sojihe, and at the tips of the knives stood two crystal goblets with silvered crystal bases. One was for water, the other for the *Rosenheim Haut Sauterne, 1928.*

At the left of the forks lay the beautifully monogrammed Irish damask napkins and before each place were individual ash trays and match boxes in sterling. They bore the hostess' monogram reproduced from her distinctive handwriting.

Luncheon, prepared by Miss Del Rio's prized cook, Ann, was served by Joseph. It was a leisurely affair beginning with *Soup Madrilene.* Then came *Sweetbreads Saute on Toast, Petit Pois en buere* (green peas in butter) and *String Beans au fils.* Dessert was the extremely rich *Strawberry Bavaroise.* Steaming cups of fine black coffee topped off the meal.

From the menu Miss Del Rio gave Ann permission to part with three recipes, the soup, sweetbreads and bavaroise. As they stand they will serve eight.

For the *Soup Madrilene* have ready 1½ quarts of meat stock; 1 carrot, 1 onion, celery and greens, all chopped; 3 egg whites, 8 tomatoes and ½ pound chopped lean meat. Beat the chopped vegetables, chopped meat and egg whites together. Add the tomatoes after they have been put through a sieve, and then the meat stock. Mix well. Place over fire, add salt, pepper, bay leaf and a few cloves. Stir until it boils and then simmer for 1½ hours. Remove from fire, strain, add a little red vegetable coloring, and serve.

For the *Sweetbreads Saute on Toast*, blanch the sweetbreads and, as soon as they are cold, form into firm cutlets.

Saute in butter or bacon fat and serve on toast with Hollandaise sauce. Garnish with broiled mushrooms.

For the Hollandaise sauce beat 4 eggs until thick, slowly add ½ cup cold water, cook in double boiler beating constantly and adding, a little at a time, ¼ cup butter, creamed. When thick, slowly add ½ cup boiling water and seasoning.

The seasoning Miss Del Rio uses includes 2 tbsps. tarragon vinegar or lemon juice, ½ tsp. grated onion, 1 tsp. minced parsley, a small blade of mace, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. paprika.

Cook together until reduced one-half in quantity, then strain through cloth.

To make the *Strawberry Bavaroise*, soak 1½ tbsps. gelatine in ½ cup cold water. Scald 1½ cups of milk, pour on the yolks of 3 eggs into which ¾ cup sugar has been beaten. Return to the double boiler, add 1 tsp. butter, a little salt, and the gelatine. Cook until the mixture coats a spoon. Strain, beat and cool. When cooled, add egg whites beaten stiff, 1 cup of whipped cream and 1 cup crushed strawberries. Let stand in ice box for 3 hours. Serve with whipped cream.

"In Sickness and In Health"



When one thinks of Ann as ill, one doesn't think of the average movie queen surrounded by flowers and friends. Rather, one thinks of her in that lonely Fenton ranch house in the valley

To people like Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, those are sacred words—but what will be the outcome of the new crisis in this strange saga of devotion?

By Walter Ramsey

THE day the newspapers carried the announcement of Barbara Stanwyck's decision to divorce Frank Fay as a front page news story, they also carried a short statement in the dramatic sections that read somewhat as follows:

Ann Dvorak was taken home from the studio today and all future picture plans have been cancelled. Her doctor advises a long rest, a chance to recuperate an exhausted and run-down body.

To the casual reader, I suppose there is little connection between the two stories: Barbara's plan for a divorce after years and years of slavish devotion to the man she loved, and Ann Dvorak's illness. I doubt if Ann and Barbara would have seen it; they were barely acquainted with one another.

But there was an ironic and rather fascinating connection. For Ann is in the process of living the story that Barbara has just decided to end—an existence wrapped round-and-round the figure of a man who is everything in the world to her, Leslie Fenton.

The circumstances of the two stories differ chiefly where the personalities of the two men are different. Frank Fay and Leslie Fenton are as dissimilar as men ever come. One is the extrovert, the hail-fellow-well-met, the laughing clown of the spotlight. The other is a moody dreamer and idealist who counts the world well lost in return for solitude, silence and contemplation. But in one quality they are alike: they have drawn the women who love them away from the world and surrounded them with such a barricade of their love as to keep out the normal contacts of life with friends and other interests.

The private paradise of Barbara and Frank has just ended after long years.

For Ann and Leslie, a similar-yet-strange love is being put to the first test in the fire of a long illness.

WHEN one thinks of Ann as ill, one doesn't conjure pictures of the pampered convalescence and rest-cure indulged by the average movie queen who, when her doctor makes the slightest frown, will rush to the silken protection of her newest negligee and the circle of flowers and friends. We think, rather, of a pale, thin, dark girl who is recuperating in a large—almost masculine—room that belongs to Leslie and Ann in their ranch house in the valley.

I saw that room just once. It was the occasion of my first and last visit some months ago, to the Fenton ranch. It is not an uncheerful room. No, it has been too well lived in for that. There are books about, but they are not the frilly novels to divert the movie star invalid. They are Leslie's books, deep transports into philosophy and psychiatry written by the most iconoclastic writers in the world. There are pipes and jars of tobacco, deep chairs that border the fireplace and comfortable pillows and footstools. There are so many windows that, in the day-time, I presume the room is flooded with sunlight. But when I saw it, late at night, the room was filled with enormous shadows. I had been there several hours before I finally realized there was nothing of Ann about that room.





There are some Hollywood stars who can't endure a dinner, the theater, or an evening at home without crowds around them. Not so with Ann and Leslie!

It was in 1931 that Ann Dvorak made her first big success in that memorable performance in "Scarface." Left, Ann as she looked in those early-career days

It had taken me almost two hours to locate the Fenton ranch. It is hidden on a dark road, about a mile from the main highway. The streets are badly marked. When at last I did discover the correct turn-off and drove into the gate and around to the patio entrance, I was quite ready to believe the stories of their desire for privacy and the ends they had gone to insure it.

"Have any trouble finding the place?" they asked in unison as I walked toward the opened door. Their voices left no reason to apologize for my late arrival; they seemed to have expected it.

"It was a bit hard to find," I said. Their smiles were of such obvious satisfaction that I didn't ever mention the badly-lighted streets. As we lighted our cigarettes, a dog jumped into my chair and lay quietly, his head on my knee. Mr. Fenton's look of hurt surprise advised me that the dog Hans had been expected to be quite vicious. I patted his head to point the mistake.

The glass of excellent wine and the roaring fire added to the atmosphere of the room and Leslie's brilliant conversation made the time pass swiftly. But this was not the story. The story came from the few remarks Ann made and the many things that were left unsaid by both of them. It painted the true facts of the strangest love story in Hollywood.

I think the first drift in that direction came after I had jokingly suggested that their friends must have a devil of a fine time getting to them. Leslie, filling my wine glass to the brim, said:

"We have no friends."

He might, for all the seriousness and emotional consciousness behind the statement, have been remarking on the weather or the deplorable fact that we were out of tobacco. Ann, who was wearing a red sports dress and knitting on something as yet indefinable, sat in a deep, masculine-type chair with her feet curled under, her dark, unruly hair tumbling about her face. She continued to knit as though the remark held no particular meaning for her, either.

"Look here," I said, "I've heard all about this isolated, hermit-like existence you two lead. But you don't look like hermits and this house doesn't appear built for a sanctuary. Nor do you act like the Haunted Couple of Hilly Road. What is it, a gag?"

"It isn't a gag," said Ann very evenly. "We haven't any friends, we've never had any—nor do we want any!"

Now, I've known many famous Hollywood people whose mania for having many friends near them amounted to a fetish. There were some who couldn't endure a dinner, the theater or an evening at home unless they were surrounded with crowds. I have always pitied a famous person with such a dependency upon other people; some day, when their fame was gone, they would have nothing with which to attract their audience. Where would they turn then? Yes, I could understand and sympathize with that type.

But I couldn't understand Ann and Leslie at all.

"This bewilders me," I said aloud. "Let us suppose you are able to keep this up for, shall we say, ten years. Each year of your self-enforced solitary freedom should make you more and more dependent upon each other. What would happen, then, should one or the other of you die? What would become of the other—the one who, after twelve years of single love, is left alone?"

Ann straightened in her big chair and answered my question with her frank manner: [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

ON GUARD!



Lovely Gloria Stuart in "Shark Island" carries her head high to retain always the lovely rounded lines of her throat

Rochelle Hudson, appearing in "The Country Beyond," is the fortunate possessor of an exquisite throat and chin line

A BEAUTIFUL neck and graceful expressive hands are attributes of beauty that you may more fully appreciate at fifty than you do at fifteen—or more. But if you are wise you will give them the same fastidious care that you give your face, for they show the first tell-tale lines. The well-poised woman carries her head high, ready to meet any situation that may arise. And with that posture she is adding materially to the beauty of her throat, keeping it rounded and free from lines. There's good sound reasoning back of it, even if she isn't conscious of it. Correct posture permits free circulation of the blood, which keeps the tissue constantly nourished and the muscles strengthened.

Lovely Gloria Stuart and Rochelle Hudson both say to "stand tall." Let the muscles of your neck rather than the top of your spine support your head. Flatten your shoulder blades, up with your chin, don't thrust it forward turtle-fashion. If you wish to prove that you are really standing correctly, try your grandmother's remedy for poor posture,—walk around the room with a couple of books balanced on your head. It's a grand preventive for the bookworm's bump. If you already have that fatty bump on the back of your neck, I've just learned some new exercises that will remove it in record time. If you write me, they shall be sent to you at once.

With winter and fur collars arriving simultaneously, even the most swan-like neck shows slight discoloration now and then. Perhaps it needs further stimulation,—brisk application

YOUR NECK AND HANDS Tell Tales



Molly Lamont, RKO-Radio featured player, combats brittle nails and dry cuticle with a special oil nail conditioner



Meticulously groomed fingertips distinguish Carole Lombard's hands. She's in "Spinster Dinner," for Universal



Expressive of a sensitive nature are the exquisitely slender and tapering hands of the Princess Natalie Paley, appearing for RKO

of a complexion brush with your soap and water cleansing. And don't forget to slap on plenty of cold water. All necks and chins need that. At night, a nourishing cream, molded in with your four fingers, from shoulders to chin, will work wonders. Don't forget the hollows back of your ears and use both hands on the back of your neck. Remove the cream with a mild tonic. If your neck is darker than your face, use one of the new powder foundations and a lighter shade of powder than you use on your face.

Now for a word about hands. They sometimes appear older than your face because they lack attention. Princess Paley has such beautiful hands that I asked her how she kept them so smooth and white. She says that she always applies a hand lotion or cream after she bathes them with warm water and a bland soap. And she suggested a very good way to keep hands well nourished. When you are creaming your face, massage your hands with the cream that remains on your fingertips.

If your hands become red or "clammy" the cause is faulty circulation. This may be alleviated by massage. Starting at the tips of the fingers, massage with long firm strokes to the wrist. Massage them, finger by finger and then the whole hand, using a good nourishing cream made especially for this purpose.

In between manicures, your nails should have daily nourishment with a good oil to prevent brittleness, breaking and peeling. Massage the oil well into the cuticle with the cushions of your fingers. Healthy nails will result.

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck

Golden Halos

For evening, a wispy fringe on your brow or a flower filet for your curls



Another view of Ida's new hair-do illustrates its simple and unsophisticated arrangement. The soft curled fringe on her forehead is entrancing, but is not becoming to all and may be omitted



Casualness is the keynote of formal coiffures for the young idea so enchantingly expressed by Ida Lupino in "Anything Goes." From a short center part, her blonde hair is loosely waved at the sides and swirled at the back into brushed-out ringlets at the nape of her neck





Two views of the lovely Anita Louise, who will be seen shortly in "Anthony Adverse," show a shining crown surrounded by a diadem of curls. Across the top they are brushed in soft flat ringlets, to evolve into puffs at the nape of her neck. Sprays of roses and sweet peas add the formal touch

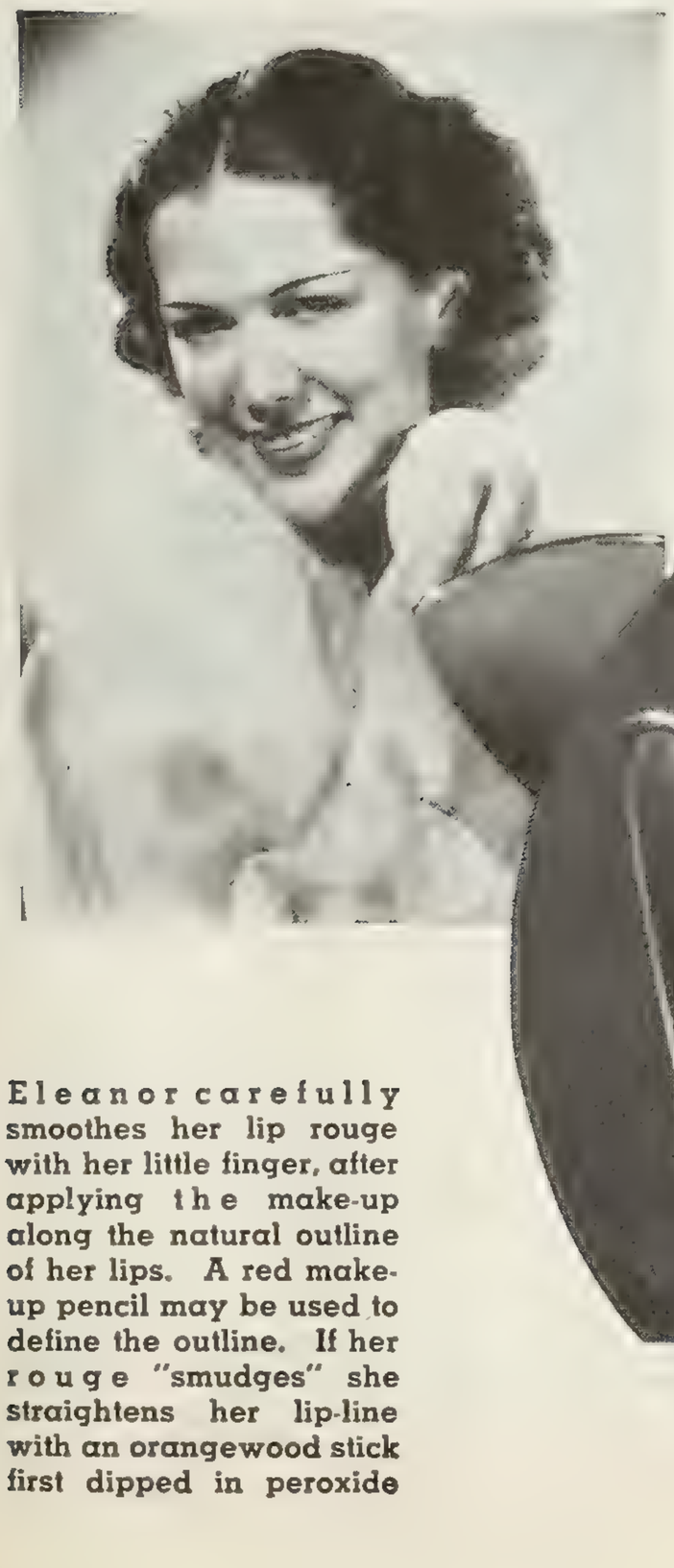
Glowing Skin

Eleanor Powell's outward radiance—the secret of half her charm



Eleanor Powell uses two shades of powder to give her skin a translucent glow. Below, she is seen applying first the darker, then the light powder. Above, a camel's hair brush dusts off the excess





Eleanor carefully smoothes her lip rouge with her little finger, after applying the make-up along the natural outline of her lips. A red make-up pencil may be used to define the outline. If her rouge "smudges" she straightens her lip-line with an orangewood stick first dipped in peroxide

Eleanor's rouge gives her cheeks a suffused glow in perfect color harmony with her lip rouge and powder. She pats it on before powdering, then blends it by smoothing the edges with her fingertips. You will soon see Eleanor in "Hats in the Air," her next for M-G-M

On Your Beauty List

"Skin Radiance," our newest beauty leaflet has a brand new "make-up!" Useful and attractive as never before, it tells you the latest news in make-up and skin care. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City



Jane Froman, Warner Brother's new discovery, while on a shopping jaunt in New York, made a few discoveries, herself. She found new beauty in the loveliest packages. One, a white plaster box, holds powder, delicate in texture and fragrance to match her perfume





In exquisite containers of black and gold, the promise of a skin as radiant as Jane's. These two creams are blended with pure gold which has been found beneficial in toning and clarifying the tissues of the skin

In a new line which advocates emulsions, Jane found a marvelous lotion which she uses as a powder base or for her hands. It dries quickly leaving a transparent film. And isn't it the most unusual powder box!

Dolores Costello—Gallant Lady

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 |

decision. The same day she started suit for divorce.

It was this resolute spirit that made her defy her mother's warning against going on the stage back in 1926 when she was nineteen that took her to George White unannounced and unknown. She was hired immediately for the chorus of the "Scandals." Although the road ahead from then on was comparatively easy and a short one to success, Dolores Costello Barrymore never cared about that success with its accompanying glamour that came, almost over night.

She had a cherished, romantic dream about love, children, a home. Her early home had been one of turmoil. She wanted peace. She wanted children who would know the loving and devoted care of both parents. She wanted love.

It all seemed God-made when John Barrymore, the idol of her youth, suddenly saw her, insisted she become his leading lady, promptly forgot every other woman he knew and fell madly in love with her. He was still married to Michael Strange at the time, his then second wife.

For Dolores now, every dream, every hope, crystallized itself in the figure of John Barrymore and her life ahead with him. Her star was rising high and brilliant although, financially, for some time she was forced to work for the ridiculous salary —in movie circles—of seventy-five dollars a week. And this was her salary while her name was featured under John Barrymore's in lights on a Broadway marquee. Fan mail started pouring in. Demands from other studios made Warner Bros., who gave her her chance, realize what a find she was. However, this didn't make them raise her salary; merely her quota of work.

After three pictures at this incredibly small figure, with love crowding her thoughts and stimulating her emotions, with the discomforting knowledge that John Barrymore hadn't yet been given his divorce and marriage for her had to wait, she suddenly became tired. Fan magazines raved about her. Studios wanted her. Her admirers gaped and praised. This meant nothing now, she wanted marriage.

Because she had been made to work for eighteen hours a day on the set at seventy-five dollars a week she refused to go on working. Warner Bros. sensibly realized the fighting, strong person they were dealing with and she was coaxed back and within the next three years her salary rose to $3500 a week. She became one of the leading stars in the industry. Some of the most important rôles were prepared for her. From the "Sea Beast," her first as a featured player and her first with John Barrymore she went on to play leads for Paramount on loan and then back to Warner Bros. for "When a Man Loves."

During all this time she was never known to strike an attitude, assume a pose nor seem the least bit aware of her beauty or fame. It was work. She doesn't like work. She wanted to get away from work.

She proved this by marrying John Barrymore as soon as he was divorced and thus gave up a salary of $3500 a week and a full, rich and startling career.

The day of her marriage she was radiant If you were to see the lovely miniature which was painted on her wedding day and which she still has standing on her vanity dresser you'd know that John Barrymore too was never so happy, so full of the joy of living, so young. Certainly that should be easy to believe. Too, she had refused to listen to admonitions and warnings. She was told to consider what she was doing. She defied stern, parental objection from the mother whom she adored. Her mother's experience wasn't to dissuade her even though, as a daughter, she too had suffered from an irascible, bad-tempered actor around the house.



Director John Cromwell discusses with Dolores Costello her rôle of Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." With this picture Miss Costello once more returns to her movie public

Dolores loved and there is no fathoming love

After a long, adventurous honeymoon spent on a yacht smaller than the one John Barrymore now owns which took them from the Galapagos Isles to New York, Dolores heard the news that added the fillip to the full if only temporary happiness. She and her husband had just come out of a doctor's office when a girl, passing them, said: "Ooh, look, there's Dolores Costello and John Barrymore." Glowing, Dolores turned to her husband and whispered: "But she doesn't know that now there are three of us."

They came back to Hollywood to buy a home. They found a six room house high on a hill in Beverly Hills far removed from any neighbor or building. It took ten minutes just to drive down to the main road from this house. Soon after they moved in they felt their space confined and limited. So John Barrymore decided to add to it. Without plan or practicability building began and by the time Dolores Ethel Barrymore, their first child, arrived several houses had been added. These had little relation and less proximity to the main house. They had so much acreage that they spread their home and the straggling, scrambled ménage soon began to be the butt of jokes. The Mad House on the Hill and Barrymore's Folly were the favorite names used to describe the place

Dolores Barrymore laughed happily and confidently at possible discomforts, unkind remarks and an evident growing restlessness although at infrequent intervals. What mattered it if a weakness asserted itself now and then. Dolores knew her love and she had faith in her husband's love. Tolerance and understanding made for happier homes than nagging and caution. She continued to live in a world of her own and, forgetful of herself, to grow too stout and her comeliness to be supplanted by a carelessness unbecoming her beauty.

But she was thinking only of a second child now. Dolores Ethel (now called Deeda because her little brother can't say her name) had passed her infancy and was showing the unpleasant side of an only child. She was pettish and surly and needed a playmate

Then Warner Brothers suddenly asked Dolores to do a picture for them. She turned them down only to hear herself ridiculed, called snobbish. True, she had never been friendly with picture people in groups. If their intimate friends happened to be in the industry they came to the house on the hill but they were friends first. Dolores was unhappy at the unfair criticism that followed her honest lack of desire to work and she appealed to her husband for her had to wait, she suddenly became tired. He told her to go ahead and take the offer. Thus she did and she's regretted it ever since. She wasn't pretty in that picture. Her heart wasn't in it. She felt that her career was definitely behind her.

Soon she was to have her second child Neither she nor her husband would admit to the other that they wanted a son, but when John Barrymore, Jr. arrived the infant's father, standing at his wife's bedside, said: "Well, I guess now we can be honest with ourselves. We wanted a son. I'm so happy we have him."

Then something unexplainable happened. John Barrymore became restless and slowly seemed to forget his wife and family. He became more and more distracted. Every friend of John Barrymore's, many of them only remotely connected with the theater but of excellent connections, began to veer from the side of their lifelong friend to the side of his

puzzled, worried, courageous young wife. Advice was plentiful and cheap now. But she didn't want it. She had always fought out her problems alone.

She knew her husband had been working at a terrific pace. She knew what it was to stand before the camera days on end. Perhaps he needed a rest from his home, his children, the studio.

ON their yacht, the "Infanta," which Dolores named, in its grandeur and splendor of equipment, she took him away from Hollywood for a long vacation in Alaska where they might hunt, fish and have quiet and peace.

But the trouble was deep within the man. There was no explanation, no decision. They came back from their trip which proved a failure in its purpose and John Barrymore left his wife, children and home—and didn't come back.

With no sense of outrage and with no false vanity, Dolores decided to wait and see. All her husband's friends and their friends became her friends now. It was a scandal and a shock to them all that this could happen to such a wife and such a woman. And still they saw no bitterness; they heard no ugly confidences. Dolores had her children and she devoted herself wholly to them now.

Thus she waited but only silence greeted her patience. There was still, however, no warning that that silence meant anything ugly and final. Slowly nasty rumors buzzed their way to her. So much in the public eye herself she knew what rumors could be and she continued her silence.

One bleak day when the proof reached her ears, she took action.

First she moved away from the mad house on the hill and took a sturdy, comfortable English house down in Los Angeles.

Then she talked to her lawyers with emphasis and decision. She wanted a divorce. She wanted her children. She wanted support and security only for her children. She hated work but she was going back to work so that come what may little Dolores and John would never know want.

During these months which piled on to a year she lost all the excess weight she had accumulated through marriage and having children. Today she is slender, with her figure subtly rounded, while her face, not full and still not thin, is even more beautiful than it was when she suddenly captured Hollywood, the imagination of the fans and John Barrymore—all over night.

She has already taken a test at Selznick-International and so thrilled and startled the executives there who saw her photographs and her work that she was given a contract immediately and the rôle of *Dearest* in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The day the divorce decree became final and absolute she signed that contract. She is now ready to work hard for the rest of her screen life.

AND she will because here is a lady bound by inborn fidelity to her job:—a trouper when she works, a wife in marriage and a tireless and omnipresent mother.

There is a haunting shadow of tragedy about Dolores but she feels she is a winner in her failure.

When she tells you, sincerely and warmly: "But at least I've had five years of happiness," you believe she is the winner.

"In Sickness and In Health"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

"I suppose you mean we are living foolishly, dangerously. We aren't supposed to wrap so much of ourselves into one person, are we? Marriage isn't supposed to stand such a strain. Hollywood has always said: 'It won't work. It never has.'

"Well, we know we are digging our own emotional graves with the love we have found! I know it. Leslie knows it. We are binding our lives more closely around one another every day we live. But that is the kind of love we know and I wouldn't want anything else in the world in trade for this completeness.

"DON'T think for a minute that we haven't spent long hours in discussions about ourselves. We *know* what would happen if one of us should suddenly lose the other: nothingness. That's the very penalty of our love. But it is a penalty we accept freely and willingly.

"All we really want in the world is to be left alone. We don't want the things others want from life. We don't see things with the same eyes. All the time we were traveling through Europe we used to thank our lucky stars that we weren't so fame-splashed that we couldn't sink into the background, tramp about in old clothes . . . yes, even sit in the pouring rain in the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome without landing on the front pages of the newspapers as movie stars indulging temperament gags. It made us so completely ourselves. Even Hollywood and the work we've done couldn't cheat us of our grand inconspicuousness. We just didn't matter, except to ourselves.

"Maybe ours is a selfish love. We don't share it, even with those who might become our friends. We have been rude to people we might have learned to like. Some of them have come here to see us and we haven't let them in. It is a simple matter to shake your head at the house-boy when you hear a name announced through the door. Nor have we ever cared whether our almost-guest realized our attitude, or not."

The vivid girl arose and stood with her straight, slender back to the fireplace. There was an intangible defiance in her manner. Her voice revealed it:

"I haven't much patience with loves that are compromised with a hundred other diverting interests—bridge clubs, cocktail parties, casual telephone friends, guests for dinner every night—all fed by the overwhelming fear of boredom from spending one short hour together and alone. When I was a little girl, I dreamed of the very sort of love I've found. Now that we have found one another, why should we make the usual concessions made by people who have found so much less in life and love than we have found? I'm not ashamed of having a love that fills my life to the exclusion of everything else. I'm happy it is that way."

But it *wasn't* that way once with Ann. Her mother said to me at the time of her surprise elopement: "The stories of my dislike for Leslie and of my objection to him as Ann's husband are not true. I know the boy but little; I've only seen him a few times. But each time we have met, I have been deeply impressed with his unusual fascination. The real point that concerns me is: what will they do to each other? My Ann is so deeply, unheedingly in love for the first time and with the very first man in her life. Ann has never even played at romance. Most girls do, particularly the girls in Hollywood. But she's always liked people, been a friendly, approachable girl. Now, in the short time they've been married, I can notice the change in her personality. She talks with Leslie's tongue and sees things through Leslie's eyes. There was a time when her work and career were the most important things in her life. Now there isn't anything important but Leslie who has never cared anything about the things that matter to most people. I wonder where their love will lead them?"

MORE than two years had elapsed since that fateful question was asked and many of the answers were already obvious:

Ann's love for Leslie had led her completely out of the social life of Hollywood. Ann's love for Leslie had taken her away from two of the biggest professional breaks of her career and somehow, those breaks never materialized when she returned from her run-away honeymoon. Ann, who used to chum with Karen Morley and giggle with almost school-girlish excitement over the dates she had broken with Howard Hughes; who loved to play, to shop, to buy pretty things for herself and plan and dream of her career, has found in her love for Leslie a world devoid of friendships, girl-talk about dates and clothes and careers!

I looked at Ann as she stood in that red dress against the glowing fire. I shall never forget her and her flaming sincerity. As I left them, I realized that Ann had done most of the talking but I was forced to admit a sort of unity-with-Leslie—as though they had been talking in duet.

A number of months have gone by since that evening at the Fenton ranch. I never wrote the story of Ann Dvorak's challenge to love! It didn't seem to fit into the routine pattern concerning the private lives of the Hollywood gilded. It slipped back into a corner of my memory and might not have been recalled here had it not been for the paper that carried the announcement of Barbara Stanwyck's divorce and Ann's illness.

IN Hollywood, being Hollywood, one heard: "Well, the greatest love story in the world has ended for Barbara . . . too bad about Ann Dvorak, isn't it? Funny life she and Leslie lead. Wouldn't you think they'd want friends—especially Ann—now that trouble's come? I don't believe in this business of building everything in your life around one person . . ."

But somehow I can't forget Ann as she stood, just a little defiantly, before the huge fireplace that night many months ago. I can't forget her words: ". . . all we want in the world is to be let alone . . . we have no friends . . . I'm happy it's that way . . ."

Is love going to be enough for Ann?

Boos & Bouquets

Here the movie audience has the opportunity to say their say frankly about films



June Travis's latest part is in "Ceiling Zero," but we wouldn't say "ceiling" after one glance at the above. Yet she's smiling

Jeanette MacDonald has taken up swimming in a serious way. It's so serious she just won't start the day without a plunge

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

a new zest for your job. May there be more of these sprightly musicals. And may there be more of Eleanor Powell's fascinating dancing. She was the tops in "Broadway Melody."

L. R. LINDGREN, Camp Hill, Pa.

$1 PRIZE

LIFE A LA FILMS

The movies have played an important part in my eleven-year-old son's education. He's ten times as smart as I was at the same age. A child learns from the movies history, geography, good English, good manners, a knowledge of good literature, good music, current events, and good morals. If he learns a few of the bad things in life, so much the better. They exist; and he has to know about them in order to be prepared to live life as it is. I am a strong advocate for educating a child via the movies.

MRS. JAMES S. GOLDEN, Pineville, Ky.

$1 PRIZE

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

A little fairy in every day clothes,
Carved from marble
And the petals of a rose,
With a bit of the sun
Caught in her hair,
As if the light of Heaven
Were reflected there.
And some of the blue
From God's own skies
Must have dropped into
Her bright shining eyes.
A little fairy
Half imp, half elf
Must have gone into the
Making of Shirley herself.

RUTH WHITMAN BOWERS, Childress, Tex.

$1 PRIZE

DETERMINATION PAYS

The story about Eleanor Powell in PHOTOPLAY was splendid. It shows just how far grit and determination can carry even the most unfortunate person. It is this characteristic of so many movie stars that makes Hollywood such a fascinating place. After all, nothing is valuable unless it is hard to get. Here's hoping Eleanor Powell will reach the top in moving pictures. She deserves it.

LUCY ANNE CLAXTON, Somerville, Tenn.

$1 PRIZE

MAUREEN REFRESHING

In this age of exoticism and affectation, it is certainly refreshing to see a Maureen O'Sullivan picture. This little actress never fails to entertain. She's pretty, unaffected, a good actress, and though she may never be a star, she will go on forever giving her sterling performances long after Garbo and Crawford have vanished from the Hollywood scene. It was nice to see Maureen get more footage in "Woman Wanted" than is her usual lot in the films. I hope M-G-M keeps this little Irish sparkler under contract for life.

LLOYD C. ARMOUR, Chicago, Ill.

CAVE WOMAN?

Don't you think a person stamping about throwing costly things on the ground rather reverts back to the age of the cave man or woman? Do you like to see a wedding dress torn to pieces?

I liked Joan Crawford's "I Live My Life," the Greek settings, etc., but much as I liked the scenery and Joan's personal attractions I detested the tearing of the wedding dress and destroying the beautiful things in her room. I think Mr. Aherne too arrogant in his interpretation of the part, and why should a couple in love have to shout and "want to poke each other in the nose"? Does the public think this is cute?

GLADYS P. CARPENTER, White Bear Lake, Minn.

WANTS FAVORITES BACK

Perhaps I'm wrong, but I have a feeling—and so have my friends—that the "Powers that be" at the studios remove players from the public and thrust new ones upon us by the car load, claiming that is what John Public wants.

We like to see a new player, especially if he is a Bob Taylor—but we don't like our John Gilberts and Ruth Chattertons taken away from us—and then come across statements that "they are slipping with the public."

Players like Chatterton and Gilbert are never deserted by us. We're loyal and excuse a bad picture every so often. John Gilbert is the same fine actor that he was a few years ago and so is Ruth Chatterton.

I've a feeling that for every "builder-upper" there is a "breaker-upper," some one who breaks down a player and then puts the blame on John Public. Give us back Gilbert and Chatterton.

THERESA ROSS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ask The Answer Man

GEORGE BRENT'S background is more exciting than fiction. Born in Dublin, March 15, 1905, left an orphan at the age of eleven, he worked his way through Dublin University. He then joined the Irish revolutionists, becoming confidential dispatch bearer for Michael Collins, the Irish patriot. His life was constantly in danger and he fled to New York, penniless. After being a stoker and working in African diamond mines he decided to utilize the training he received in the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin and become an actor. He played in stock companies and finally on Broadway with Alice Brady in "Love, Honor and Betray." His first screen appearance was in "So Big," and then he played opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich are Always With Us." He married Miss Chatterton, but they were divorced in 1934.

Tall, dark, powerfully built (he is six feet one, and weighs 165 pounds), he lives in Toluca Lake in Hollywood. He loves plain cooking and never uses salt, pepper, cream or sugar on anything. The studio made him sell his ponies after a fall on the polo field, but he became a fervent air enthusiast and has a fast little plane which he pilots himself. He likes women feminine—but brainy.

A splendid actor, he prefers the light comedy rôles such as he played in "In Person" to straight romantic leads and is one of the best bets in Hollywood today. His new pictures will be "God's County and the Women" and "Snowed Under."

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.



This handsome Irishman's looks may appeal to the ladies, but George Brent is a typical man's man

GLADYS, COLCHESTER, CONN.—Ruby Keeler was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia on Aug. 25, 1909. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 104 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes. She attended Professional Children's School in New York and was on the legitimate stage before going on the screen in 1932 at which time she signed a contract with Warners which still holds good. She is married to Al Jolson and they have adopted a baby, Albert, Jr. Her latest picture is "Shipmates Forever." We have no information on the serial "The Roaring West."

A. B., PASSAIC, N. J.—Rosemary Ames' and Mary Carlisle's names are their own. Patricia Ellis' name is Patricia Leftwich.

DOROTHY YOUNG, LIVINGSTON, MONT.—The name of the sophisticated, philandering publisher played by Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel" was *Anthony Mallare.*

M. LEWIS, BOSTON, MASS.—Robert Young did not play in "David Copperfield." Roland Young played *Uriah Heep* and the part of David's friend, *Steerforth,* was played by Hugh Williams.

VIRGINIA HALL, STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.—Donald Woods was born in Brandon, Manitoba, Canada, on Dec. 2, 1906. He weighs 165 pounds, is six feet, four. He was six years on the stage and entered pictures in 1933. His new picture will be "Prison Farm."

PHYLLIS & WILLIE, OTTAWA, CANADA.—Your favorite John Boles' last two pictures were "Orchids to You" and "Redheads on Parade." His new one is "Rose of the Rancho" with Gladys Swarthout. Do see it and hear some grand singing.

BRUCE KRAMER, OLEON, N. Y.—Jean Arthur is twenty-seven years old, weighs 107 pounds, is five feet three. Her real name is Gladys Greene, and she is no relation to George K. Arthur who was born in Scotland. The December PHOTOPLAY had an article about Jean.

BETTE MACPEAK, DETROIT, MICH.—Joseph Calleia received a film contract as a result of his protrayal of the gunman in the play "Small Miracle." He is five feet eleven, weighs 160 pounds, is single and is about twenty-eight years old. He will be seen in Jean Harlow's picture "Riff Raff."

FRANCES MILLER, LEXINGTON, KY.—John Howard who played in "Annapolis Farewell" was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 14, 1913, was educated in the public schools where he won a scholarship to Western Reserve University in Cleveland and became interested in dramatics. He signed a contract with Paramount in 1934. He weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. His next picture will be "Soak the Rich."

BETTY HELM, WILMINGTON, CALIFORNIA.—I hope the above information about John answers your questions too.

GRACE RUSSELL, NEW YORK.—I'm sorry your answer was delayed. All your questions about John Howard are answered above. He seems to be a very popular young man.

KIT KAT, CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO.—The silent picture "The Knife" was shown in 1918. Louise Dresser was born Sept. 1, 1883, and went on the stage at seventeen, playing in vaudeville and musical comedy. She married Jack Gardner, now casting director at both Century-Fox, in 1908. Miss Dresser is now free-lancing, but you might address her c/o Century-Fox Studio, 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood.

GERRY SMITH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Charles (Buddy) Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1904, in Olathe, Kansas. He is six feet, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair and eyes. He entered pictures through the Paramount School in 1925. He plays the trombone and every instrument in the orchestra and at present has an orchestra of his own touring the country. He is not married—yet. He and Mary Brian say "soon."

ELSA B. MILES, URBANA, ILLINOIS.—Charles Boyer was born in Figeac, France, August 28, 1901. He weighs 154 pounds, is five feet eleven, has black hair and brown eyes. You can address him at The Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

E. RICHARDS, MCAFFEE, N. J.—The above answers your questions too. December PHOTOPLAY had a picture of your favorite.

ANNE F. HARRIS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Robert Taylor was born Aug. 5, 1911, in Filley, Nebraska. He is not married, has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 165 pounds and is six feet one.

Your questions about Ross Alexander were answered by the Answer Man in the January PHOTOPLAY.

THE INQUIRING FOUR, BARTLETTSVILLE, OKLA.—We do not know the exact words ending the film "No More Ladies," but perhaps if you wrote to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., they would supply the information.

Those Mad Marx Hares

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

Gummo resumed. "I'll tell you why I quit the act. I went to war to get a little peace. When I returned I went into the clothing business.

"The boys tried to even up old scores by getting me back into the act. I retaliated by trying to get them into the clothing business. But there wasn't a chance. They didn't like my taste.

"When we were all playing together they used to steal each other's clothes. They wouldn't even steal mine."

"Quite," I said, "but tell me what are — —"

"So I stayed in the business, thinking that was where you got money without working. They became comedians. And they expected *me* to laugh at *them!*

"All this time we kept in very close touch. I'd touch them before they got a chance to touch me.

"When they went to the Coast, I wrote them long letters every week.

"As soon as they got them they'd tear them up without reading them.

"Then they'd write letters to me. At least I think they did.

"I don't know, because I always tore their letters up, too.

"It's a wonderful system.

"Nobody knows what the other is thinking. Besides, it saves filing.

"Then, one day I got a wire from them telling me to sell my business and join them on the Coast.

"I sold my business that same day and took a plane for Hollywood.

"When I got there I found they'd flown to New York.

"The only word they'd left for me was a note saying 'April Fool.' But I didn't get the point because it was in July.

"So I took another plane to New York, and bought my business back for twice what I sold it for.

"A few weeks later the boys walked into my office and tried to get me to go to Hollywood with them. But I was smart this time. It took them six months to persuade me they weren't kidding.

"So I joined Zeppo in the agency business. You know Zeppo has become one of the most successful agents in Hollywood. He has a sure-fire formula. He goes to a producer and offers one of his actors for a picture. If the producer turns him down, Zeppo threatens to go back on the screen.

"Then the producer says, 'I can't use your actor, but I'll pay him anyway, rather than see that happen.'

"As soon as we all got together, we got as far apart as possible. I came back to New York.

"Now I'm the eastern end of Zeppo. Or Zeppo is the western end of me, depending on how you look at it.

"Harpo shuttles back and forth between. We tried pacing him with a mechanical rabbit like they do whippets. But we couldn't keep the rabbits. Harpo could scare even a mechanical rabbit.

"Now we pace him with a blonde and we have no trouble. The blonde has it."



England's movie fans expect every man to do his duty—that means handsome stars like Douglass Montgomery must sign on the dotted line for the autograph hunters. He is at the Paddington Station in London

"AN absorbing narrative," I observed, "but tell me what are your brothers really like? Take Groucho —"

"You take Groucho. Goodness knows I've tried to take him often enough. But he always takes me—for plenty."

"Speaking of Harpo—" I prompted.

"Who's speaking of Harpo?" he retorted. "Nobody's said a word about him. But since you've brought up an unpleasant subject, have you noticed that Harpo is more wistful, more appealing in the new picture?"

I said I hadn't noticed it.

"Well, they can't blame me for that," he said, "I thought of it years ago. I must have written them a hundred letters urging them to play up that boyish quality of his. But I know they never read my letters. So they needn't go around blaming me for it.

"Let them blame Thalberg. It's probably his idea.

"Say," said Gummo suddenly, "there's one thing you haven't asked me. You haven't asked me what the boys are really like. Well, since you haven't displayed any interest whatever, I'll tell you.

"Look at Groucho, if you can stand it. I can't. Groucho is the family man. Likes to sit around home and smoke my cigars or play with his kids.

"Harpo is a family man, too. Any family that's handy. You'd better keep yours under lock and key.

"Chico, now, is a crack bridge player. He's so good he's almost half as good as he says he is. I'm telling you that for nothing although I'd hate to tell you how much it cost me to find it out.

"And Harpo? Who mentioned Harpo? Well, Harpo's hobby is collecting old harps, only he hasn't started yet.

"Outside of that he plays croquet. He won't be happy until he beats Woollcott, and I doubt if he'll be happy then.

"YOU have to be careful what you say to Harpo. I told him once he'd go a long ways before he found an audience which would appreciate him. So he went to Russia.

"Now he's always talking about going to Budapest.

"In the picture, where his lips are moving and you can't hear a word he's saying, he's talking about going to Budapest.

"I didn't see the picture, but I understand it was so funny even the audience laughed. I stayed home instead and wrote a six page criticism of it.

"It proved a great help to the boys. They tore it up without reading it.

"Right now we're all trying to find a story for their next picture.

"Hundreds of people are working on stories for them

"The only trouble is the stories all have plots. They'll go right into production as soon as they can find a story without a plot.

"I'm working on one myself. Only I'm having trouble getting the story long enough to make it worth their while to tear up."

"I can see," I observed, "that it must be quite a responsibility being the only sane Marx Brother."

"I'll say it is!" he snorted. "In fact, it's driving me nuts!"

Perfect Camera Face

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

His face was terrible. She was really frightened now. "You can't take away memories!" she cried. "They're part of life, they're part of me, they're part of everything you fell in love with—and besides, I need him to come and see my rushes!"

To her amazement Jimmy began to laugh. He stalked across the room and took her in his arms and he smelled fresh and foreign to their turgid scene. "My God, you're spoiled," he said. "Listen, give that poor guy a break, will you? Let him alone. You've used him for years—give him a chance to use himself, will you?"

Nothing more was said about Geoff, but she knew quite definitely that she could not see him. She was chagrined, and a little nervous at the thought that she would not have his help in the rushes, but the recollection of Jimmy's face when it had passed from rage-scene to reality kept her from even arguing the point. She had not understood those wild things Jimmy had said about her using Geoff, when everyone knew it had been the other way around and here she was nobly planning to send Geoff money again too.

THE next day when Jimmy was at the studio she called Geoff. He sounded pretty cheerful, and very detached. He'd fixed the preparation scene and sold the idea to Reuben, who was sending Geoff's script to Jane by Superart messenger.

"I told him that even with this fix it's still the same story you've been doing for years, and I said I wished for once he'd change before the fans got wise, not after," Geoff said.

"What did he say?"

"He told me to try writing a Herndon flicker myself and I'd appreciate the difficulties, and that lots of time had been saved waiting for fans to get wise, so we might as well save some more."

"This must have been a snappy dialogue; anyway, I can see you thought so. Why *don't* you try writing a picture in your, ho-hum, leisure moments?"

"I will if all else fails. Oh, I'll probably be living on you again soon!"

"Why not now? Anyway I ought to pay you for fixing the scene, if I like it."

"You ought to pay me for my time whether you like it or not," was the cool response. "Think of the terrible writers that get paid by the week for scripts that go into wastebaskets!"

She was stunned. She had been all ready to help him out with a little charity, just as she'd always done, but the thought of paying for his time, which had no market value established such as Tony's and Andy's, for instance, was disconcerting. She gagged a bit and said, nobly, as always—

"Why—of course—certainly, Geoff—how much would you like?"

"One thousand," said Geoff promptly. "I've written enough key-scenes in Jane Herndon pictures to be up in that class—even though I never did get paid for them. Yes, one grand is a fair price, and Reuben agreed with me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Jane rather coldly. "Then why doesn't he pay it? After all, it's up to Superart to pay their writers, and if it's true that he really thinks you are one —"

"He does," said Geoff, "but Superart payday comes only once a week, on Wednesdays, remember? and I need the money now, so I thought you could advance it to me until then."

If she was stunned before, now she was staggered. She managed to say faintly that she would send a check over immediately, and rang off.

GEOFF returned her thousand promptly on the next Superart pay-day, and she found herself more annoyed than she had been when he gouged it out of her. Why wouldn't he let her help him?

And then all at once she had no more time to wonder or be irritated or to be anything but, as she told herself tragically, a small helpless spider in a great relentless web of costumes, coiffures, stills, rehearsals, shooting that had to begin before anyone was ready, and watching the daily rushes with Reuben and Arch Hammer, who said that everything was going fine against her increasing conviction that it wasn't.



Frank Morgan sustains his reputation as a raconteur, par excellence, when he meets Bob Montgomery at the Troc

She tried to make herself believe that she was unreasonably nervous about those rushes. She had become so accustomed to Geoff at her side, telling her what to think, that it was only natural that she should be confused without him until she could recover from that habit of dependence. She assigned herself a definite period of recovery and the period passed leaving her more uncertain than before about those daily bits of her screen self.

AND she needed sleep.

Sleep! Already Jimmy called her The Dormouse of Hollywood. But every night his roadster was waiting outside her dressing-room bungalow. Throughout the day she would promise herself: "Tonight I'll tell him. Tonight I'll say I've simply got to go to bed early—"

And each evening as she came out of the bungalow and saw him she began to tremble as she had done that first day on the set, as she did now even when she heard his step, which she could tell from far away. And he would say, smiling at her with his amber, flickering eyes:

"Where shall we go tonight, Lady Jane?"—for she was Lady Jane Grey—that was one of their private jokes— And she would answer,

"Anywhere you say, Jimmy," and so it would be.

But at the prizefights or the movies or driving in the hills her head would often nod, and so he called her the Dormouse, and for once she couldn't laugh with him.

"I need my sleep, when I'm working," she said.

"Why didn't you say so?" said Jimmy, and tried to stay home several nights. But he hated to read and didn't want to share Jane with company and so they started going out again. And gradually Jane stopped planning rebellion during the day. After all, she was glad that Jimmy wanted her to be with him. She had known enough of what it was to be left alone in the evenings. And they were always home by twelve o'clock. Surely six hours was enough sleep, if she could only become accustomed to it.

But a feeling of fatigue persisted which seemed out of proportion to the actual amount of sleep she lost. Gradually she began to suspect that this continuous lack of renewal was due to the fact that she was spiritually, not physically, drained. From the violence of picture work all day she now had no relief at night, either through solitude and meditation or by seeking some beauty of music or art or literature which would be so far beyond her own powers of vision that the mere reach to understand would give her a mystic strength.

SHE had not realized that what Jimmy had called her highbrow racket had done all that for her until one day on the set when she was resting in her portable dressing-room between takes and suddenly, through the scramble outside, heard the faint, exquisite line of Bach being played upon a violin. It was a musician who had been engaged to play a saccharine Italian love-song for the restaurant scene that Arch had just finished shooting, while Jane and Dick Beverley gazed into each other's eyes for inch-long takes.

She came to the door of her house on wheels that stood just beyond the restaurant set and listened, uplifted by the rigid beauty of measure and line which were as definite as little isosceles triangles tripping from the earnest bow. "Oh, so definite"—she thought. "Jimmy'd love it if he heard—*he's* so definite—"

She knew that she was good in her afternoon's work after that. She felt rested and dynamic and able to gaze into Dick Beverley's eyes and be sultry and passionate an inch at a time for four more hours without sagging once.

She was still tingling with her own magnetism when she met Jimmy and told him all in one breath about the violinist, and how well she had done after hearing him, and her longing for some good music instead of just always singing

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



MERLE OBERON, charming star of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, never takes chances with unattractive Cosmetic Skin! Here she tells you how to guard against this danger.

DOES Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! "But," says this charming star, "I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin. I remove make-up *thoroughly* — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean Cosmetic Skin has developed. No *wise* girl will neglect Merle Oberon's advice!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won't *choke your pores*. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely—the way you want *yours* to be!

Why don't *you* use it—before you renew your make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night."

Perfect Camera Face

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

"Smoke in Your Eyes," and would Jimmy take her to one of the open-air symphonies in the Hollywood Bowl where he could listen so nice and casually under the stars?

JIMMY was amused by her run-together sentences. Sure, he said, he'd give it a whirl. She looked up the next Symphony program and found that they were going to play Cesar Franck; this was too much good luck, she cried, and began to explain to Jimmy how thrilled he would be when he heard it. After a while she saw that he was a little bored and so she stopped and nobly suggested a movie. It was enough for the moment that he had consented to listen to great music under the stars with her; she could sacrifice herself in return for his concession, although she knew suddenly that she wouldn't care if she never saw another picture, other than her own, as long as she lived.



Cake for the crew. Pat O'Brien has a birthday celebration on the Warner set for "Ceiling Zero." On his right, is James Cagney, his teammate in the picture, and facing him is Director Howard Hawks

On the Symphony evening she came down to dinner in the most lovely of her white evening dresses. After all, Jimmy had not bought her any evening gowns, so what else could she do? as she told him radiantly, for she knew that she looked wonderful, and she had seen the flare in his eyes before the white-dress scowl came in.

As the hour of the Cesar Franck drew near she became more exhilarated; she told Jimmy the things for which he must listen and sang the great phrase of the symphony to him, unconsciously, in the sweep of her fury, calling it *la grande phrase*. She did not have time to notice that he grew silent, watching her with narrowed eyes. When she tripped up to her room for her ermine wrap, he disappeared and came to her door a few minutes later.

"I told you wrong about tonight," he said. "I can't go with you; they're calling everybody back to the studio."

She could not move nor speak for a moment; she stood looking at him, clasping her two tickets so tightly that they bit into her palm. "Then—then why did you tell me you *could* come?" she stammered. "While there was still time for someone else to use your ticket!"

"I thought that was all you cared," he said. "Someone else, huh? You haven't thought of me once since you started thinking about that damn symphony. I lied when I said just now I couldn't go. I wanted to see how much you'd care—and I found out all right!"

She stared at him. "Do you mean you deliberately lied to me—to trick me—just to see how I'd take it?"

"First the violinist and then the symphony," said Jimmy. "All you've talked about for days. Oh no, you don't need me along, Jane Herndon. I thought all that culture stuff was just a substitute with you, but I thought wrong. Maybe it's your love. Maybe it's your only love you'll ever find—that and yourself in a mirror, in a nice white dress."

FOR the first time in her life Jane Herndon went berserk. She picked up a vase of flowers and threw it at him. She seized the crystal bottles upon her dressing-table and began hurling them about the room, against chairs and bed and tables; the raw shatter of glass was the only consoling sound she had heard in a long time, apart from the grand phrase of a violin.

"If that's what you think I don't care if I never see you again!" she cried. Bang, bang! A bottle of N'Aimez Que Moi grazed his ear and broke in a spray on the wall. He stood motionless, looking at her with his eyes wide open. Smiling.

"Hey, Jane," he said, "I bet you never did that before—threw things."

The red before her eyes rolled away and she burst into tears, standing with one crystal jar left in her hand. "Oh, I want some peace!" she sobbed. "I haven't had any peace for such a long time! I hate you for making me do that!"

He came over and took the crystal jar away from her. "I guess you never threw things at Greenwood," he said. Proudly. "Did you, Lady Jane?"

They were very late to the Symphony. They sat far back in the Bowl under the stars, clasping hands so closely that Jane heard the rhythm of the music from a great roaring distance, as if they were in a high place listening to the roll of a far-off, mysterious sea. She did not hear the grande phrase of the Cesar Franck; it was lost in that distant roar, which did not beat as loud as her own heart.

She did not know that the concert was over until someone stepped on her white satin slippers.

But the next morning when she was alone in her bungalow dressing-room she looked at her face for a long time in the round mirror set with electric-light bulbs which threw a stark, blazing light upon Jane Herndon's big grey eyes seeking with frenzy for something that they could not find.

"Can this be I — Jane Herndon?" she mourned. "My identity is going — my identity — and what is filling its place?"

Then her picture was ready to be run off in the projection-room for the executives and Jane to see before it went to its first preview. Jane was in a bad mood when it began because Reuben had insisted upon the title "Frightened Lady," which had nothing to do with the story, which didn't matter, Reuben said, as long as it had sales appeal.

"BUT," she had said, "there's nothing I'm frightened about in the picture!"

"There may be," Reuben had said grimly; "wait till the preview."

After the picture was over, she and Reuben were left alone looking at each other.

"Well, Jane," he said, "what do you think?"

"It's too much like all my other pictures," she snapped. "I don't enjoy the story like I used to and I don't think I look like I was enjoying it either. If we can't get a new one next time I'll write it myself!"

"Listen, Jane," said Reuben, "you don't change a success. Maybe the man that makes soap gets tired putting out the same old formula, but he goes right on, with new exploitations, maybe, like we got Arch's new camera-angles. You'll see at the preview; it'll go fine like it always does."

"I never heard you say it would go fine before," said Jane, "which means you're nervous too."

"Well, Jane," said Reuben, "only because I want you to click this time, because you need to, after the way Jimmy stole your last picture."

"Jimmy?" she said. "Stole my last picture?"

"He blocked you out," said Reuben. "That's why we split you two, not on account of the marriage. He's crowded Bessie Blythe off the screen in his new one. That boy, Jane, is going to be colossal." "Go in and look at his fan mail. Got more this last month than anybody on the lot."

"More than anybody—" said Jane. She had led the Superart fan mail since she had been a star. "Well," she said, "the wife is always the last to know."

"See you at the preview," said Reuben

That was all he cared. She had seen what happened to other stars when Reuben started to look at them with those glassy eyes, and move away from interviews that had not terminated, saying, "See you later."

When Jimmy came home that night he found her writing at the desk in their living-room. He came up behind her quietly; for

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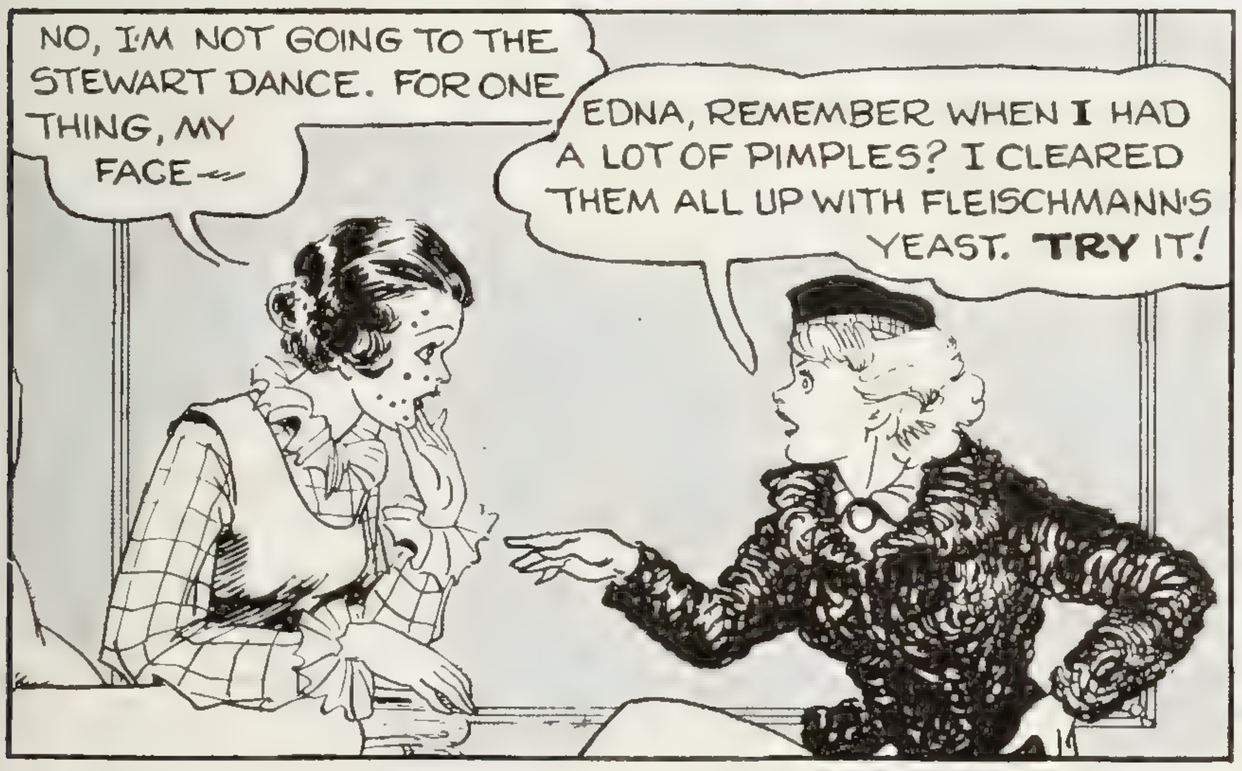


Edna had too many pimples

but not for long











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—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Perfect Camera Face

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

once she did not hear his step. He bent to kiss the crest of her hair and saw, in the second before she jumped, that the letter she was writing began "Dear Geoff."

He said nothing as she rose, exclaiming faintly her surprise, but cool in some determined place beyond his look. "You've asked me not to see him or talk to him," she said, "and so I've written. To beg him to come to my preview—although it may be too late to save me now."

Still he said nothing. She told him about the projection-room showing. "You haven't been in pictures long enough to know, Jimmy," she said, in a voice remote at work upon her problem; "it doesn't matter how good you are or how much you've done in the past, if you get a run of poor pictures you're out. All at once the executives, and Reuben, and everyone who's been working with you to put you across, they just drop you and you're alone. It's your fault then and not theirs if you've had tough breaks and bad stories; you're slipping, and once they start believing that, you do slip, because they push you down. I've hit bottom enough to know when it starts coming up at me, and I know how to fight it too—but I've got to have Geoff's help!"

SHE hardly heard Jimmy when he began to speak until she realized that he was minimizing her emergency. He refused to accept her word that pictures were different from show business, or to worry about what he plainly considered to be her hysteria. As for her imagining that she needed Geoff's help, that was more hysteria.

She was not aware when her calm split until she heard herself crying:

"You keep out of this—do you hear? It's the least you can do—when none of it would have happened if you'd let Geoff come and see my rushes!"

"Oh—the rushes," said Jimmy. "So we go way back there. You hold things, don't you? The things people do to you, not the things you do to them. Now get this straight, Lady Jane. You walked over Greenwood for seven years and you ended up thinking everything was his fault. If there's any walking-over to be done in this family, I do it; and if we end up, you're going to know it's nobody's fault but yours. Either you do as I say or we can split—any time—but until then you're not going to see Greenwood, or need him, or write to him, if you had twenty flops instead of just a brainstorm!"

He took her letter from the desk and tore it in two. She watched the pieces drop on the floor.

"You mean," she said, "that even if you believed I was in a spot you wouldn't let him help me. You—you mean you're thinking strictly about yourself in this matter."

"I certainly am," said Jimmy. "You thought about yourself a long time before I came along!"

He turned and left the room. She heard the front door bang and the sound of carwheels on the drive. She went out on the terrace, but not to look down on the hill after the roadster that was disappearing beyond the Hollywood sign. She needed air and space or she would suffocate with the visions that were crowding about her; acts and scenes and conversations, past for seven years, but retained by her photographic mind which now gave them back to her in merciless parade beneath the glare of self-accusation that they had never faced before.

It was morning, and Jimmy had not yet come back, when she went to bed and fell asleep. She opened her eyes to find him standing by her bed, looking, she thought confusedly as she swam up from slumber, like the knight in "La Belle Dam Sans Merci"—alone and palely loitering. His face was drawn, the bright crest of his hair disarranged beneath the hat pushed to the back of his head, his beautiful suit stale in the fresh morning sun.

"Been driving all night," he said. "I see you didn't worry."

She gazed at him sadly for a moment, sad because she felt so gentle toward him, and a fleeting pain stung her for violence that had departed. He had loved it so when she had broken the perfume bottles.



To eat or to read! That is the question Jack Oakie, star of "Collegiate" must decide about his novel birthday cake. Perhaps he will do both

"I'm sorry, Jimmy," she said. "I guess I'm a pretty disappointing person."

"You said you wanted to be alone. Did you get enough of it?"

She could not play scenes with him any more. She had not known that they had played so many.

"JIMMY," she said, "let's go on from yesterday. You made me see things."

"Then you're not going to ask Greenwood to come to the preview? Is that straight at last—or what are you trying to tell me?"

A wave of terror engulfed her at the thought of that preview without Geoff, and her head dropped back upon the pillow. Then her natural strength began to climb within her. She raised her head, and smiled, and reached out and patted his hand.

"I don't know what I was trying to tell you," she said, "so it might as well be that."

His hand imprisoning hers became electrical, following the relief on his face with another message, but she took her hand away. "Now go and get some sleep," she said.

"All right," he grinned, "I'm tired anyway!"

He went out like a conquering hero, blind to everything but local victory. She buried her face in the pillow, shivering with the discovery that Jimmy had stranger's skin.

Outside the little Santa Monica theater that Reuben had selected for the tryout of "Frightened Lady" there was no announcement beyond a furtive sign, "Studio Preview Tonite," purposely obscured beneath the regular billing. Preview dates and locations were always secret, guarded not only from other companies but even from most of the members of the studio whose picture was to be sprung.

In the middle aisle of the theater there were two roped-off rows of seats reserved for Superart executives. Jane and Jimmy slid into a back row where Jane could watch the round globe that was Reuben Goldmark's head. She could see Reuben's hands, too, applauding when "JANE HERNDON in FRIGHTENED LADY" flashed upon the screen—applauding his own title, she thought bitterly; Reuben's face had been very blank today at that conference. But the rest of the crowded house was not merely applauding the title. A satisfactory murmur repeating her name wavered through the audience like a little earthquake shock, picked up immediately by the welcome of many hands. She could feel, with her trouper's sense, the tightening of interest all about her; not yet, then, was she quite forgotten. She was comfortable for a moment's warm flurry which passed as her face, leapt upon by one of Arch's new camera-angles, shot at her from the screen —"Frightened Lady" had started to run.

ALL around her that friendly interest held through the first sequence while she sat on the edge of her seat and watched Reuben's head. The plot hadn't begun to unwind. Geoff always said, "Oh, how lovely a play can be, until the poison of the plot creeps in."

"You see?" Jimmy whispered. "It's going swell!"

"Because it hasn't started yet!" she snarled back. That was just like a ham actor. Full of hooey at the slightest encouragement. She knew that no player could withstand the slings and arrows of his perilous trade without that armor of egotism; but at a moment like this one wanted a grim, scientific mind. One wanted a barometer as accurate as Reuben's head.

She didn't need to watch the screen to know when the poison of the plot began to creep in. She could tell to a split second when the interest around her broke, before the friendly people eager to enjoy the new Jane Herndon picture realized it themselves, while Jimmy went on holding her hand as blithely as if they were on one of their movie dates.

She watched Reuben's head slump until only the bald top shone over the rim of his seat like a crescent moon. Dreadfully soon after that the house started to walk. They started drifting out in twos and threes. Then they got really going.

It was the worst disaster Jane had experienced.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



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Perfect Camera Face

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

"The folks outside will think we had a fire," she said to Jimmy.

"Oh, it's just a hot night," said Jimmy.

She stared at him as the lights went on and those few Casabiancas left in the theater applauded perfunctorily. He really believed it. They came out into the lobby, and a young man with a fair rough head was coming down the balcony stairs.

"Hey, Geoff," she said, "Jimmy thinks it was just a hot night."

Geoff stopped. "That story would still have gone," he said, "if Arch hadn't dived all over the place with his camera. You should have caught it in the rushes."

"You know I never could tell about the rushes," she said. "Is it only his angles and that terrible story, Geoff—aren't I terrible too?"

AS she looked at him she was stabbed by a pang for her youth, gone forever, together with the violence of the scene he was expecting her to play; she could not tremble any longer when he looked at her; the water had gone out, leaving her and Jimmy stranded, staring at each other from alien shores. There was a tall, handsome actor who expected her to go home with him, in the midst of this turmoil in her life and the greater in her soul; and she knew now that she could not go home with a stranger; for it was true that they had never known each other, and perhaps were not destined to do so. Time must decide that, when she could be alone; time and a new Jane Herndon who might be worthy of knowing. And she must face the fact that by then Jimmy would have gone on, because, as he had so rightly told her, it was so much more her fault than his.



In the quaint dress she wears in "The Littlest Rebel," dainty little Shirley Temple performs for a sadly missed old friend of hers at the Will Rogers Benefit. She is with her dad and mother—Mr. & Mrs. George Temple

"Sure, you're terrible. You weigh a ton in the love-scene. But it all goes together. He's shooting you from the wrong side all through there and he's kept your voice on one tone for six minutes—"

"Jane," said Jimmy, "are you coming?"

THEY stared at Jimmy, amazed, two doctors interrupted in an emergency operation. Jane came back as she saw the dead white of his face, and his ears, flattened close to his head.

"Jimmy," she said, "this is serious. We've got to save this picture. Please stand by and let us try to fix it. It's got to be saved!"

"So have some other things got to be saved," said Jimmy. "I'm going now. You can come with me, or you won't find me at home when you get there."

There were beads of perspiration on her upper lip. Geoff gave her his handkerchief and she wiped them off.

"Jimmy," she said, "I won't be home either. I'll be at the Ambassador. You can get me there—any time you want to see me."

"Oh, any time I want to see you?" repeated Jimmy. "Just cut yourself a great big slice of Never, Lady Jane!"

Some fans stopped him in the street for autographs. She watched him smile easily at them and sign and drift beyond the calcium-rayed horizon. Her hands fell apart, and she saw that she had torn Geoff's handkerchief in two.

"You can catch him at the parking station," said Geoff.

"Oh, no, Geoff," she said, "I can't ever catch him. Some other girl will some day—she'll really know—all that I missed—"

And at the thought of that other girl whom Jimmy would know some day as Geoff knew her now she had a stab of jealousy as sharp as the pain for lost violence; and she knew that violence was not wholly gone. She looked at Geoff and smiled; and the pain went away a little. He was looking at the torn pieces of linen in her hands.

A round shadow fell between them and Reuben said, "Well, Jane, not so much fun tonight, eh?"

"Oh, the preview," she said. "You mean the preview."

Strange to remember how much she had cared about the preview a few minutes ago. It had rolled away somewhere now, perhaps more selfishness departing, as it would have to go, little by little. Reuben was not looking as glassy as she had thought he would.

"Well, Jane, I guess you were right about the story," he said. "Geoff here was always telling me the same thing. So now we got a picture that we know is bad and has to be in the Middle Western first-run houses by next Monday, so it's lucky for you, Jane, that this boy has written a new show for you which is a honey, because after next Monday, Jane, you'll need a honey."

"What are you saying, Reuben?" she cried. "Who wrote a picture for me?"

"Didn't you tell her?" Reuben asked Geoff. "Jane, this boy here has written a great picture for you which he says if we buy we got to let him direct you in it, and after tonight I guess we can see you need him on the set."

JANE gaped at Geoff. "You wrote a picture—all the way through—"

"He said you needed a new story," said Reuben, "and after tonight I believe him. Geoff, you come around in the morning and we'll sign, if you're not too tough about the money, because you got to remember that after tonight I'm a sick man."

"We can patch up the 'Frightened Lady' quite a bit, too," said Geoff.

"Except the title," said Reuben, "which has got to be changed, it's turning out too true to be good. Jane, you might stop gawping at the boy long enough to say goodnight to an old man who, if not possessing a heart of gold, has got anyway a mind that can see where gold still is, even if hidden by his own mistakes."

"I suppose that's one reason why you're a great man, Reuben," said Jane, "because you do go on from your mistakes. I'm going to try to. I wish you'd call this picture 'Enlightened Lady'."

Reuben made a rude face and rushed spurningly away to the group of smart people who were waiting for him on the sidewalk.

"No sales appeal—no sex appeal—no story interest!" he shouted back at them. "Nobody wants ladies to get enlightened—not their husbands or their children or their sweethearts! G'night, kids!"

There was enough light from the street for Jane and Geoff to go on looking at each other.

"Is that true?" said Jane. "Don't men like enlightened ladies?"

"Well," said Geoff, "Jimmy didn't."

"So you wrote me a picture," she said. "Good enough for Reuben to buy. You could do all that, when you got away from me."

"I lived on your thousands while I wrote it,"

Love, Fame and the Clark Gables

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

I'm afraid that's the only criticism of Clark's lovely wife, Rhea was a lady.

I think it smothered Clark. I felt it a long time ago.

Once I even dared to say something about it. But you see—Rhea was a lady and I don't think she could understand. I don't expect she does now.

But in time—the glamour wore off. Clark grew restless.

And Rhea I imagine just didn't think the job worth doing if she couldn't make him completely happy.

So the world, and fame, and all its petty trials and tribulations caught up with them. The very virility that had won Rhea in the beginning tortured her. The very elegance and dignity and charm that had won Clark began to smother him.

And beauty drifted away and left hunger on both sides—a hunger that has sent them out to begin all over again.

Edna Millay once wrote, "Tis not love's going dims my days, but that it died in little ways." I think we could write that as an epitaph above the love story of Clark and Rhea Gable. And drop a little wreath because—they were such swell people, and I wish so that they might have gone on being happy, and because I know Rhea will weep in secret for the boy she so loved, and because I am just a little afraid for Clark without her.



The travelers talk it over. Pretty Jean Parker has been to England; Clark Gable to South America. They were together at the Will Rogers Benefit

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THIS COLD WEATHER HAS CHAPPED MY HANDS SO I'M ASHAMED TO HAVE JACK SEE THEM

KEEP YOUR GLOVES ON, WOMAN, AND MEET ME IN FIVE MINUTES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

[SO NELL RUNS OUT TO THE NEAREST STORE]

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Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

"Perhaps she eats in between meals," Dick suggested with a chuckle

"If she does, she eats a lot. She'll eat a steak dinner and then take home a bowl of chili-beans, a thermos bottle of coffee and a carton of salad. She told the waiter she was taking food to a sick friend in an apartment across the hall. But the stuff all goes into her apartment."

Brent said thoughtfully, "I'm going to pay Ruth Gelder a visit. What else do we have on her?"

"She's been a narcotic user and she has a jail record."

"Straight goods?" Brent asked, surprise in his voice.

"Absolutely on the up and up. She went up for forgery, did nursing for the prison physician in the Big House. When she came out, she got a job in a hospital. Dr. Copeland met her there. He fell for her and gave her a job in his office."

"How about the narcotics?"

"She was an addict before she was sent up. She may have been hitting it while she was with Copeland. She broke away from him and tried to hide. He asked lots of questions trying to find her."

"She didn't change her name?" Brent asked suspiciously.

"She did for a while, that was while Copeland was looking for her. She's been in this apartment for about a week. When she took it she went back to using her own name."

"The telephone?" Brent asked.

"A private unlisted number, put in when she moved into the apartment."

"Okay," Brent said. "Tell Stan to beat it down to that Beachwood address and wait for me there."

He hung up the telephone, searched through the directory until he found the residence address of Ralston Chadburg, the district attorney. He then looked up the address and telephone number of J. Fenton Smith. Armed with this information, he dialed Western Union and said, "I wish to send a message, please."

"To whom is your message going?"

"To SONIA CHADBURG," Brent said, and then gave the address and telephone number of the district attorney's residence. "The message is to go as a straight telegram, and is as follows, 'VILMA FENTON PICTURE ACTRESS BEING INTERROGATED CONCERNING FINGERPRINTS ON DRINKING GLASS IN OFFICE YOU FREQUENTED WITHOUT FATHERS KNOWLEDGE STOP GET ACCESS TO FINGERPRINTS COMPARE WITH YOURS AND KILL INQUIRY.' The telegram," Brent said, "will be signed 'MERLA SMITH.'"

"Who is this talking, please?"

"J. Fenton Smith," and Brent gave the address and telephone number of the millionaire's residence.

"You're related to Merla Smith?" the operator asked.

"She's my daughter," Brent said gruffly. "You rush that telegram, charge it to my telephone, and don't ask so damn many questions."

He banged the receiver back on the hook, left the telephone booth and went to the car where Dead-Pan Peters was waiting for him.

"What's it?" Peters asked.

"The Gelder woman's keeping someone in her apartment. What does that mean to you?"

"Aw," Peters said deprecatingly, "you g-g-g-go ahead and tell *me*, Sherlock. You've had longer to think it over than I have. I don't mind playing Dr. W-W-W-Watson when there's an audience present, but when there's just the two of us, it's the b-b-b-bunk."

Brent grinned. "Well, she moved into a bachelor apartment about a week ago," he said. "Dr. Copeland had been looking for her. She'd changed her name to fool him. But she moved into this place under her own name. That means she *knew something was going to happen to Dr. Copeland.*"

"How do you f-f-f-figure that?" Peters asked. "She might've just decided to quit hiding."

"No. Copeland was still looking for her, so *she* hadn't been in touch with *him*. She'd very evidently been afraid of him ever since she'd left. Then, all of a sudden, she quit being afraid of him. That looks as though she knew he was going to be eliminated."

Peters nodded reluctant assent. "I'd like to f-f-find a hole in that reasoning, but I c-c-c-can't now."

"Okay," Brent said, "we'll go on from there. She's keeping someone in the apartment. That someone doesn't dare to go out, or else can't go out. He's either wounded or wanted. Whoever it is, he turned up unexpectedly."

"What m-m-m-makes you s-s-s-say that?"

"Because taking in the meals is a give-away. If she'd expected this person she'd have taken an apartment where she could've cooked."

Peters said, "S-s-s-sold. It m-m-makes sense."

"Now then," Brent demanded, "what funny business did you pull out at Alter's house?"

Peters looked at him in hurt surprise.

"Why, I didn't pull any f-f-funny business."

"The hell you didn't," Brent said grimly. "Come on, give me the low-down. I'm not going to be sore about it. This is once I'll do anything. I'm going to stand by Vilma Fenton and get her out of this if I have to go to jail for the rest of my life."

"Well," Peters said after a moment's pause during which his eyes made a surreptitious study of Brent's profile. "J-J-J-James B-B-B-Blakely, the p-p-p-picture director, got pretty c-c-crocked and went into the B-B-Brown Derby with a p-p-p-party. He j-j-j-jostled against me and I got s-s-sore and lifted his watch."

"And you left his watch out at Alter's place?" Brent asked.

"P-p-p-planted it on the f-f-floor in the b-b-basement," Peters admitted.

"For God's sake, what did you expect to gain by that?"

"Oh, it just m-m-m-messes the case up," Peters explained.

"Was the watch running?"

'Sure, I w-w-w-wound it up."

Brent said, "Peters, you're the damndest crook in the business. I should fire you, but as it is, I'm going to kiss you on the forehead. Ring up the office, tell Miss Silbey to ring up the Lost and Found department in the classified ads of all newspapers, tell them she's Mr. James Blakely's secretary, and have her put in an ad saying, 'LOST, ONE GOLD WATCH,' describe the watch and be sure to state it was lost sometime between seven P. M. and midnight. Have you got that straight?"

"S-s-s-sure, but his initials are on the w-w-watch and a picture of N-N-Norma W-W-Wenton, the actress, on the inside with an inscription, 'love and kisses from Norma to J-J-J-Jimmy-Boy.'"

Brent's face was grim "The ad's going to make things just that much harder for Jimmy-Boy and that much tougher for the district attorney."

"That'll g-g-g-give us more t-t-t-time," Peters grinned.

Brent looked at him. "Listen, brother," he said, "if we get caught on what we're doing in this case, the time *we* get will be given us by a judge!"

STAN WHITING was waiting at the Beachwood Drive address when Brent and Peters drove up. He moved out from the curb, jerked his head in a surreptitious greeting, then walked casually up a driveway which led to some garages back of the apartment house. Across the street, "Hoppy" Dixon, another of Brent's operatives, was seated in a car. He gave no sign of recognition.

Brent and Peters parked their car, walked up the driveway and met Whiting in a recess formed by a jutting corner of the apartment house.

"Well?" Brent questioned.

"I talked with Hoppy," Whiting said. "The jane he's on is up there. She may be getting suspicious. She's been to the window a couple of times looking over the scenery. Hoppy thinks she's hiding a wounded man. The jane I was trailing gave me the slip. Hoppy tells me she's up with the Gelder frail."

Peters, looking at Brent, said with patient

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

DETECTIVE Dick Brent was engaged by Lawyer Frank Alter to keep lovely Vilma Fenton, movie star, whom he calls Mary Smith out of the investigation of Dr. Copeland's murder. Alter tries to pin it on Brent. Brent escapes, questions Vilma, goes to Alter's home, sees him talking to Merla Smith, debutante. When Brent enters, she had disappeared. There's a scream. Merla runs in. "It tried to choke me!" she cries. They find Alter's body,—face down—with a knife in his back. Merla denies the murder, says Copeland was a blackmailer and suggests Ruth Gelder a nurse knows something. Brent proves Alter's murderer was barefooted. Vilma denies knowing two people "Fahey" and "Nixon" connected with Copeland. Brent watches her work on the movie set, hoping she is in love with him. Demoniacal laughter is heard, a voice screams "Revenge!" and a huge steel spotlight shoots downward from the roof at the exact spot Vilma stands. Brent sweeps her aside just in time. As she revives, the District Attorney's men come to take her for questioning on Dr. Copeland's murder. On what grounds?

resignation in his voice, "I suppose you're g-g-g-going up there."

"Sure I am."

"And take me."

"You guessed it, Peters."

"What'll you b-b-b-bet this g-g-g-guy she's hiding isn't the goof with bare feet?"

Brent stared at him and said, "Now, *that's* a thought."

He turned to Whiting, "Watch the back, Stan. Have Hoppy cover the front. If you hear guns popping, come on up. If I toss a chair out the window, call the cops. If I don't come to the window and give you some sort of a signal within five minutes, come up anyway. Let's go, Peters."

They climbed two flights of stairs in silence.

Peters said in an undertone, "They t-t-t-tell me these c-c-c-crazy guys have the strength of t-t-t-t-ten men."

"In that case," Brent told him, "you'd have the strength of fifteen men. How do you feel?"

"N-n-n-not so hot," Peters admitted. "Perhaps I'm an intellectual after all."

THEY walked from the stairs, toward the front of the building. Brent raised his hand, knocked on the door of the front apartment. A woman's voice on the other side of the door inquired, "Who is it?"

"Telephone Company," Brent said. "There's a mix-up on your telephone. We'll have to change the number."

"You can't come in now, I'm dressing."

"Okay, lady," Brent said, "but remember that if anyone calls you, parties on the other line can hear every word that's said."

There was silence, broken at length by the sound of rustling motion. Brent's ears caught the hissing, sibilant sound of whispers.

"What's the number you were sent to service?" the woman on the other side of the door asked.

"Just a minute," Brent said, "I've got to consult my work-sheet." He pulled his note-book from his pocket and read off the number which he had received from Peters.

The bolt snapped back, the door opened and a woman started to say something. The words froze on her lips. Her eyes wide with panic, she stared into the purposeful faces of the two men. Dick lowered his shoulder as she tried to slam the door. Peters dodged through the opening like a football player squeezing through a gap in an opposing line. Brent followed Peters, kicked the door shut behind him and twisted the bolt.

THE woman who had opened the door was attired in pink silk underwear. She had a kimono thrown half over her shoulders. She grabbed at the edges of the kimono and pulled it together. Merla Smith, standing slightly behind her, came indignantly forward. Recognizing Brent, she stood speechless.

"Well," Brent said, "you found Miss Gelder, I see."

Merla Smith surreptitiously nudged the girl in the ribs and said, "This isn't Ruth Gelder. You've made a mistake. This is Frances Moffet, an old friend of mine."

"Snap out of it," Brent told her. "Be your age."

"I'm telling you the truth."

"You wouldn't kid me, would you?"

"I wouldn't even try."

"And what's Miss Moffet got to do with the case?"

Merla Smith tried sarcasm. "Oh," she said, "*haven't* you heard. She's the little Miss Moffet who sat in a corner, eating pumpkin pie."



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"That wasn't Miss Moffet, that was Jack Horner," Brent said. "Miss Moffet did something else."

Merla Smith changed her tactics. "You've a crust," she said, "barging in here this way and impersonating a telephone man. You might get in serious trouble doing that. Look at Miss Moffet. Look at the way she's dressed."

Dead-Pan Peters, standing slightly behind Brent, said, "You don't have to t-t-t-tell *me* to l-l-l-look, lady."

"Shut up, Bill," Dick said.

Merla Smith stepped in front of the other woman, pulled the kimono down over her shoulders. "You big brutes," she said. "Get out of here."

"We want to talk with Miss Moffet."

SHE hesitated a moment, apparently thinking against time, then said, "Go on into the bathroom, dear. You can dress in there. You've got some clothes on the hook behind the door." She gestured significantly toward the bathroom. "I'll entertain these *gentlemen* out here."

The other woman nodded, walked rapidly to the door of the bathroom, stood in front of it for a moment and, raising her voice, said "I'll go in here and change my clothes."

She opened the door a few inches, slipped through the opening and slammed the door shut. She twisted a bolt and a moment later there was a sound of a window sliding open, the noise of scraping motion coming from the bathroom. Merla Smith started a rapid patter of half hysterical conversation. Brent pushed her to one side, sent his shoulder against the bathroom door. Wood splintered as the lock gave way. The door banged against the edge of a washstand and recoiled, shivering on its hinges.

A man with one bare foot propped against the edge of the wash bowl was half way through an open window which opened on the fire escape. He was about thirty-five, was dressed in trousers, belt and undershirt. A growth of black stubble covered his face, giving to his eyes a wild, staring appearance.

Brent grabbed him by the ankle, pulled him back into the room.

"Damn you!" the man said. He kicked with his bare foot, missed, and swung a haymaker.

Dick, stepping inside the swing, sent out his right in a short-arm jab. The fist caught the man on the jaw, sent him staggering off-balance. The edge of the bathtub struck him just back of the knees. He fell backwards. Flinging out his arms, he kept from striking his head by catching the sides of the bathtub.

The man eased himself down into the bathtub, lay there motionless, staring up at Brent, vicious hatred in his eyes.

"Cop, eh?"

"Not exactly," Brent said.

"A dick?"

"Private."

The man, without taking his eyes from Brent, raised his voice and called, "It's okay, Ruth. He'll listen to reason. Dig into the war chest and pull out some sugar."

"Get up," Dick told him. "Come on in and join the family circle, but don't get funny."

"Who's getting funny," the man asked, climbing from the bathtub, his eyes warily watching Dick. "I'm talking sense."

Dick pushed him through the door.

"Who's going to do the talking?" Dick asked, looking from Ruth Gelder to Merla Smith.

"I am," the man said. "I have five nice new hundred-dollar bills for *you*." He jabbed his finger at Dick, then turned to Peters and said, "And five hundred for you."

Brent said, "That isn't the kind of talk I want. I want facts."

"Make it seven-fifty each," the man said, "and that's my limit."

Dick turned to Merla Smith.

"You're in deep enough," he said. "In your position, you can't afford to ride. It's time for you to start walking back."

"When I need some advice from you," she snapped, "I'll ask for it. *You're* not in such a sweet spot yourself."

Dick turned to Peters. "Ring up the cops, Bill, and tell them we've got the man who murdered Frank Alter."

"You're crazy!" Merla Smith screamed.

Ruth Gelder, who had been pulling the torn kimono about her bare legs, said dejectedly, "Oh, what the hell's the use?"

Brent swung to face her. "You," he said, "have a record. You play this thing through and you'll go up as an habitual criminal."

The man raised an angry voice in which there was panic. "Ruth, if you sell out on me, I'll . . ."

"Go on," Brent told Ruth Gelder. "Spill it."

"Ruth, do you know what you're doing?" Merla Smith asked.

"Shut up," Brent said, without taking his eyes from Ruth Gelder. "*She* knows what *she's* doing. *You* don't know what *you're* doing."

Ruth Gelder said in a voice of utter weariness, "I'm through. I told him I was finished. He didn't kill Alter, but he did bump Dr. Copeland."

A spasm of emotion crossed the man's unshaven countenance. "You rat!" he gritted.

He started toward her. Peters caught him about the waist, whirled him back to the studio couch. The man slammed down on the springs, jumped back up, sprawled head-long and grabbed at a table as though to steady himself.

"Jerry!" Ruth Gelder screamed.

His hands, moving with the swiftness of a striking snake, jerked open a drawer in the table.

Peters had his gun only half drawn when Jerry whipped blued steel from the drawer and turned the ominous black hole in the barrel toward the detectives.

"Stick 'em up, you rats!" he said.

Peters jerked up his hands, palms outward, his gun sagged downward. The barrel caught in the lining of his pocket, then dropped to the floor. Brent didn't so much as move. "Come on, Wise Guy," the man said, "stick 'em up."

Brent stared steadily at Merla Smith. "You can't get away with it, Jerry," he said. "My men have the place covered front and back." Then he went on, speaking to Merla, "A sweet bunch of playmates you've got! Do you know the spot you'll be in if this goof pulls the trigger?"

"Drop it, Jerry!" Ruth Gelder commanded.

THE man backed toward the bathroom. Knuckles pounded on the panels of the door. The knob turned. Stan Whiting shouted, "Open up in there!"

Dick Brent turned toward the door.

"Touch that knob and you're a dead man," the man with the gun half screamed.

Dick paid no attention to him. Moving with the unhurried calm of one who is absolutely certain of himself, he twisted the knob on the door.

"You asked for it," the man with the gun half screamed, and braced his shoulder against the gun's recoil.

(*The gripping drama and suspense of this thrilling story go on to a smashing conclusion in next month's* PHOTOPLAY *with, at last, the solution of the mystery.*)

On the Spot News

Fred Astaire is delighted that the lovely Adele, his sister, is talking of coming over to dance with him in pictures. He thinks she is the greatest girl dancer in the world. She is Lady Cavendish you know.

Jean Harlow is going up to Big Bear for the winter sports.

Hollywood is happy that Victor Jory and his wife are recovering nicely from the automobile accident they had some weeks ago.

John Barrymore is "not" seeing Elaine Barrie, regardless of the gossip. A new young romance is Johnny Downs and Anne Shirley.

Gary and Sandra Cooper celebrated their second wedding anniversary last Sunday. Gary is expected to sign a new Paramount contract soon, and then they will leave for three months alone together in Bermuda — foiling all the gossipers.

Handsome Bob Taylor has just received an envious new contract.

Lillian Lamont, Fred MacMurray's fiancée is recovering from a throat operation. She is so pretty, she really ought to be in pictures.

Bennett Cerf and Sylvia Sydney will spend all the holidays in New York together.

Grace Moore and her husband, Vincent Parera are entertaining Elsie de Wolf (Lady Mendl).

It's getting to be quite gay, with all the titles around town.

Francis Marion has Lady Victoria Paget visiting her. Countess Di Frasso has lovely little Mary Taylor for the holidays.

Joan Crawford is working terrifically hard with Bill Robinson on new tap dances; also with the well known Adolf Bolm. The fans have been howling for another "Dancing Lady" from Joan.

There is no truth in the rumors of a reconciliation between Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor.

Ginger Rogers is a blonde now . . . and going to stay one.

Eric Linden is back with his real heartbreak . . . a Pasadena débutante now that the rumors of his romance with Cecilia Parker are exposed as so much publicity.

The Private Life of a Talking Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

and 8,000 women; that this properties warehouse shelters chairs and sofas and beds and kitchen paraphernalia in sufficient quantities to furnish 3,000 moderate-sized homes; that that developing laboratory handles 600,000 feet of film every day of the year.

You discover things in terms of multiple digits: 28,000 yards of cloth, 20,000 books and plays, a half-million this, a million that.

You understand there are 117 different trades and professions practiced here, and that there are 176 types of jobs listed on the official studio application blank. You stand helpless in a rain of departments—accounting, air-conditioning, art, camera, carpenter, casting, commissary, cutting, drafting, electrical and machinery, first aid, garage, make-up, wardrobe, miniature, music, paint, police, projection, script, still, transportation. There are more.

There is the barber shop. There is the railroad station. There is the schoolhouse . . .

"Yes, indeed," you say brightly. "Astounding. But where do you *make* the movies? I want to see cameras turning, actors emoting, directors directing." And so you are guided tolerantly to 24 cement sound-stages, informed they are each large enough to hold a full-sized football field and grandstand, told that three-fourths of all production is accomplished here—and allowed to watch the stars go endlessly through their paces.

BUT as you watch, thinking of your motion pictures in terms of these people, considering a feature talkie as consisting only of scenery and the Big Names laughing and talking and moving across it—*remember one thing:* that those actors and actresses comprise only .075 of the whole production; that it takes 2100 human beings to work out one unit, one talkie; and that for every Joan Crawford and every Clark Gable and every Garbo there are 15 unseen but absolutely essential personalities working day and night!

People are the important things in this wonderful city. It is the 5,000 people working as one machine, specialized, capable, who make the movies. Said famous Director Richard Boleslawski to me, "In motion pictures we are dealing with intangibles; horror on a man's face, a woman's kiss, the cry of a child in trouble. We use some machines—the camera, the sound recorder—but to produce the abstract, the intangible, man's trained hands and brains are far more important.

"Before Garbo kissed Fredric March in 'Anna Karenina' 12 studio research men had to find out the appearance of a Russian railroad station during the days of the Czar. Architects drew plans. Three hundred carpenters built the setting. Experts produced authentic signs and back-ground props. The faces of the actors were made-up by authorities who knew just exactly what degree of charm would pass from that make-up to the film. Sound engineers caught the level of voice-tone that sounds best in a theater. Electricians trained lights for correct photographic illumination. The director discussed exact tempo, psychological effects with the cast. Cameramen judged light, opened lens correctly."

Insist on G-E MAZDA *lamps –*





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He banged the table for emphasis. "A camera may break, to be repaired in ten minutes by technicians who can cut a human hair lengthwise into thirty parts, who can correct a fault to one ten-thousandth of an inch. But if one brain is checked off for illness—*there* is cause for worry!"

Thus it is with these 5,000 people and their jobs that this series of articles must deal. You must know, when you have finished, something about the exciting intricacies of their daily lives, as contrasted with ordinary workers of the outside world. You must understand why a studio carpenter holds himself ready at any moment to build a ship, a French apartment, a native hut or the Parthenon, whereas any other carpenter in the world spends his life putting together replicas of the



A friend in need. Frank Albertson renders emergency treatment to taffy-haired Mary Carlisle between scenes in the M-G-M production, "Kind Lady," from the play based on the story by Hugh Walpole

eternal cottage and office-building. You must see the difference between film developers who work with snap-shots taken by the great American public on its vacation, and film developers who bring to light the expensive expressions on Robert Montgomery's face.

AND at the end you will have followed the steps taken by this legion of 5,000 in the making of sixty features and sixty-five shorts every year. You can say to your friends, "Did you know that when a story is purchased by a studio, a supervisor is first assigned to its production? Then writers re-create it in terms of continuity and dialogue; the director, supervisor and casting director select the players; the music department arranges songs and background music; sets are designed, built by the construction department, and furnished by prop boys. Electricians and cameramen set up equipment directed by a business manager who has a budget.

"And gowns are designed, made by the wardrobe department. And there are months of research. And the director is in absolute charge but still responsible to his supervisor. And the average film takes two months to complete. And . . ."

LIFE and a movie begin with an idea, a plot—and M-G-M spends annual millions, maintains an entire department, for the development of "story."

"Story House" like a great windowed coffin sits diffidently hidden behind less important buildings, and has two floors. Upstairs is a bare silent room in which twelve men and women sit all day, reading. The chairs in which they lounge are comfortable ones, and over each shoulder the green neck of a light cranes curiously. There is no noise.

These people are all college graduates, professional writers, and absolute authorities in their own field of literature. They specialize: Hemingway to Hemingway-lovers; flowery intricate styles to friends of the adjective tradition. They are linguists, students of tongues and classics, and before their eyes have passed and is passing an eternal ticker-tape of print in thirty different languages.

Don't envy them. They must read every book, every magazine, every play, and every interesting news clipping that is published every year. And not for the pleasure of it; before each they hold an invisible score-sheet. Is it adaptable for motion picture production? Is it potentially interesting to a jaded public? Can the personalities and appearance of the characters be reproduced on celluloid by the Metro staff of a hundred stars and feature players? And is the subject a censurable one?

This expert reading maw is a voracious one. Its annual consumption is 20,000 different stories. When each book is finished the reader, laying aside his glasses, writes a synopsis of it; this with a report as to its suitability is sent downstairs—and a new volume in a fresh unwrinkled jacket waits beside the chair. . .

"Downstairs" sounds like a bedlam, looks like a madhouse, but is actually the most methodical hive of humming efficiency in the studio. Here, within two minutes, a secretary can hand to a producer any fine story ever written. Here, in this story library, are filed one half million synopses and the records of every great author, past or present, who has dropped his pen in the ink of genius since the early Greek period. These records are revealing things: they tell you everything a man has written; when he wrote it; to whom he sold it; and if, when, and where it has been produced. They're invaluable when there is copyright trouble.

An amazing woman with a steel-cabinet brain—her name is Dorothy Pratt—is Custodian Supreme of this library. She had worked out a cross-index system where suitable plots are listed after the names of the stars who might be able to play them: "Beery, Wallace—Treasure Island; Viva Villa; West Point of the Air," for example.

I took orders from Dorothy for one day.

"The public has a question," I said to her as, frowning and biting my tongue, I shuffled index-cards into their proper order. "You say eighty per cent of your pictures are made from best-sellers, and lately a lot have been done from well-known classics. But sometimes things are left out, scenes changed, others added. Why not give it to them intact?"

"WE try to as much as possible," she told me. "When we secure a literary property of great traditional value, such as 'Copperfield' or any Dickens work, or 'Treasure Island', it's only good business to show it in all faithfulness, comma for comma, period for period. But my Gosh, it would take *five hours*—thirty *reels*—to do that. And there isn't an audience in the world that can sit still before a screen longer than two hours. That's been tested.

"So first we go through a session of pure condensation, cutting passages that may be beautifully done but that don't help the story along. Then our writers build up scenes to bridge the condensation gaps, transitions to smooth out the jerky effect caused by slashing and finally they add action to written passages literally lovely but dynamically slow.

"If they do their work well the public is acutely conscious of the scenes we saved and forgetful of portions discarded. Sometimes four or five scripts are written before the producer is satisfied. It all comes down to one trouble: we can't photograph the thoughts in a man's head—and it's the stream of consciousness that comprises two-thirds of any good book."

But this is routine. It is only part of the living tractor-belt that carries a story from printing press to celluloid. After it is sent downstairs with its report from the reading room, Dorothy Pratt and her assistants classify it and send it at once to Sam Marx, head of the department. If the synopsis bears out a good report he reads the original—and if his answer is "Yes," it is mimeographed and sent to all the producers. It is after they have decided to make the story that scenarists take it over and wreak their havoc—their necessary havoc—so that the finished product will be smooth and seamless and fascinating

I sat opposite Sam Marx in the small cool room of the high windows and low chairs he calls office. And I said, "Why can't just anybody write a scenario? What about the man

in the street who comes out of a theater and says to his wife, 'If I couldn't write a better plot than *that* darn thing . . .'; or the wife: 'Do you remember what I told you Grace told me about George and Beatrice and the night at the inn? Well, don't you think that would make a swell movie?' "

I wanted to know, "Why wouldn't there sometimes be a good story, something real and fresh and simple, in the things those people think about? Why couldn't they just bat them out and send them in, and your writers could do the polishing—?"

Marx laughed softly. "Don't think they don't bat them out and send them in," he said. "We get hundreds every week. But we send them back unopened. We have to. You see former experience has taught us that only about one in every thousand of those home-spun tales would ever be suitable for picture use; so we don't bother. If you had the lights go out in your house you'd send for an expert electrician, not an amateur with no experience at all, wouldn't you? So we go to professional writers for our stories.

"And *there is no shortage of film material*, even though most of the other studios have said the opposite. We add 1400 new synopses every year to our list, and half again that many in New York." He grinned. "Seems to me that's plenty to choose from.

"Of course," Marx went on, "our biggest worry is plagiarism. We triple-check in the filing rooms against that, and our copyright department is very careful, but even so—and you can imagine what trouble we'd have if we let in all the *amateur* literary borrowers too."

FROM this amiable young man I learned the Three Steps a story takes after it has been okayed for production.

Number one is "treatment". A scenarist, assigned always the type of story most suited to his personality and capability, transforms the original book into a running synopsis in which all scenes not susceptible to filming are eliminated: in which censurable portions are cut; and in which characterizations are altered to fit screen limitations. Some scenarists do this in five typed pages—and some in a hundred.

Step two is the breaking of this "treatment" into scenes—dialogue and continuity. "And in the last few months," interjected Marx, "we've begun to do this without use of technical terms such as 'long shot', 'break into' and all the old script patter. The famous authors and playwrights we bring here balk at learning the slang, and as a result interpretation is left to the director. It's an improvement."

Step three is the high-finish polish, in which some noted scrivener is called in to perfect the dialogue.

Sometimes one writer can do all three steps but this is seldom; the studios believe in specializing.

"Ben Hecht," Marx told me, "is one of those all-around wonders—in fact I'd call him the greatest screen writer living today."

When a script is completely finished and ready for the director, its blue cover is taken off and a yellow jacket tacked on: yellow signifies 'finis' for the story department.

Thus my story of 'story' is now invisibly encased in lemon-color. In the next article, while a third of the studio studies its script, we'll sneak behind the scenes of the next major phase of movie-making—with all its surprise and amazing detail: that of the players themselves, and their make-up and wardrobe.



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The Secret Behind Laughton's Acting

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

He must show in his movements and on his face what is going on in the recesses of the character's heart—he must be that character without any inhibitions, defenses down. . . .

"My part in 'Les Miserables,' for instance, —when *Javert* was about to commit suicide. There was a man whose entire life was built around a single ideal: his belief in the law as an inviolable thing—as something more important than justice. When he found that this one premise of his life, this thing he had wasted so many years fighting for, was really wrong after all, then there was nothing left for him. And in real every-day affairs the man would probably have looked frightened or crazy or sorrowful or perhaps he would not have had any expression at all.

"BUT subconsciously there would have been the presence of a great light in his heart—there would have been the exaltation and awe that dying men must feel at the approach of death.

"So I stood against the wall with my face raised to the sky, as if God were there somewhere and I could see Him. . . ."

I remembered suddenly the night I had watched that scene from my seat at a preview; and next to me a woman had whispered to her companion, "Now after that I can forgive *Javert* for everything he did earlier in the picture. It was all worth it to see a man look like that. . . ."

Laughton had finished his coffee and he thoughtfully stirred the sugar in the bottom of the cup. "I've never told anyone these things before," he went on, "because I didn't think it possible to put it on paper. But if you want to try—."

"I'm going to try," I told him.

"In my own case then," he continued, "I don't act any one scene for the scene itself—I try to discover what mood is behind the entire story, what one definite impression the writer wanted to leave with the audience. Then every movement of mine, every word I speak, is working toward that impression.

"In 'Ruggles of Red Gap' the theme was that an English man-servant, steeped in the tradition of servility, should find his own individuality, a freedom of body and soul, in America. Thus there was not a moment during any part of the picture that my mind was not constantly on the climax, where *Ruggles* speaks the Gettysburg Address. Everything led up to that—the tones in my voice, the sissy walk, the servile attitudes—and when the Address came, it was my opportunity to thank America for what it has done for me. And I took it."

"You took it," I nodded. "It was more or less a gift to us, hearing that beautiful thing read like that."

We sat quiet for a time while he repeated softly random snatches of the speech, occasional sentences remembered. On the table before us was a great bowl of red poppies; and through the open windows, a finger of breeze moved in and touched them, catching light from the crinkled petals. From this circumstance, and with a sudden inflection in Laughton's voice, there came incongruously to me one of his best portrayals.

I said, "Do you remember in the ending of 'Henry VIII' when you sat before a great joint of broiled meat and tore mouthful after mouthful from it? What were you thinking then . . .?"

He tilted back in his chair and smiled. "You've hit on another instance of what I'm trying to get at today," he said. "I've always thought that the story of *Henry* was as much a saga of manners as a saga of wives—you see, in the matter of lusts, that particular Majesty was merely a temperamental child, the victim of conceit and his way of living.

"If Henry had lived decently, watched his diet, exercised himself, he might have been a clean-cut, civilized fellow with a clean-cut, civilized scale of values—he might have had a different attitude toward throne and bedroom. Then, too, when his story is told we have the



Whoa, there! A merry-go-round horse on the set for "Strike Me Pink" objects to Eddie Cantor changing horses in the middle of a ride. Eddie seems to object to being "horsed"

advantage of seeing it through a retrospective glass; we can see his table lack-o'-manners from a grandstand built of knives and forks and serviettes."

Laughton touched his spoon with a manicured finger. "Therefore when I ate anything in '*Henry VIII*' I was thinking always of the progress of etiquette since that day. My mind was busy with a study in contrasts between slabs of roast in the fingers and cubes of roast impaled on a silver fork. That was what I was thinking in the final scene while I gnawed my hunk of meat. . . ."

HIS voice paused as he looked through the tall windows and out over the bay. Just heading to sea, the *Bounty*, like a moment from the eighteenth century, moved proudly below us.

" '—swelling her white-bellied sails the wanton ship—' " quoted Laughton softly. "What a magnificent sight that is! That boat—" he stood up and pointed—"is really the story of 'Mutiny On the Bounty.' Not a tale of men, nor of years, nor of purposes, but the moods of a ship as she leaves the port; as she breasts forward before the wind; as she twists and turns in a storm; as she arrives at her destination. . .

"And those moods must get into my voice when I speak, into my gait as I walk! When I give the 'Prayer To Be Used At Sea', I must not think in terms of reverence so much as I must remember that the camera cuts to a long shot of the *Bounty* just as you see her now, pushing with her dignity and beauty over and on. I must catch the picture in my words—'O eternal Lord God who alone spreadest out the Heavens and rulest the raging of the sea, who has compassed the waters with bounds until day and night—' "

As the prayer came swiftly in his low sonorous voice, I closed my eyes and let the individual words and intonations flow into a single colored mood through which a ship with white wings sailed proudly. And I thought, "This man, who can do this, has spoken in terms of wares, and brushes, and vegetables. . ."

Then in an instant the mood and colors had changed; he was reading for me the lines written for *Captain Bligh* on the arrival at Tahiti, and in the triumphant finality of the voice, in the clipped settling-down and completion of the tone quality, the end of a voyage was captured for me.

" ' — We're here—Tahiti at last! England to Cape Horn, Good Hope, Africa, New Zealand, Van Dieman's Land — ' " I saw the ship furling sail, dropping anchor, resting quiet. . .

AND so for an hour we sat over our empty cups, while I learned of what stuff acting is made.

I began to realize that these things of which Laughton had been speaking were not included in any text-book on acting, that they were not merely the structure of a technique which any pseudo-thespian could learn by study.

These were the abilities of a man with tremendous insight beyond that of human nature —these formed the web between talent and genius.

On the day that I talked with him we had stood on the Isthmus pier for an hour while he watched intently the movements of a fisherman below us. This was an Island character who, after many years, had come to be a part of his little boat; whose movements as he sculled and threw his spear were a sort of incarnate grace.

"I must learn to move like that in a scene that I shall do some day . . ." Laughton whispered to me. . . .

It was not until we had finished our coffee at Banning House that I understood. Men who have worked with Charles Laughton say that in this business of portrayal he considers and takes into account subtleties that his contemporaries do not even know exist. They say he has spent days trying to catch for his own use a certain nautical gleam in the eye of the *Bounty's* bos'n's mate; that his posture as he stands on the deck is more important to the final effect than the lines others speak.

These men, stars in their own right, agree without any hint of jealousy that he is the foremost actor in America. But none of them could have told you why. . . .

The Facts of Hollywood Life

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

Ben Bernie led *Dorothy Wesley* in a wedding march at Miami Beach, Florida. Forgot to kiss his new bride

Peggy Watters, *Lyle Talbot's* ex-girl friend, teamed up with *Millard* (*Dixie Howell*), Rose Bowl football phenom, in Mexico City, Mexico

Shirley Grey battled English customs officials to enter England and wed *Arthur Margetson*, British screen actor

IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENTS

Polly Ann Young, sister of *Loretta Young* and *Sally Blane*, named mid-January for nuptials with *Carter Hermann*, Pasadena socialite.

Pola Negri made another of her mysterious announcements that she would wed an unnamed "British statesman" any day now.

Mary Brian and *Buddy Rogers* broke down abroad and admitted they were altar bound soon

MADONNAS

Barbara Bennett Downey, wife of tenor *Morton Downey*, sister of *Connie* and *Joan Bennett* raised the Downey family to six with a new baby boy.

Evelyn Venable presented hubby *Hal Mohr* with nine-and-a-half pound *Dolores Venable*. Warner Brothers employees got cigars.

Frances Dee gave son *Joel Dee McCrea* a brand new baby brother. Name, *David Thomas*. Papa *Joel McCrea* called off his new picture's preview to hover around.

PARTED PATHS

Lina Basquette and *Teddy Hayes*, former trainer of *Jack Dempsey*, decided to call it a day.

AT THE BAR

Betty Boyd paid a $10 contempt of court fine rather than spend a day in jail. She violated a judicial injunction in a complicated litigation

Stepin Fetchit posted bond on a charge of disorderly conduct and assault in Baltimore. He was handy with a club, the sergeant said

Mary Carlisle was legally blamed for tagging a man with her auto fender Cost her $2700 damages.

Helene Costello was awarded $4655 from the estate of her late husband, *Lowell Sherman*, for trinkets and household articles she valued.

Hal Le Seur, brother of *Joan Crawford*, was held blameless for the death of a woman in an automobile accident.

Eleanor Boardman told the judge why she needed $943 a month for living expenses from her ex-husband, Director *King Vidor*

Evelyn Brent must pay two former servants $724, the court decreed in a civil suit.

SICK LEAVE

Director *Leo McCarey*, who tells *Mae West* and *Harold Lloyd* how to act, weathered a critical siege of rare Malta fever, contracted on a location trip.

Lupe Velez kept quiet for a few days after her tonsils were snipped.

Adolphe Menjou left a long hospital stay for home. But his bad tummy won't let him work for two more months.

ADIOS

To *Countess Zanardi-Landi*, mother of *Elissa Landi*.

A Word to the Fashion Wise

MUFFS seen recently include a huge flat pillow of sealskin, a fluffy lynx affair the size of a small barrel and a tiny black velvet cylinder for evening. Marian Marsh sponsors a new version in a quaint heart shaped muff of ermine and Adrian makes one of cŏque feathers for "The Great Ziegfeld" and tops off with a hat to match.

Remember the heavy gold watchchains our fathers wore, draped across their waistcoats? Una Merkel has made a necklace of one. She has had semi-precious stones mounted between the links and wears it in choker length. Individual and smart at the same time.

Felt hats for wear with tweeds and suits need no longer be snubbed by a mere ribbon or fancy leather trimming. Try a little bunch of white daisies, cornflowers and a scarlet poppy on a dark blue sailor and see how amusing the effect is when worn with a navy tailored suit. Tuck the same combination into your buttonhole and go out to meet the sunshine.

For her private wardrobe Dolores Del Rio has ordered from Irene a formal evening gown of double-faced black satin. Long sleeves cover the arms from shoulder edge to wrist. The decolletage is off-the-shoulder and the skirt hugs the hips and flares crisply to the floor

Inspired by the pearl buttons of the London coster Travis Banton uses a huge edition of them for a wide belt to be worn with white satin pyjamas. They are set so close together that they overlap. Claudette Colbert wears this in "The Bride Comes Home."

Time was when colored gloves were anathema. Now they may be used with discretion to accent a costume. Constance Collier wears them in elbow length Irish green suede with a black and white crepe evening frock. Match the glowing red of your carnation corsage to long velvet gloves and try them with a black evening gown.

Wear sandals of the same shade and make your entrance with authority

Yellow is distinctly a happy color. Wendy Barrie knows this and loves to wear yellow blouses and sweaters with her gray or blue tailored suits. A beret of the same soft shade or a casual felt sports hat and yellow chamois gloves may carry out the color scheme.

You cannot separate a woman and her bag. Jeanette Mac Donald carries one which is certainly tops for usefulness. Shaped like an old fashioned saddle bag, made of brown kid and trimmed with copper banding, the long strip of kid which forms it is crushed in the center to provide a handle. One pouch houses a pen, checkbook, coin purse and all the odds and ends a woman needs, while the other contains a beauty kit.

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PARIS LONDON

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

MISTER HOBO—GB

GEORGE ARLISS, after his serious *Richelieu* and *Iron Duke* rôles, is in a delightfully refreshing tale in which he protrays a blithe spirit of the road. Arliss and his friend, *Flit*, played to perfection by Gene Gerrard, are befriended by *Madeline Granville* (Viola Keats). Arliss saves her iron works from ruin and goes his way, south with the sun.

DANGEROUS—Warners

PLENTY strong is the dramatic fare in this story of a "jinx" actress who destroyed the lives of all who dared to love her. Bette Davis as the actress, *Joyce Heath*, bites deeply into her punchy rôle, but Franchot Tone as the architect whom she ensnares is the real surprise and strength of the film. Margaret Lindsay, John Eldredge, Alison Skipworth.

$1000 A MINUTE—Republic

IF you've worried about how you'd spend a thousand a minute for twelve hours if you had the chance, then tag along with Roger Pryor, a busted reporter who falls into such an opulent job. But it's not so easy, with everyone, including the police and your best girl, thinking you're either a robber or a lunatic.

NEVADA—Paramount

A ZANE GREY Western yarn is usually good reading, and this Zane Grey film is a little better than the average screen exploits of the sagebrush boys—but it's still a Western. Buster Crabbe and Sid Saylor are suspected strangers who prove their mettle in a cattle rustling war. Monte Blue is the real bad man. Grand scenery, action and Kathleen Burke.

MISS PACIFIC FLEET—Warners

THE team of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell again skitter through a lightweight comedy cut to a pattern which is rapidly becoming as monotonous as it is unworthy of their talents. This time the plot hangs on a popularity contest to elect a "Miss Pacific Fleet." Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins clown through broad comedy.

MY MARRIAGE—20th Century-Fox

THE solid performances turned in by the players raise this weak and confusing picture to acceptable entertainment. Wealthy Claire Trevor is in society until her father's murder reveals him as an underworld character. Loyal lover Kent Taylor defies the schemes of his aristocratic mother, Pauline Frederick, by marrying and protecting Claire who, with the aid of friendly cop Paul Kelly, untangles several murders to clear the way.

RACING LUCK—Winchester-Republic

A COUPLE of novel twists save this unpretentious stock racing story from being absolutely colorless. William Boyd is honest *Dan Morgan*, ruled off the turf by the trickery of his rival, *Hammond*, (Ernest Hilliard.) George Ernest is splendid as little *Jimmy Curtis* who persuades Morgan to buy one of his rival's discarded horses and train it by making it, of all things, swim. Barbara Worth as *Jimmy's* sister provides a mild love interest.

RING AROUND THE MOON—Chesterfield

DONALD COOK, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Ann Doran enact the leads in this story of the daughter of a wealthy publisher, who, to further her romantic cause with a reporter, has him fired and then proposes and marries him. The reporter's true sweetheart marries the other man and the four lives get all tangled up. Sounds kind of complicated, but it works out into a creditable bit of entertainment.

LAST OF THE PAGANS—M-G-M

A GEM of tropic beauty, a charming idyll of primitive love—here is a picture to take you away from yourself. Filmed in the South Seas with an authentic pantomine perfect native cast, it relates a mighty Polynesian hunter's fight for the right to love. Ray Wise and Lotus Long, late of the frigid "Eskimo," seem to belong in this lush South Sea setting.

WE'RE ONLY HUMAN—RKO-Radio

DID you play "cops and robbers" when you were a kid? Then you'll love this action-packed, see-saw battle between a killer's gang and brawny but brain shy detective Preston Foster. As usual, the newspapers are in on the city feud, which lets Jane Wyatt, a surprisingly ubiquitous reporteress, hang around and finally soften a hard guy's heart. Some swift moments with James Gleason.

BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN—Paramount

TOPNOTCH Western stuff is this third of the "Hop-Along Cassidy" stories featuring William Boyd and Jimmy Ellison. This time *Cassidy* (Boyd) goes to the rescue of a neighbor who is suffering at the hands of a marauding band of cattle thieves. Ellison and Jean Rouverol take care of the romance end. Exciting fun and logical.

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—20th Century-Fox

RALLY 'round you Edward Everett Horton fans! Here's his latest and one of his funniest hot off the griddle. It's all about one of those civic-minded types of chaps who is so busy collecting up cups for promoting Eat More Cabbage, etc. weeks that his own paint business goes to wrack and ruin. Finally, with his back to the wall, the worm turns upon the unappreciative town and all ends well.

THE FIRE TRAP—Larry Darmour Prod.

HAVE a thrill on the fire department house by watching the exciting exploits of the laddies in the red tin hats in this well constructed story of a fire and insurance racket. Appraiser Norman Foster loves Evalyn Knapp only to discover her guardian uncle, Oscar Apfel, is in crooked cahoots with his, Foster's, own boss, Sidney Blackmer.

CORONADO—Paramount

THERE'S plenty of comedy, several trick dance routines and a number of catchy tunes in this story of a song writer in a band (Eddie Duchin's) who wins the love of a crooner-ess by the simple device of making her believe he's poor but honest. Johnny Downs is the boy, Betty Burgess, the girl, and society spot Coronado the background. Skip the weak plot and enjoy yourself.

GRAND EXIT—Columbia

HERE'S a plot heretofore untouched, no one knows why, by movie makers—the arson racket. Developed as it is by Columbia writers and well enacted by Edmund Lowe and Ann Sothern, it's chuck full of thrills and surprises. Worked into the plot of a sleuth's discovery of responsibility for a series of costly incendiary fires is a pleasing portion of humor and romance. You'll like this one.

CASE OF THE MISSING MAN—Columbia

THERE'S a neat twist to this mildly exciting murder mystery. A roving street photographer (Roger Pryor) accidentally photographs a hold-up man leaving the scene of his crime. To obliterate any trace, the criminal's gang beat up Pryor, destroy his camera and so forth in a series of encounters. But they don't get the original negative, so justice triumphs after all.

MIDNIGHT PHANTOM—Reliable

MURDER stalks a darkened room in police headquarters during a show-up of criminals and the chief is slain. Suspicion points in many directions, due to the odd assortment of witnesses at the show-up. Eventually Detective Reginald Denny solves the mystery. It's fairish entertainment with Denny unusually fine and Claudia Dell and Lloyd Hughes giving him competent help.

JUST MY LUCK—New Century

BAD luck seems to dog Charles Ray's persistent and not unwanted come-back trail. The bad luck this time lies in the mediocrity of production, direction and photography.

BROADWAY HOSTESS—Warners

BOGGED down by a slow-moving and improbable plot, this struggles along to a weak, uninteresting end. An unknown torch singer (Wini Shaw) is skyrocketed to fame and riches, as is her manager (Lyle Talbot). He marries an heiress, Wini weds her piano player (Phil Regan) although she loves Talbot. Marie Wilson's comedy bit is the sole bright spot.

THE GREAT IMPERSONATION—Universal

BARGAIN day here—four or five plots for the price of one. Edmund Lowe, a wastrel British peer, returns from an extended African drunk to his old home, impersonating himself, believe it or not. He mixes up in spy war plots, a man or ghost frame-up and all sorts of things until you're thoroughly mixed up yourself. Valerie Hobson, Wera Engels and Henry Mollison stew in the melodramatic ragout.

FIRST A GIRL—GB

THIS gay and tuneful film presents England's Number One singing and dancing star, Jessie Matthews, in the unusual rôle of a girl who hoaxes the public as a female impersonator, with some hilarious results in her private life. Miss Matthews is lovely and sings well as the little messenger girl who goes on the stage under such strange circumstances, though she doesn't dance quite often enough to suit us. Sonnie Hale is excellent as the original female impersonator with a yen to play *Hamlet*. In private life, Jessie is Mrs. Hale.

This Time It's No Modern Marriage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

several times with just about the same feeling of romance she'd have toward a dentist about to extract two teeth.

The first two or three appointments he was so busy keeping her mouth open and making her say "ahhhhhhhh" she didn't get a very good look at him. Even when she did, it wasn't love at first sight, though she was interested in the fine way her sinus was looking up! With further appointments, she did learn, however, that he was on the staff of two of Los Angeles' finest hospitals; that he gave hours of his time to a clinic which he had established, and that he was more interested in research than in anything else.

One day Claudette arrived at Dr. Pressman's office so late that she was just in time to catch that busy gentleman on his way out to lunch. Now Claudette is a movie star, and even busy doctors and lawyers and merchants as well as movie directors have been known to change plans for the glamorous queens of the screen. Claudette made some pleasant little excuse about being detained, but if he would excuse her (and everyone always did) they could go right on with the treatment now.

Dr. Joel Pressman, who is a graduate of the University of Virginia and the Harvard Medical School, and who is thirty-four years old and a very good looking young man, to boot, just looked at the starrish Miss Colbert and made no effort to get back into his nice white apron. In fact, in just the same voice as he later told the girl he loved that he thought she'd have to let her eyebrows grow back in, he reminded Miss Colbert that he was on his way to lunch!

It was probably the first time in years that a man hadn't changed his mind to suit Claudette's. And you know what that does to a woman, even if she is a movie star—The upshot of it was that he invited her to lunch with him *at the corner drug store because he has another appointment in fifteen minutes*, and what's more Claudette (who is very particular about her eating) went, and liked it!

After that, they began seeing each other without benefit of sinuses. They played golf and tennis together and Dr. Pressman beat her thoroughly and soundly without any concessions to her box-office standing in the world. Claudette was head over heels in love. And so was Jack Pressman.

AMUSING things began to happen to Claudette. As she started mastering impossible medical terms, she became less and less delicate in health. In fact, right now her health is practically perfect. She will explain, grinning at herself the while, that when she got around a decided medical man and found out how many germs it took, actually, to kill a person, she found she was no longer afraid of them. I know she found, too, a new fund of interest in Jack and his world.

It took her away from the petty exasperations in a star's career to listen to a man's story of the struggle between life and death. She discovered that dealing, as he was, with such truly great problems, he lost that wounded vanity and capriciousness that is natural to men in studios. And, as he introduced her to his world, she introduced him to hers, and both of them were made happy.

While she and Norman Foster had been separated for more than a year, I know she was delighted when she knew that he was falling in love again.

It was then that she got her divorce, and no one is more genuinely pleased that Norman's new marriage is happy than Claudette herself.

But it also gave her heart complete freedom.



When Claudette Colbert attended the opening of Max Factor's huge new Make-Up Studio in Hollywood, she was greeted by Miss Ruth Waterbury, the editor of PHOTOPLAY and Mr. Factor himself, dean of make-up artists

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Today she is going ahead with the plans for her new home. As soon as it is finished, she and Jack will be married. For sentimentally, she wants to enter it a Bride. The whole house, in fact, is full of sentimental touches, for actually this girl who prated so of modernity is as domestic as a tea kettle.

This will reveal her new spirit to you. The decorator brought her the room plans.

"Oh, now," said Claudette, "those won't do! The colors are lovely and the hangings, too, but they are too feminine, too much Colbert. Remember, there's going to be a man in this house. You must change this so he will feel comfortable here."

The soon-to-be Mrs. Pressman doesn't expect to give up her career, but she believes that the difference in hers and her new husband's career will be a safeguard.

She has got another safeguard—that's the temperament of Dr. Pressman himself. First of all, he is intelligent, he has the detached mind of a scientist, he realizes that autograph fans and crowds are the annoying factors in Claudette's career; just as inevitable as annoying hysterical patients and indignant calls are in his. He does not like to be popped at by photographers, but he's getting used even to that. Besides, he is very, very much in love, and wants to make just as much of a go of this old-fashioned marriage as Claudette does.

Also, he's another of the reasons why Claudette wants this to be an old fashioned marriage. He is the kind of a man who, I'm sure, wouldn't bother with any other kind.

And you'll never persuade me that a woman, movie star or otherwise, doesn't like a man to display that type of male dominance.

Take, for example, the matter of eyebrows—Claudette hasn't had a smitch of a one since "Cleopatra." Jack said, however, a month or so ago, he thought she'd look better with eyebrows. So the girl grew them, she who hated the darn things. And she thinks they are wonderful, now, so much more becoming to her than the lack of them ever was. They are, too, as a matter of fact.

But her growing them is an expression of love, that, and old fashioned wifely submission.

So, "The Bride Comes Home." And there's no girl in Hollywood who deserves her happiness more than Claudette does hers.

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

called, "do be careful."

"I'm a monkey," Shirley answered, which seemed to clear up the whole matter as far as she was concerned.

"You're a bad monkey," Mrs. Temple sighed.

But Shirley, for all her fame—of which she seems to be utterly unconscious—is a grand little girl. Bubbling over with energy, and the happiest child you could find anywhere, she has little of the obnoxious show off qualities common to Hollywood's becurled kiddies.

WE rolled our hoop over to the next stage, where John Ford, the director of "The Informer," is making "Shark Island." Quite likely you have never heard of Doctor Samuel A. Mudd, the leading character in this picture. Yet his story is one of the most tragic in American history

This is a true story. After assassinating President Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth escaped into the country. In his haste to get away from the avengeful mob, Booth broke his ankle. By merest chance, he ran into Dr. Mudd's home, where his injury was attended and from where he was sent on his way. For taking care of this killer, Dr. Mudd was sentenced to life on Shark Island, a lonely place off the Florida coast. Because of high public feeling, no newspapers of the time carried this story.

Next on our visiting list was "Follow The Fleet." Fred Astaire, a gob, is the envy of all his mates because whenever the boys hit a port the gals can't resist his hoofing. Being a generous as well as rhythmic gent, Fred tells the sailors that he will teach them how to dance, too.

The music strikes up and the gobs, dropping their mops, pick their partners and go into their dance. "Keep it up fellows while I dance with the wall flower," Astaire tells the sailors who dance with each other. The wall flower is a six-foot chap who gives Fred a pretty rough time of it. "The difference between dancing and wrestling," informs Fred, hanging on for dear life, "is that in dancing the idea is to keep your partner's shoulders *off* the floor."

"I dance collegiate," the wallflower answers.

We go on to Paramount. The first set we visit is "Give Us This Night," a musical starring Gladys Swarthout and the man who is upsetting all Hollywood, Jan Kiepura. Kiepura is the Polish tenor who started the current operatic vogue with his sensationally successful "Love Me Tonight." Before you go on the set you are warned that you mustn't smoke because it bothers Mr. Kiepura's tuneful throat. You are told that he will not use his melodic voice in speech for two hours after he has sung. You are informed that Mr. Kiepura sprays his lovely larnyx regularly after each bit of dialogue. So you walk on the stage prepared thoroughly to dislike Hollywood's latest eccentric.

But you don't. He's a medium blond, average height man with a great deal of a somehow silly charm. He's a walking exclamation point. He takes nothing casually. His "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" if laid end to end would reach from here to Culver City. He's delighted with the script. He beams on it. Walking about the set isn't enough for him, so he goes around in a nervous half-trot. He prances into the scene.

"We will do it this way," says director Al Hall, Lola Lane's husband.

"That's wonderful! Wonderful!" Kiepura throws his arms about Hall, who is getting used to him by now.

THEN Kiepura's enthusiasm for the scene he is about to play grows so that he cannot contain himself. He starts to tell Edwin Mayer, the scenarist, all about it. But the newfangled English won't come fast enough. Hedda Hopper, hired by the studio to coach Kiepura with his speech, steps in and helps him out. "Thank you! Ten thousand million thank yous!"

Finally when they have all agreed with Kiepura that the scene will be wonderful, he changes his mind. "No!" He is now in the depths of despair. "It will not be so! Never, never should I stand by the door! It is by the window I should be! Look!" He dashed

to the window, all smiles again. "This will be marvelous!"

It takes some diplomatic manoeuvering to persuade Kiepura that the first way is the best.

It's sort of restful to hear a Southern drawl after being on the "Give Us This Night" set. Gertrude Michael, still limping badly from the auto accident that happened on her way home from Lake Arrowhead, has a Southern accent in real life that she has trained herself to drop whenever a microphone is listening. In "Woman Trap," Mike plays a girl who, with George Murphy, gets kidnapped by Sidney Blackmer. A pleasant sort of kidnapper, Blackmer takes his people to a colorful Mexican bar, where things seem quite gay and where Mike wears the most fetching sort of native costume. One of the most talented pianists in Hollywood, and an honor student from two colleges, Gertrude Michael is a shapely retort to that axiom about being beautiful but dumb.

A messenger, as out of breath as a Pony Express rider, came dashing onto the set with a package. Somebody in the scenario department had decided to change the dialogue for the next scene and this was it. Immediately, the company was in a turmoil. Like a bunch of students cramming for an exam, Murphy, Akim Tamiroff, Sidney Blackmer and Mike began a stretch of torrid concentration. They gathered around a table, forgot everything else, and started to dig in on the new script. They were scheduled to know the new lines in fifteen minutes.

THERE'S music in the air over at the little Columbia beehive lot. This tiny lot has been making so many fine pictures lately that it's no longer news that it has the Major studios worried. Now Columbia is shooting its most ambitious project, a musical under the knowing guidance of Victor Schertzinger who made "One Night Of Love." Harry Richman, who made a hit in the early days of talkies with "Putting On The Ritz," and then vanished from Hollywood, is the star.

We watched him do a scene with that grand actor, Walter Connolly and Lionel Stander, the gravel-throated comedian of "The Scoundrel." The set—and incidentally Columbia is turning out the best looking sets in Hollywood these days—is the interior of a handsome New York apartment. The picture is called "Rolling Along" and has Harry Richman, who with his hair newly straightened looks almost exactly like Max Baer, as a Broadway star who gets picked up by show boat owner Walter Connolly. Connolly doesn't know about Richman's fame, but sensing that he has talent, signs him up.

In this take, the small time Connolly is giving the big time Mr. Richman the dickens for being late to an appointment. In the background, for reasons known best to himself, Stander rasps out poetry. This is a very laughable scene.

Over at Warners there's a script that's almost as big as one of Columbia's little stages. It's the treatment of "Anthony Adverse," the Primo Carnera of novels. Fredric March whom 20th Century-Fox is loaning Warners in exchange for Dick Powell, is the vagabond adventurer. And ex-gagman Mervyn LeRoy is the director. Still a gagman at heart, LeRoy peddles to the set on a bike with a wire basket for carrying the script.

The cast is so large that we haven't space to give all credits. Just take Warners' word that "Anthony Adverse" will be super-colossal.

In the picture, March runs into Anita Louise, Claude Rains, Olivia de Havilland, Donald Woods, Edmund Gwenn, and Steffi Duna. There are, in fact, ninety-two speaking parts in this gigantic picture. So what you don't like you can skip, and what you don't see just ask for.

Everything is on a big scale out on the bustling Burbank lot. In "Colleen," one of the colleen stories that the Hays office has been crying for, there are more stars than there are autograph hunters in front of the Vendome. Looking from left to right, you will find Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda and Paul Draper, the dancer, all gathered to take part in this musical festival.

The set we wandered onto was a beautiful affair, all done in a gorgeous shade of yellow. We have noticed that the colors on sets are often beautiful, and always meticulously blended. All this is lost on the screen. And whenever the director wants to see how the scene will film he has to look through a smoked monocle which turns all the colors to varying shades of grey. Now the practical thing, it seems, would be to paint all sets in grey. But the art directors say this would depress the actors. Being the snooper that we are, we asked almost every player that we saw on this month's tour of the lots if color affected their performance. Not one—from Universal's Clark Williams fresh out from the New York stage to Wally Beery who has been in pictures since their birth—said that paint had any effect on their roles. The art directors, it appears, have put a swift one over on the producers.

Anyway, on this handsome set, Louise Fazenda is getting a lot of bad news from the doctor regarding her husband's (Hugh Herbert) mental stage. There's nothing subtle about the way Louise tackles a scene, but there's plenty of fun watching this swell comedienne. For she gives the bit the works. Even Al Green, who directs her, starts laughing as Louise "double-takes" the doctor's bad news.

Here is good, vigorous old fashioned comedy at its sturdy best.

Leslie Howard's quiet Thespic technique is hardly like Miss Fazenda's. Even with machine gun bullets snapping over his head, Leslie is the same dewy dreamer. In "The Petrified Forest" which is now in the climax stage, the company, like an army, moves on its stomach. Lying on the floor next to Howard is Bette Davis, who cringes as the bullets zing by. Gangsters are attacking this lonely desert post and you'd think that this would be a fine time for Mr. Howard to show some action. But not him.

He cuddles next to Bette and recites poetry, very calmly and very soulfully.

BEING underplayed this way, the scene has terrific power. Above the patter of the guns you can hear other voices of people trapped in the room. A negress moans. Genevieve Tobin, even in all this, quarrels with her husband. Everyone is lying flat on the floor, even the cameramen and rotund director Archie Mayo. An electrician flashes a light on and off in Bette Davis' terrified face. It is supposed to be the glow from a neon light outside.

"The Petrified Forest" was one of the big stage hits of last season. It's a slightly over articulate, but compelling piece. When he finishes this, Leslie Howard is slated to go to M-G-M to be *Romeo* to Norma Shearer's *Juliet*.

This should be one of the most interesting sets ever, and next month we hope to tell you all about what Miss Shearer and Mr. Howard are doing to Shakespeare's tragic love story.

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"She's One In a Million"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

hopes, is indeed one in a million. She's one out of a million young girls, young movie fans, in small obscure towns all over this land who dream of the good fairy with the magic wand and then suddenly feel the wonderful tap and find their glorious, impossible dreams of Hollywood come true—in the twinkling of a star.

Not very long ago they were celebrating Olivia de Havilland's nineteenth birthday in Hollywood. In the midst of the festivities, Olivia's eyes grew dewy and she suddenly blurted:

"I don't want to be nineteen."

"Why?" asked her mother, "why not, Olivia?"

"I want to be eighteen the rest of my life," breathed Olivia wistfully. "So many wonderful things have happened."

So many wonderful things.

SPRING before last she was graduating from Los Gatos High School which is the nearest high school to Saratoga, California, where Olivia grew up.

They didn't bet on horses in Saratoga, California. But anyone in town would have laid you ten to one you were completely off your nut if you had blandly stated that before the year had rolled 'round the little de Havilland girl would be the sensation of the year's most sensational moving picture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the fastest arriving young actress on the screen and the particular protegé of the great dramatic maestro, Max Reinhardt.

"Reinhardt?" they would have said, "you've got your signals mixed. You mean Dr. *Aurelia* Reinhardt, the Mills College prexy. That's where Olivia's going to college. She won a scholarship. Smart girl."

And in the anywhere near normal course of events that's where Olivia de Havilland should be right now—going to classes under Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt at Mills College, thrilled, proud and ambitious over her first year studies.

But that's just it—there's nothing at all normal about the whole thing. Little eighteen year old girls in tiny towns don't figure in such sudden success stories every day in the week. They have ambitions, hopes and incredible dreams, as Olivia had in Saratoga; they act in local productions before their friends, as Olivia did in Saratoga.

But they don't pop from such amateur circles right into a big part in a Reinhardt pageant, such as Olivia did, in Hollywood. Not often. They don't win movie contracts. Not often.

It's so unbelievable, that up at Mills College they're still holding the scholarship open for Olivia, if this astounding bubble bursts and she wants to use it. I don't think she will.

Still, if you saw her today, walking along the street with a book or a script tucked under her arm, her long curling brown (she calls it "mousy") hair falling over her slim young shoulders, usually covered with a bright-hued pajama suit, you'd take a look at her bright eyes, easy grin and dimpled chin and heave a sigh for your lost youth. "Oh, for the halcyon days of high school," you'd mutter, without knowing that you were wasting your breath on a very earnest young career lady who has given text books, teachers, sororities and such sophomoric stuff the go-by. An actress, if you please. Nineteen or not. And don't you sniff at Saratoga.

Because if there hadn't been a Saratoga there wouldn't have been a Hollywood for Olivia de Havilland. And if it hadn't been for her home town *Pucks* and *Hermias* in amateur Shakespearean plays, she might never have had a chance to let Reinhardt see what she could do.

She was edifying the home folks with some outdoor Shakespeare right in Saratoga that summer when her local director took her up to Berkeley one day to watch Reinhardt's advance agents try out the Greek Theater there. The director knew Reinhardt's assistant. She introduced Olivia.

"Too bad you can't see Reinhardt himself rehearse in the Hollywood Bowl," said the assistant, "you'd enjoy that."

A famous grandmother starts a new career at 75! Read the inspiring story of the vigorous, beloved genius, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink from the sympathetic pen of Adela Rogers St. Johns in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY

"Oh, I would," breathed Olivia.

"Then come down to Hollywood," he told her, "and I'll arrange it. Maybe," he added, "if you're as good as Miss Johnston here says you are, we can find a little place for you in the pageant. Or maybe you can help rehearse the lines—be an understudy."

"Really?" breathed Olivia. "I've never been to Hollywood," she wavered.

"It isn't far."

It wasn't far for Olivia—just to another world—that's all. Her travelling had stopped when she was two years old, when she came from Tokyo, Japan, her birthplace, to California. Since then she hadn't been east of Lake Tahoe. Nor ever to Hollywood, which she still regarded in the typical awe of a terrific movie fan. To actually go there was something beyond the pale of imagination.

THE night she saw her first real live movie stars, Ginger Rogers, Lew Ayres and Johnny Mack Brown, in a restaurant, Olivia couldn't lift her fork for excitement.

The story of Olivia's incredible break at the Hollywood Bowl production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is one of those things that just can't happen—but somehow do. They let her in to watch rehearsals, then made her a tree, then, needing someone to help rehearse the lines for *Hermia,* she had an audition before Reinhardt. He nodded and her status was raised to the understudy of an understudy.

The proudest boast of any actress for years has been, "I've worked with Reinhardt." Gloria Stuart, the *Hermia* Reinhardt had chosen, was practically ready to jump off a cliff in despair when at the last minute she was called off the production to a screen rôle. Her understudy, Jean Rouveral, took ill, Olivia's number was up. It looked almost like a frame-up of Fate.

She came in one morning from a horseback ride with Evelyn Venable. Reinhardt met her at the Bowl with an odd smile. "Well," he said quietly, "it looks as if you're going to play *Hermia.* What do you think about it?"

"I don't know what to think," gasped Olivia weakly.

But everyone else knew what to think after Olivia, nauseated with nerves, had been literally pushed from the wings before that great terrifying amphitheater full of critical eyes into her big time début.

They thought she was simply swell.

AND before Olivia left with the Reinhardt troupe on her first trip East of the Rockies to Chicago and snow and wonderful unseen things like that, the contract was signed and the part was all settled for the screen production of the "Dream"—where you are seeing her make a Shakespearean début this time not only under Max Reinhardt but *with* him in his own screen début.

Olivia de Havilland has been tagged, since the start, as "Max Reinhardt's protegé." It's only natural, of course, since Reinhardt was so instrumental in recognizing her as one in a million, in giving her her chance. But really she hardly knows the *maestro.* She is no more his protegé than any one of the actors in the large cast of the screen "Dream."

Actually, Olivia is Olivia de Havilland's protegé.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" was only the break. Since then, little Miss de Havilland has been on her very own. And to point out that she is now playing the lead in Warners' next big special, "Captain Blood," shows that she has done all right. Besides that, she will be seen with Fredric March in "Anthony Adverse." At Warners', notorious as a studio not disposed to building feminine players, Olivia has had more attention and "build up" already than was ever before accorded a young bud.

She's cashing in on it with the same determination which won her the scholarship to Mills College. Her high school tactics of "no dates during school weeks" have been altered only slightly to "no dates during shooting weeks."

Even the temptations of never ending fun which Hollywood holds out to a nineteen-year-old miss who doesn't exactly scare off the boys are not enough to make her break the rule.

Saturday nights, of course, are something else. Then Olivia steps out with the eligible young men. To become eligible, it seems, you must first win over Mrs. de Havilland. It's a rather set procedure. After meeting Olivia, you come up some Sunday afternoon to tea. This is for mama's inspection. If you pass, all right—you can take Olivia out.

Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **IN PERSON**—RKO-Radio.—Fast-paced comedy depicting the deflation of a conceited movie queen, Ginger Rogers, by a he-man with a sense of humor, George Brent. Allan Mowbray and Joan Breslau are admirable. (*Jan.*)

★ **IRISH IN US, THE**—Warners.—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, homely story that once again proves blood to be thicker than water. Mary Gordon, as the mother of James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh steals the show. (*Oct.*)

IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M.—Jack Benny posing as a high flyer invades a swank desert resort only to find himself having to vouchsafe his reputation by making a stratosphere flight, which he does successfully amid uproarious humor. You'll get plenty of laughs from this. (*Dec.*)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—Mazo de la Roche's prize winning novel of the loves and hates of the Whiteoakes family faithfully screened with satisfying sincerity. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce Good supporting cast. (*Oct.*)

JAVA HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess almost makes you forget that. Elizabeth Allan, John Loder. (*Oct.*)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—Monogram.—A satisfactory screen version of the Gene Stratton-Porter story, with Neil Hamilton good as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life among the bee hives. Betty Furness, Edith Fellowes, Hobart Bosworth. For the family. (*Sept.*)

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone.—A revival of the merry old slapstick comedies with the familiar faces of Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and Marie Prevost taking up where they left off years and years ago. (*Oct.*)

KINGSOLOMONOFBROADWAY—Universal.—Edmund Lowe as a night club proprieter has his hands full holding on to both his club and his women but manages to do so with much wise cracking humor. Pinky Tomlin and Dorothy Page help an otherwise pointless story. (*Dec.*)

KLIOU—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of Indio-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (*Aug.*)

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Monogram.—Rapidly paced, well acted, this one gives the low-down on the news-reel cameraman. Norman Foster is the specific dare-devil, Evalyn Knapp the girl. Never a dull moment. (*Sept.*)

LADY TUBBS—Universal—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor-made for her,.that of a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady.. Douglass Montgomery, Anite Louise, Alan Mowbray Heartily recommended. (*Sept.*)

LA MATERNELLE—Metropoliss.— Reminicent in plot and in some respects, of "Maedchen In Uniform," this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminate theater goers. (*Nov.*)

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—RKO-Radio.—A magnificent and awe inspiring spectacle benefits greatly by the new plot that has been given to the old Bulwer-Lytton title. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the Pompeiian blacksmith who turns gladiator when poverty kills his wife and child. The whole family will enjoy this one. (*Dec.*)

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount.—The age-old triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the presence of Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, this only proves to be a fair picture. (*Dec.*)

LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery, Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (*Aug.*)

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount.—The magnificent adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrd Antartic adventure has been strikingly captured and assembled into an important educational picture with Admiral Byrd making a personable and handsome actor. It will be worth while to see it. (*Dec.*)

LITTLE BIG SHOT—Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is captivating in a trite story of an orphan adopted by a Broadway tinhorn. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell. (*Oct.*)

LOST CITY, THE—Sherman S. Krellberg Production.—If you chuck logic and common sense overboard, you will enjoy this wild story of an engineer and his expedition to a fantastic city in Africa. Kane Richmond, William Boyd head the cast. (*Nov.*)

★ **LOVE ME FOREVER**—Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carrillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful song-bird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is supurb. (*Sept.*)

MAD LOVE — M-G-M. — Tedious stuff, with Europe's excellent actor, Peter Lorre, wasted in the role of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish cunning to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (*Sept.*)

MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who starts a million dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brooke, George E. Stone. (*Sept.*)

MANHATTAN MOON — Universal. — Ricardo Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with social ambitions. A hackneyed story introducing Dorothy Page, fresh from radio. Laughs are supplied by Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta. (*Oct.*)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the meek man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble. But there is no story. (*Sept.*)

MELODY LINGERS ON, THE—Reliance.—A good cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and George Houston can't save this tiresome story. A student abroad in 1914 has a child by an opera singer. He is killed, the child is taken. She finds him grown and starts him on a musical career. (*Jan.*)

MELODY TRAIL—Republic.—Gene Autry's pleasant, easy warbling of cowboy ballads is the redeeming feature of this impossible potpourri of cattle rustling, kidnaping and rodeos. (*Dec.*)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton heads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (*Sept.*)

★ **METROPOLITAN** — 20th Century -Fox. — Grand opera behind the scenes with baritone Lawrence Tibbett's voice finer than ever. Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady and George Marion, Sr. are exceptional. Direction outstanding. (*Jan.*)

★ **MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A**—Warner Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen after considerable anticipation and speculation. The amusing fantasy is elaborately staged and cast to afford entertainment to all, but the values derived from individual interpretations will necessarily differ. It is a milestone in the progress of motion pictures, and as such is tremendously significant. (*Dec.*)

MORALS OF MARCUS—G. B.—Lupe Velez' fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, afford you an evening's entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (*Nov.*)

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (*Aug.*)

MURDER MAN, THE—M-G-M.—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a newspaper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth reporter and Virginia Bruce adding charm and loveliness. (*Oct.*)

MURDER OF DOCTOR HARRIGAN, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez gives the only acceptable performance in this unsatisfactory mystery which has some terrific technical faux pas. (*Jan.*)

MUSIC IS MAGIC—20th Century-Fox.—Bebe Daniels as an aging movie queen who won't be her age, steps out and shows some real trouping in a pleasant semi-musical headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, and enlivened by snappy ditties. (*Dec.*)

★ **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY**—M-G-M. — Magnificent sea saga culled from the Nordhoff-Hall book. Charles Laughton as *Captain Bligh*, Clark Gable as *Fletcher Christian*, leader of the mutiny, and Franchot Tone as *Midshipman Byam*. Superb acting, direction, sceenery and cast. Don't miss it. (*Jan.*)

NAVY WIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Recause of her own unpleasant family experiences, navy nurse, Claire Trevor, is afraid of love and marriage but eventually does wed Ralph Bellamy in this unexciting and listless film. (*Dec.*)

★ **NIGHT AT THE OPERA, A**—M-G-M.—Those idiotic zanies, the Marx Brothers, start cavorting in Italy and wind up in a New York opera house. Singing Allan Jones and Kitty Carlisle are romantic. You'll love it. (*Jan.*)

NIT WITS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (*Aug.*)



Why did you buy the dress you're wearing? Because *you liked the design and color!* Why did you select that rug—or that dinner set—or that vase—or that lamp? *Because of design and color!* What first attracted you to that toilet preparation? *The beauty of the package or container!*

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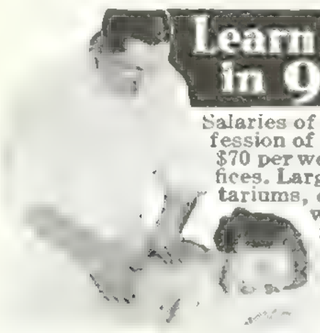
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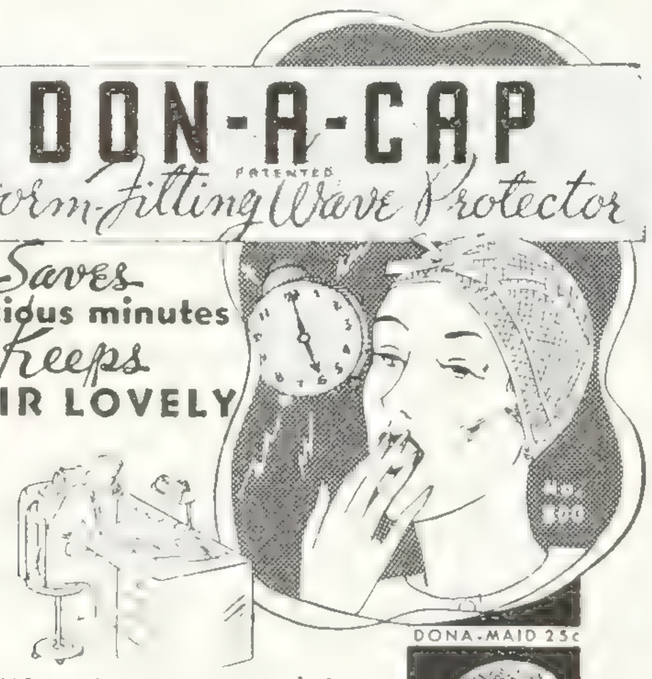
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★ **NO MORE LADIES**—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wise-cracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (*Aug.*)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP — B.I.P.-Alliance. — Worthwhile entertainment as a faithful screen translation of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the villainous *Quilp*. (*Sept.*)

ONE WAY TICKET—Columbia.—Peggy Conklin's personality high-lights a poorly constructed picture of the warden's daughter falling for prisoner Lloyd Nolan. Walter Connolly and Edith Fellows are good. (*Jan.*)

O'SHAUGNESSY'S BOY — M-G-M. — The agreeable combination, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping with tears and overflowing with pathos, but one that you will long remember especially for Wallace Beery's splendid performance. (*Dec.*)

★ **OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's. (*Aug.*)

PADDY O'DAY—20th Century-Fox.—Jane Withers brings laughs and tears in this homely little story of an orphan's adventures in New York. Rita Cansino, Pinky Tomlin and George Givt. (*Jan.*)

★ **PAGE MISS GLORY**—Warners.—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as beauty contest winner, *Dawn Glory*, promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (*Sept.*)

PARIS IN SPRING—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph Good supporting cast. (*Aug.*)

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET—Warner Bros.—A warmly human and thoroughly delightful picture glorifies the lowly family maid to a position of importance in the lives of an average family. Ruth Donnelly interprets the part of the maid to perfection. (*Dec.*)

PETER IBBETSON—Paramount.—An artistically produced new version of the romantic love of *Peter Ibbetson*, a young architect (Gary Cooper) for the *Duchess of Towers*, Ann Harding. (*Jan.*)

POWDERSMOKE RANGE—RKO-Radio.—The usual hard fought battle between heroic cattlemen and crooks keeps excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele. (*Nov.*)

★ **PUBLIC HERO No. 1**—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (*Aug.*)

PURSUIT—M-G-M.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child, across the Mexican border to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (*Oct.*)

RAVEN, THE — Universal. — Absurd mélange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (*Sept.*)

RED SALUTE—Reliance.—Bob Young is lured into desertion by Barbara Stanwyck in this funny version of a cross country flight, but he eventually is successful in restoring her patriotism. Recommended for hearty laughs. (*Dec.*)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Universal.—A wild party, hangovers, four murders and a suicide are combined in an effort to imitate the "Thin Man" style but falls short in spite of the swell cast that includes Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny. (*Dec.*)

RENDEZVOUS — M-G-M. — Exciting comedy melodrama with Bill Powell as the ace-de-coder of the U. S. Intelligence Department who busts up an enemy spy ring. Rosalind Russell superb as his feather-brained sweetheart. Do see this. (*Jan.*)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—RKO-Radio.—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by a blind, dying wish. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (*Oct.*)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER—London Films-United Artists.—Paul Robeson's singing, Leslie Banks' acting, and the true portrayal of cannibalistic tribes of the African interior, make this an interesting film. Lots of excitement. (*Sept.*)

SHANGHAI—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to conceal the age old plot of East is East and West is West—, with Loretta Young and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (*Oct.*)

★ **SHE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen Gahagan makes her film début as the magnificent immortal ruler of the mythical kingdom of Kor. Randy Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack find her when they travel beyond the Arctic searching for "the flame of life." Mystical, eerie, but interesting, and well acted. (*Sept.*)

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Columbia.—A swiftly paced and hokum packed version of the harassed millionaire and his spoiled family gives George Raft an opportunity to wage a battle of temperaments with Joan Bennett until love finally crashed through. Funny in spite of its shortcomings. (*Dec.*)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls and thwarts a bank robbery. Helen Twelvetrees, Lucien Littlefield. (*Oct.*)

★ **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert in one of her most amusing rôles since "It Happened One Night," plays the part of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to be a perfect wife. Melvyn Douglass, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (*Nov.*)

SHIP CAFE — Paramount. — Fairly entertaining musical romance with Carl Brisson rising on the wings of song from stoker to gigolo. Arlene Judge and Mady Christians. (*Jan.*)

★ **SHIPMATES FOREVER** — Warners-Cosmopolitan.—The perennial Annapolis story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkling gayety with their songs and dances. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (*Dec.*)

★ **SHOW THEM NO MERCY**—20th Century-Fox.—This gripping kidnapper-hunt film is full of terrific suspense after Edward Norris, Rochelle Hudson and baby stumble into a gangster's hideout. A prize portrayal by "killer" Bruce Cabot. (*Jan.*)

SO RED THE ROSE — Paramount. — Stark Young's tender, tragic Civil War tale of a ruined Southern family, beautifully presented. Margaret Sullavan, Randolph Scott, Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher give distinctive performances. (*Jan.*)

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY — Republic. — A California murder mystery entertainingly handled. Detective Donald Cook solves everything with Helen Twelvetrees' help. Burton Churchill's waggish humor helps. (*Jan.*)

SPECIAL AGENT—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—A fast moving, entertaining film about Federal men warring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax route. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (*Nov.*)

STARD OVER BROADWAY — Warners. — Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by radio discovery James Melton. Good cast including Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, and songstress Jane Froman. (*Jan.*)

★ **STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND**—Fox.—Beloved Will Rogers in a dramatic, laugh-laden love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disentangles his nephew from serious legal complications. Anne Shirley gives a splendid performance. John McGuire. (*Oct.*)

STRANDED—Warners.—You're partly bored, partly amused, by the struggle which ensues when social service worker Kay Francis refuses to marry he-man engineer George Brent because he is antagonistic to her work and its ideals.. Direction good, but story is unconvincing. (*Sept.*)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of a streamline train constitute the basis for this story. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (*Nov.*)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Foy Prod.—A spotty film with a cast of native African tribesmen acting out their struggle for existence. Some good photography. (*Sept.*)

★ **THANKS A MILLION**—20th Century-Fox.—Dick Powell singing grand songs, Paul Whiteman, Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly's slapstick, the Yacht Club Boys, Ann Dvorak's dancing are only a few of the items you'll find in this swell fast-moving film. (*Jan.*)

★ **39 STEPS, THE**—GB.—Exciting entertainment when Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself and, by coincidence, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. You'll like it. (*Sept.*)

THIS IS THE LIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Little Jane Withers, a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents, forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of theft. Fairly cute. (*Nov.*)

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—Universal.—This enlivening comedy of errors develops an accidental kidnapping into the real thing. May Robson as the eccentric millionairess and Henry Armetta win plaudits. (*Jan.*)

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-flashing quartet to a dashing rescue of the Queen's honor. (*Dec.*)

TO BEAT THE BAND — RKO-Radio. — Hugh Herbert struggles through this musical hodge-podge to inherit millions. Helen Broderick, Eric Blore and Roger Pryor struggle for laughs. (*Jan.*)

★ **TOP HAT**—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling and entertaining film done in the typical Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand and glorious tradition that is! Enchanting music and clever dance routines, together with chuckling comedy sequences, make this one picture you should not overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (*Nov.*)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL**—GB.—Richard Dix is the engineer who dreams of a transatlantic tunnel in this well produced, graphically photographed melodrama. Madge Evans is his domestic problem. (*Jan.*)

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS — Republic. — Gene Autry deserts the radio and comes to the screen together with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-complicated plot. So-so. (*Nov.*)

TWO FISTED—Paramount.—Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns buttle and battle their way through paralyzing scrapes in a millionaire's mansion to guard a tot from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way. (*Dec.*)

TWO FOR TONIGHT — Paramount. — Bing Crosby clowns and sings his way through this one, disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and not measuring up very favorably with his past films. Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (*Nov.*)

TWO SINNERS—Republic.—Otto Kruger and Martha Sleeper are the two principals in this tedious tear-inducing account of an ex-convict's attempt at rehabilitation, while little Cora Sue Collins as the brat adds some slight relief. (*Dec.*)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox.—A fast romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino. Armida. (*Aug.*)

VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE—Paramount.—Walter C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this otherwise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get laughs by the load from the colored lazy-bones, Stepin Fetchit. (*Dec.*)

WELCOME HOME—Fox.—Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gilt-edged partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (*Sept.*)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY — Warners. — Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix Cupid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (*Oct.*)

WESTWARD HO!—Republic.—A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Vigilantes) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (*Oct.*)

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA — Paramount.—Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely interest to the entire world. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land so expect a few thrills, chills and shocks. (*Dec.*)

WITHOUT REGRET — Paramount. — Kent Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. (*Nov.*)

★ **WOMAN WANTED** — M-G-M. — A swell melodrama packed with action, thrills and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (*Oct.*)

Don't Argue with Donat

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

"That's not so easy as you think," the producer replied. "In America the fans will accept an actor if they like him whether he speaks with a local accent or not. It doesn't matter if he has a Southern drawl or a New England twang. If they like him, he's all set. Over here if we tried to star an actor with any kind of an accent other then the one English audiences think smart Londoners have, he would be laughed off the screen. You see, our choice is limited. We must use leading men who speak as if they came from Mayfair. And most actors who speak as if they came from Mayfair have nothing else but their accents. What we must find is a British Gable or Cooper who can be not only British enough for British audiences, but also universal enough in appeal for audiences everywhere."

And that is why at thirty-one, Robert Donat, who has "appeal for audiences everywhere," is able to make famous motion picture producers in his native land tear their hair with rage because he will not sign their fabulous contracts. And that is why, too, Mr. Donat must be laughing right up his sleeve. And why not? For the most talked-about and sought-after leading man in England today started out in life with a Lancashire accent and a stutter and is of Italian-German-French-Polish ancestry.

Robert Donat was born in Manchester, England, on March 18, 1905. His father was Polish and his mother English. Originally Robert's forebears were called Donatello in Italy, but after successive migrations to France, Germany and Poland, the family name became Donat. Coming to England from Poland forty-one years ago, Robert's father married an Englishwoman and settled in Manchester where he was engaged in the shipping business.

The youngest of four sons, Robert was educated at two private schools in Manchester, the first of which cost three pennies a week for tuition, the second, a pound a term. Always a quiet and serious little boy, Robert seldom played with his brothers or other children of his own age, but preferred to lie in bed and read poetry. As so often happens in the case of families of poor means, it was Robert's mother who decided that he should have a future. Although she did not plan that Robert should become an actor, she was determined that something had to be done about his accent and stutter, so she sent him to a local elocution teacher, a retired actor named James Bernard.

ROBERT spent two years with Bernard reciting, fencing and dancing. At the end of that period, Bernard advised him to go on the stage. Robert was willing and so were his parents but they didn't have the means to allow their son to continue his training and instead decided that he should go to work in an office. Believing that it would be the death of young Donat if he were forced to do clerical work, Bernard begged the elder Donats to allow their son to follow the stage as a career and suggested that if Robert learned how to typewrite and take dictation he would give the rising youngBooth a position in his office as secretary in exchange for his tuition fees.

Now thoroughly determined on a stage career, Robert took a secretarial course and became Bernard's private secretary. In this position he also got his first taste of acting because over week-ends Bernard and he would give recitals in the local halls and church schools and on Sunday nights they would very often present Shakespeare's plays in the church chancel in place of the regular service.

More anxious than ever to get on the professional stage, Robert's first big opportunity came when he was offered a job by Sir Frank Benson with a touring Shakespearian company. Benson had seen young Donat's work on one of



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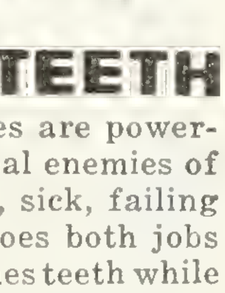
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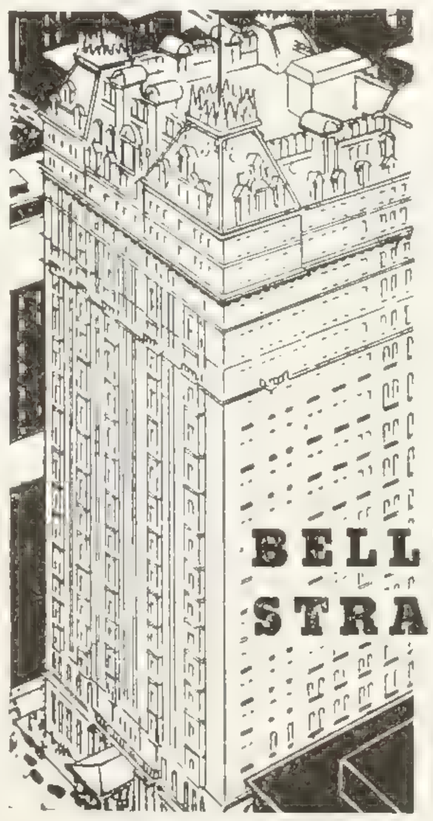
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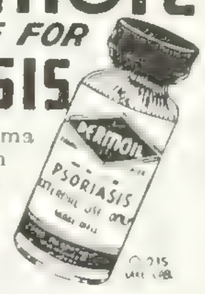
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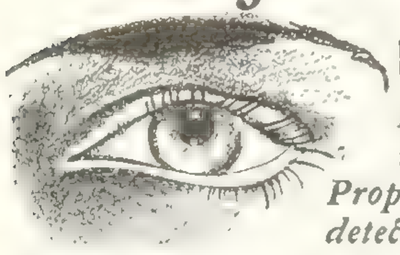
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his periodical visits to Manchester and decided that the youth had talent. He offered him a place in his company at a salary of three pounds a week.

Donat toured with the Benson company for five years playing small bits. In the summer, when the troupe disbanded, he would get himself a job with some local stock company playing modern roles. It all comes under the heading of experience for Donat because during this apprentice period he earned practically nothing.

In 1928 young Donat joined the Liverpool Repertory Company still dreaming of a brilliant stage career. By an odd stroke of irony, the company also had in its ranks at that time, another young hopeful, a young lady who was learning like Donat from bitter experience, that the road to success in the theater is a long and rocky one. Her name was Diana Wynyard.

At about this time having nothing but confidence in his own ability to get ahead, Donat decided to get married. The girl he had chosen for his wife was Ella Voysey, whom he had known for more than nine years. The new Mrs. Donat had begun her professional career as a teacher of classical dancing, but later gave it up to become an actress. The only time the Donats have ever appeared on the stage together was shortly after their marriage when they both joined the Cambridge Festival Theater company.

IN 1930, tired of trouping around the country, Donat decided to go to London to seek his fame and fortune. With no prospects of work in view, the Donats spent practically all of the $650 they had saved furnishing an apartment and making themselves comfortable. Then Robert went out to look for a job. He got it almost immediately. It was the rôle of the poet in "The Knave and the Queen," with Mary Ellis and Basil Sidney in the leading roles. Later, this same play was presented in America as "Children of Darkness."

Young Donat was elated. He was only getting fifteen pounds a week, but it was more money than he had ever earned before. Moreover, it seemed like fifteen hundred pounds a week because at the time he was in desperate need of funds. Mrs. Donat was about to become a mother and there would be hospital and doctor bills.

The play, however, was a dismal failure. It lasted only ten nights. Bitterly disappointed and desperate, Donat put aside his dreams of theatrical success for the more immediate demands of the present. He secured work as an instructor in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, at $25 a week. When their daughter was born the Donat fortune consisted of exactly six shillings. They now have a son, too.

A year passed and still no stage engagement was forthcoming so the Donats decided to pass the Christmas holidays at a little pub in Kent. That Christmas is probably the happiest that Donat has ever known. On Christmas Eve he received his present in the form of a surprise long distance telephone call. It came from a London producer who offered him the leading role in a play called "Precious Bane."

It was while appearing in this production that Donat had to make a decision that might have altered his entire career. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer scout, seeing his work in the play, offered Donat the lead opposite Norma Shearer in "Smiling Thru." Too thrilled at his first theatrical success and believing that it would be fatal to his career if he gave up the stage at that time, Donat turned his back on Hollywood and refused the offer. Although the decision was a wise one in the light of what has followed, it didn't seem so to young Donat a few weeks later. The play began to fail and closed in eight weeks. Of course, every one knows of the success of "Smiling Thru."

It is now that an up-and-coming film producer named Alexander Korda enters the scene. Having had a disastrous career in Hollywood, Korda by slow stages finally arrived in London, where at least he was beginning to make a fair name for himself as a motion picture producer. He called up Donat on the telephone one day and said:

"I hear you are a pretty good actor. I hope to use you in one of my films some day. Goodbye."

Then he hung up.

Weeks passed. No word came from Korda.

More unhappy days followed. Donat went from one theatrical office to another and saw plenty of office assistants but no producers. At this time, too, he made several screen tests but was rejected after each because he looked "too romantic." It was the low ebb in his life. He became disconsolate and discouraged. Then, one day, Korda telephoned again and arranged for a screen test.

"It was the funniest screen test ever made," Donat says. "I muffed all my lines and fumbled around like an amateur. Finally, I burst out laughing and yelled: 'This will never do.'"

The laugh got Donat the job because Korda decided then and there that Robert was a natural-born actor.

Donat's first screen rôle was in "Men of Tomorrow," opposite Merle Oberon. However, it was not until he played Culpepper in "Henry VIII" that he began to attract the attention of motion picture producers the world over. His other picture appearances were in "That Night in London," which was directed by Rowland V. Lee, who later made "Monte Cristo," and in "Cash," which was made by Zoltan Korda. Neither of them has been shown in America.

In the meantime, Donat had appeared in Shaw's "St. Joan," at the Malvern Festival Theater, and later in the title rôle of "The Sleeping Clergyman," which ran for more than seven months. It was after the run of "The Sleeping Clergyman," that an offer came to go to Hollywood and play the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Trying to enjoy a well-earned rest in the country, Donat received a telegram from Korda asking him to come up to London to see him. He refused. But Korda was persistent and Donat finally went. The result was the leading role in "Monte Cristo."

THIS picture definitely established Donat in the public mind. Refusing tempting offers to stay in Hollywood, Robert returned to London—incidentally, his trip to Hollywood was the first he had ever made out of England—to find himself a famous cinema star. Instead of rushing blindly into picture work, he took a thankless rôle in the stage production of "Mary Read." His work in that play once and for all convinced any who might have doubted his ability as an actor. As a result of his performance he found himself famous overnight.

Now, at the zenith of his screen career, with all Hollywood begging him to come back and with London film producers lying awake nights trying to think up ways to get his name on a contract, Donat latterly appearing with Jean Parker in G. B.'s "The Ghost Goes West," stands ready to renounce the screen if he cannot get the rôles he wants. It's a strange part for a young actor, even a successful young actor, to be playing. But Robert Donat knows his own mind.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

WE didn't know that mothers were ever shocked any more at their daughter's doings. But Frau Rainer, who is Luise Rainer's mama, arrived in Hollywood, took a look at her darling daughter disporting herself in slacks, sweaters, shorts and such dowdy duds, threw up her hands and yelled, "Disgraceful" or its equivalent in Austrian.

What's more Luise, like a good child, tossed the informals into the closet and now is appearing at M-G-M well accoutered in chaste feminine attire.

Mama knows best still in the better European families.

HUGH Herbert felt sorry for Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell. He had chased around with them so often on the screen, but it looked to him like in real life they never had any fun.

"I'm going to take you girls out," he promised, "and show you a real time. How about next Saturday?"

"Fine," chorused Joan and Glenda.

Next Saturday Hugh (with wifely permission) took Joan and Glenda to the football game, to dinner, to a show, to the Troc.

"We're just starting," he would yelp between events, "don't weaken. You're with the man about town tonight."

Joan and Glenda said they'd try to keep up.

Along about midnight or so Dick Powell happened in and Addison Randall ran into Glenda.

By this time Hughie looked like the pace was beginning to tell.

The girls he was going to reveal the mad pace to were whirling about on the floor, in the arms of Messrs. Powell and Randall. Hughie was nodding with droopy eyes.

"Youth wins," he muttered into his tux tie.

BRAVEST trick of the month comes from Frances Langford who halted a possible panic aboard an airliner when an electrical storm zipped all around it.

Frances up and caroled "I've Got A Feelin' You're Foolin'" to keep the passengers away from panic. Finally they all joined in to drown out the thunder. Only some of them sang it a little differently.

They sang "Falling."

SUCH is fame, Shirley Temple already is the subject of 14 volumes concerning her life and three more are in the hands of the printers. More than 3,218,000 books have already been purchased by the public for children's use and publishers anticipate a Christmas sale of some 2,000,000 more.

These circulation figures exceed that of any author or personality in the country.

And it makes a nice tinkle in the family coffers as well.

THE long delayed reconciliation of Elizabeth Allan and William O'Bryen may have taken place by the time you read this—despite unfounded newspaper rumors that she was the new love of Clark Gable's life.

Clark means nothing to Liz, and vice versa. Don't let anybody kid you.

Anyway, Liz and Bill plan a second honeymoon voyage during which they said they would try to straighten out the matrimonial difficulties that originally separated them.

DESPITE all you hear and read about Betty Grabel being seriously interested in Jackie Coogan et al, no wedding bells will ring for her for two years. Or so she says.

She 'llows as how she's promised mama to wait that long.

COLUMBIA can't keep Ruth Chatterton on the ground, no matter what.

The skyways were made taboo during production. Flying around in her Stinson might result in an unhappy mix-up. But nothing was said anent horses, so Ruth is a daily picture of loveliness, galloping full bent on the bridle paths of Griffiths Park astride her chestnut mare, Lady Pat.

No spills to date, but Harry Cohn's got his fingers crossed.

NO wonder they are so crazy about that Withers kid around the 20th Century-Fox lot. Here's a typical reason why:

"Poor mother!" Jane answered when some one congratulated her on her work in "Gentle Julia." "She does all the work and I get all the credit. I just follow Mother's suggestions."

REMEMBER dreamy-eyed little Phillippe de Lacey, the war orphan adopted by a Red Cross nurse, who was such a popular child actor years ago?

He's 18 now and has returned to Hollywood to continue his career. He's been on the New York stage these past years, supporting his benefactress who is no longer young and able to do for herself.

RUBY Keeler and Al Jolson, as you may or may not know, purchased the Bing Crosby home in Toluca Lake. Everything was hunky-dory but a small balcony, facing the living room, puzzled them more than a bit. There didn't seem to be any rhyme or reason for it.

Finally Bing's father-in-law broke down and solved the mystery for them. It was there in case Bing wanted to sing for his friends, he said.

And was Al impressed!

A MOVIE star can get a lot of interesting and valuable presents from her fans, of course. But Shirley Temple has reached what she believes is a new high in valuable gifts, even if she did have to ask for it.

Shirley has always been one of President Roosevelt's staunchest admirers. She wanted an autograph photograph of him, so she wrote him a letter.

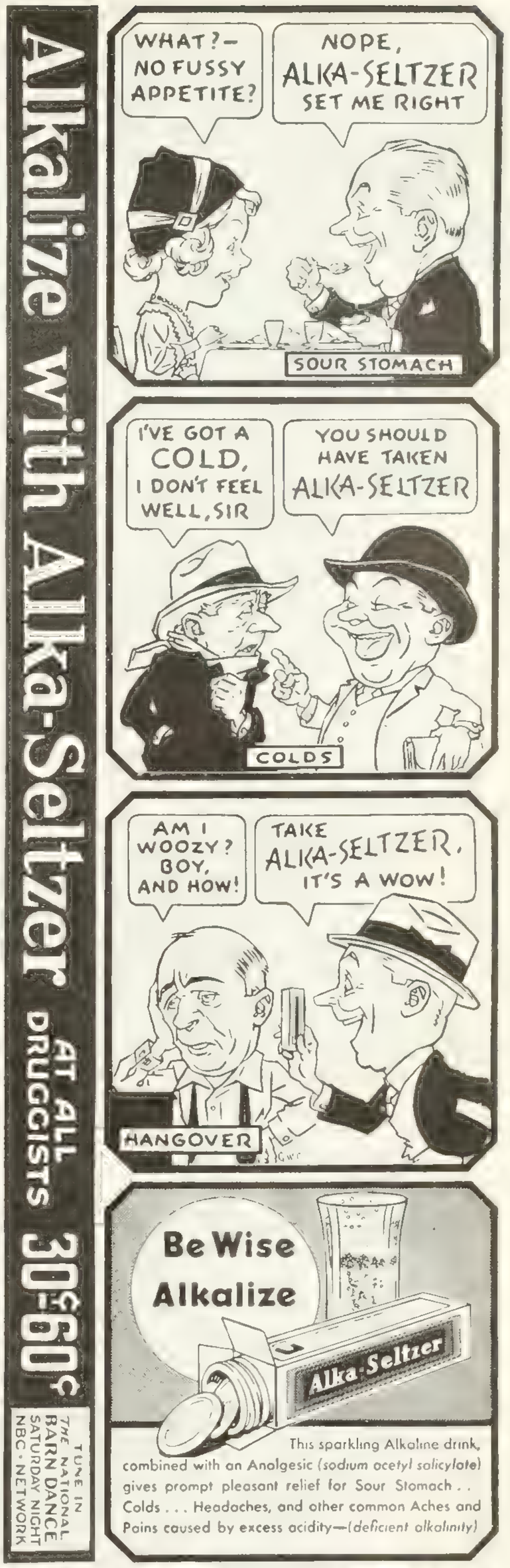
Yes—she got it—a beautiful, big portrait autographed with "For Shirley Temple from Franklin D. Roosevelt."

DIRECTOR Archie Mayo was moaning about the difficulty he was having in losing weight. A rigid diet, extensive exercise, rub-to-the-bone massages and all the rest of his reducing routine has borne but little result.

"You should do what I did," Sam Wood chirruped. "I lost seventeen pounds quicker than scat."

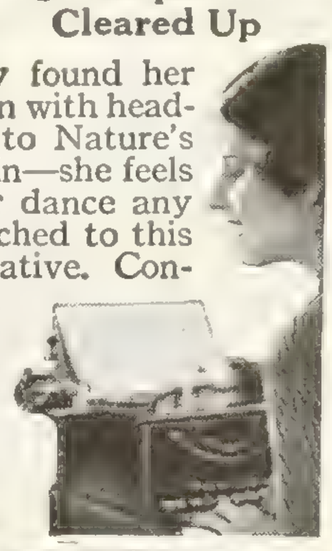
Mayo was all ears. "What did you do," he asked breathlessly.

Wood grinned. "I directed the Marx brothers in their last picture!" he cracked. "It's a sure-fire system."



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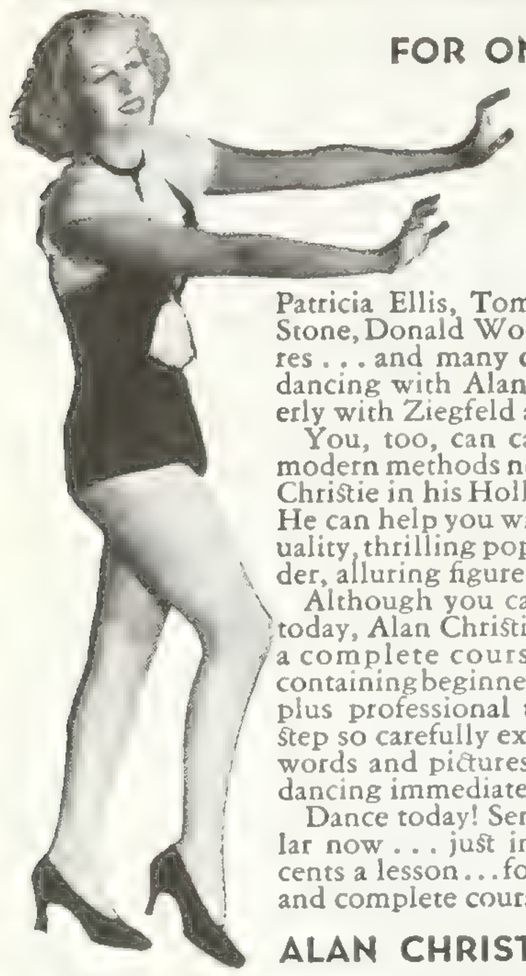
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Claudette Colbert
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Ernest Cossart
Larry Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Katherine DeMille
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Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
Glenn Erikson
W. C. Fields
Robert Fiske
William Frawley
Cary Grant
Porter Hall
John Halliday
Julie Haydon
Samuel S. Hinds
Betty Holt
David Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Jan Kiepura
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Grete Natzler
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Penner
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Fred Stone
Mildred Stone
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
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Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blane
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Ronald Colman
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
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Harry Green
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Edmund Lowe
Fredric March
Nino Martini
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Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
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Pat Paterson
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Gilbert Roland
Tutta Rolf
Simone
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Andrew Tombes
Claire Trevor
Edward Trevor
Henry B. Walthall
Jane Withers
Loretta Young

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

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Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
James Barton
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Helen Gahagan
Wynne Gibson
James Gleason
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Joel McCrea
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Andy Clyde
Monty Collins
Walter Connolly
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Douglas Dumbrille
Edith Fellows
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Victor Jory
Harry Langdon
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
George McKay
Henry Mollison
Grace Moore
Lloyd Nolan
Arthur Rankin
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Elisabeth Risdon
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Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

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Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Granville Bates
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
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Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Constance Collier
Cicely Courtneidge
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Dudley Digges
Nelson Eddy
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Madge Evans
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Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
June Knight
Otto Kruger
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Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Marx Brothers
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
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Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
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May Robson
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Frank Shields
Harvey Stephen
Henry Stephenson
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Spencer Tracy
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Wadsworth
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Johnny Weissmuller
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Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King
Frank Lawton
Edmund Lowe
Bela Lugosi
Henry Mollinson
Hugh O'Connell
Dorothy Page
Marina Passerowa
ZaSu Pitts
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Marguerite Churchill
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Haviland
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Boris Karloff
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Margaret Lindsay
Kay Linaker
Alma Lloyd
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Barton MacLane
Fredric March
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Richard Purcell
Claude Rains
Gene Raymond
Philip Regan
Addison Richards
Edward G. Robinson
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Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.

Casts of Current Photoplays

"AH, WILDERNESS"—M-G-M.—From the play by Eugene O'Neill. Screen play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Directed by Clarence Brown. The Cast: *Sid*, Wallace Berry; *Nat Miller*, Lionel Barrymore; *Lily*, Aline MacMahon; *Richard*, Eric Linden; *Muriel*, Cecilia Parker; *Tommy*, Mickey Rooney; *Essie Miller*, Spring Byington; *Mr. Mc Comber*, Charles Grapewin; *Arthur*, Frank Alberton; *Wint Selby*, Edward Nugent; *Mildred*, Bonita Granville; *Belle*, Helen Flint; *Miss Hawley*, Helen Freeman.

"ANOTHER FACE"—RKO.—From the story by Thomas Dugan and Ray Mayer. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The Cast: *"Beezer" Dawson*, Brian Donlevy; *Joe Haynes*, Wallace Ford; *Shelia Berry*, Phyllis Brooks; *Charles L. Kellar*, Allan Hale; *Mary McCall*, Molly Lamont; *Tex Williams*, Addison Randall; *Captain Spellman*, Charles Wilson; *Dr. H. J. Butler*, Oscar Apfel; *Mugsie*, Frank Mills; *Nellie*, Hattie McDaniels; *Mamie*, Inez Courtney; *Mrs. Barry*, Emma Dunn; *Hattie*, Ethel Wales; *Miss Gregory*, Maxine Jennings; *Mr. Branch*, Paul Stanton; *Assistant Director*, Eric Rhodes; *Cameraman*, Eddie Burns; *Casting Director*, Edward Kean; *Janitor*, Cy Jenks.

"BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Doris Schroeder and Jerry Geraghty. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The Cast: *Hopalong Cassidy*, William Boyd; *Johny Nelson*, Jimmy Ellison; *Red Connors*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Nevada (George Perdue)*, Harry Worth; *Windy*, George Hayes; *Jim Arnold*, Howard Lang; *Margaret Arnold*, Jean Rouverol; *Herb Layton*, Frank Layton; *Clarissa Peters*, Ethel Wales; *Buck Peters*, J. P. McGowan; *Cal*, Paul Fix; *Carp*, John Merton; *Elbows*, Al St. John.

"BRIDE COMES HOME, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. Screen play by Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The Cast: *Jeannette Desmereau*, Claudette Colbert; *Cyrus Anderson*, Fred MacMurray; *Jack Bristow*, Robert Young; *Alfred Desmereau*, William Collier, Sr.; *The Justice*, Donald Meek; *Frank (Butler)*, Richard Carle; *Otto*, Jonny Arthur; *Painer*, Bob McKenzie; *Operator*, Eddie Dunn; *Waiter*, Jerry Mandy; *Cop in Chicago Park*, A. S. "Pop" Byron; *Henry*, Edgar Kennedy; *Emma*, Kate MacKenna; *Len Noble*, James Conlon; *Cab Driver*, Edward Gargan.

"BROADWAY HOSTESS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast: *Wini Wharton*, Wini Shaw; *Lucky Lorimer*, Lyle Talbot; *"Fishcake Carter,"* Allen Jenkins; *Mrs. Duncan-Griswold-Wembly-Smythe*, Spring Byington; *Morse*, Frank Dawson; *Dorothy Dubois*, Marie Wilson; *Tommy Blake*, Phil Regan; *Iris Marvin*, Genevieve Tobin; *Ronnie Marvin*, Donald Ross; *"T. T. T."*, Harry Seymour; *Big Joe Jarvis*, Joseph King.

"CASE OF THE MISSING MAN, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lee Loeb and Harold Buchman. Screen play by Lee Loeb and Harold Buchman. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The Cast: *Jimmy*, Roger Pryor; *Peggy*, Joan Perry; *Boyle*, Thurston Hall; *Steve*, Arthur Hohl; *Frank*, George Mc Kay; *Jack*, Tommy Dugan; *Rorty*, James Burke; *Hank*, Arthur Rankin

"CORONADO"—PARAMOUNT.—From a story by Brian Hooker and Don Hartman. Screen play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler. Directed by Norman McLeod. The Cast: *Johnny Marvin*, Johnny Downs; *June Wray*, Betty Burgess; *Chuck Hornbostel*, Jack Haley; *Pinky Falls*, Andy Devine; *Violet Wray Hornbostel*, Alice White; *Otto Wray*, Leon Errol; *Eddie*, Eddy Duchin; *Carlton*, James Thomas; *Mr. Walter Marvin*, Berton Churchill; *Mrs. Gloria Marvin*, Nella Walker; *Slug Moran*, James Burke; *Franz, the Waiter*, James B. Carson; *Barbara Forrest*, Jacqueline Wells; *Master of Ceremonies*, Guy Rennie.

"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Joseph Anthony. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The Cast: *Inspector Porfiry*, Edward Arnold; *Roderick*, Peter Lorre; *Sonya*, Marian Marsh; *Antonya*, Tala Birell; *Mrs. Raskolnikov*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Dmitri*, Robert Allen; *Grilov*, Douglass Dumbrille; *Lushin*, Gene Lockhart; *The University President*, Charles Waldron; *The Editor*, Thurston Hall; *The Clerk*, Johnny Arthur; *The Pawnbroker*, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; *Landlady*, Rafaelo Ottiano; *Painter Prisoner*, Michael Mark; *Nastasya*, Edith Arnold; *Reporter*, Russ Powell; *Porter*, Harry Semels; *Madam*, Nana Bryant; *Waiter*, Bob Wilbur; *Cop*, Robert Middlemass; *Drunk*, Gene Morgan; *Pedestrian*, George McKay; *Reception Clerk*, Rita Owen; *Bit Secretary*, Cecil Weston; *Porter*, Hal Price; *Bit Secretary*, Maybelle Palmer.

"DANGEROUS" — FIRST NATIONAL. — Original and screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The Cast: *Joyce Heath*, Bette Davis; *Don Bellow*, Franchot Tone; *Gail Armitage*, Margaret Lindsay; *Mrs. Williams*, Alison Skipworth; *Gordon Heath*, John Eldredge; *Roger Farnsworth*, Walter Walker; *Pitt Hanly*, Richard Carle; *Charles Melton*, George Irving; *Elmont*, Douglas Wood.

"EAST OF JAVA"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gouverneur Morris. Screen play by James Ashmore Creelman. Directed by George Melford. The Cast: *Bowers*, Charles Bickford; *Ann*, Elizabeth Young; *Larry*, Frank Albertson; *Wong Bo*, Leslie Fenton; *Muller*, Siegfried Rumann; *Lee*, Jay Gilbuena; *Johnson*, Clarence Muse; *Resident*, Ivan Simpson. *Sloppy Alf*, Charles McNaughton; *Malay*, Fraser Acosta; *Messenger*, Ray Turner; *Derelict*, Torben Meyer.

"FIRE TRAP, THE"—EMPIRE.—Screen play by Charles F. Royal. Directed by Burt Lynwood. The Cast: *Bill Farnsworth*, Norman Foster; *Betty Marshall*, Evalyn Knapp; *Cedric McIntyre*, Sidney Blackmer; *R. A. Rawson*, Oscar Apfel; *Bob*, Ben Alexander; *Commodore Brunton*, Herbert Corthell; *Wag*, Corky.

"FIRST A GIRL"—G. B.—Screen play by Marjorie Gaffney. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Elizabeth*, Jessie Matthews; *Victor*, Sonnie Hale; *Princess*, Anna Lee; *Robert*, Griffith Jones; *McLintock*, Alfred Drayton; *Beryl*, Constance Godridge; *Goose Trainer*, Eddie Gray; *Scraphina*, Martita Hunt; *Singer*, Donald Stewart.

"GRAND EXIT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Bruce Manning and Lionel Houser. Directed by Erle Kenton. The Cast: *Tom Fletcher*, Edmund Lowe; *Adrienne Martin*, Ann Sothern; *John Grayson*, Onslow Stevens; *Fire Chief Mulligan*, Robert Middlemass; *Warden*, Wyrley Birch; *District Attorney Cope*, Selmer Jackson; *Police Chief Roberts*, Guy Asher; *Noah*, Miki Morita; *Dave*, Arthur Rankin; *Drake*, Russell Hicks; *Klorer*, Edward van Sloane.

"GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Screen play by Lt. Comm. Frank Wead and Eve Greene. Directed by Alan Crosland. The Cast: *Everard Dominey*, *Leopold von Ragenstein*, Edmund Lowe; *Eleanor Dominey*, Valerie Hobson; *Princess Stephanie*, Wera Engels; *Duke Henry*, Lumsden Hare; *Duchess Caroline*, Marjorie Gateson; *Eddie Pelham*, Henry Mollison; *Dr. Schmidt*, Frank Reicher; *Middleton*, Brandon Hurst.

"I DREAM TOO MUCH"—RKO.—From the story by Elsie Finn and David G. Wittels. Screen play by Edmund North & James Gow. Directed by John Cromwell. The Cast: *Annette*, Lily Pons; *Jonathan*, Henry Fonda; *Roger*, Eric Blore; *Darcy*, Osgood Perkins; *Mr. Dilley*, Lucien Littlefield; *Gwendolyn Dilley*, Lucille Ball; *Pianist*, Mischa Auer; *Tito*, Paul Porcasi; *Boy on merry-go-round*, Scott Beckett.

"IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by F. Hugh Herbert. Screen play by Howard J. Green and Gertrude Purcell. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Jim Buchanan*, Herbert Marshall; *Joan Hawthorne*, Jean Arthur; *Mike Rossini*, Leo Carrillo; *Flash*, Lionel Stander; *Bob Reynolds*, Alan Edwards; *Evelyn Fletcher*, Frieda Inescourt; *Al*, Gene Morgan; *Swig*, Ralf Harolde; *Pete*, Matt McHugh; *Chesty*, Richard Powell.

"JUST MY LUCK"—NEW CENTURY.—Original screen play by Wallace Sullivan and Scott E. Cleethorpe. Directed by Russell Ray Heinz. The Cast: Charles Ray, Anne Grey, Eddie Nugent, Quentin R. Smith, Snub Pollard, Lee Prather, Matthew Betz, Robert Graves, John Roche, Lillian Elliott, Charles King, Paul Weigel, Hal Price, Henry Rocquemore, Tom London, Beth Merion, Jerry Mandy, Dick Cramer.

"KIND LADY"—M-G-M.—From the play by Edward Chodorov and the story by Hugh Walpole. Screen play by Bernard Schubert. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: *Mary Herries*, Aline MacMahon; *Henry Abbott*, Basil Rathbone; *Phyllis*, Mary Carlisle; *Peter*, Frank Albertson; *Mr. Edwards*, Dudley Digges; *Lucy Weston*, Doris Lloyd; *Rose*, Nola Luxford; *Doctor*, Murray Kinnell; *Mrs. Edwards*, Eily Malyon; *Ada*, Justine Chase; *Aggie*, Barbara Shields; *Foster*, Donald Meek; *Roubet*, Frank Reicher.

"LAST OF THE PAGANS"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by John Villiers Farrow. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: *Mala*, Ray Wise; *Natita*, Lotus Long.

"LITTLEST REBEL, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the play by Edward Peple. Screen play by Edwin Burke and Harry Tugend. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: *Virgie Cary*, Shirley Temple; *Captain Herbert Cary*, John Boles; *Colonel Morrison*, Jack Holt; *Mrs. Cary*, Karen Morley; *Uncle Billy*, Bill Robinson; *Sergeant Dudley*, Guinn Williams; *James Henry*, Willie Best; *Abraham Lincoln*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; *Mammy*, Bessie Lyle; *Sally Ann*, Hannah Washington.

"MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Gene Towne, Graham Baker, and Louis Stevens. Directed by William K. Howard. The Cast: *Mary Burns*, Sylvia Sidney; *Barton Powell*, Melvyn Douglas; *Goldie Gordon*, Pert Kelton; *"Babe" Wilson*, Alan Baxter; *Harper*, Wallace Ford; *"Spike"*, Brian Donlevy; *Steve*, Frank Sully; *Dance Hall Attendant*, Fuzzy Knight; *Matron*, Frances Gregg; *District Attorney*, Charles Waldron; *Judge*, William Ingersoll; *Red Martin*, Boothe Howard; *Joe*, Norman Willis; *Willie*, Joe Twerp; *Mike*, William Pawley; *Farmer*, James Mack; *Woman Tourist*, Isabel Carlisle; *Man Tourist*, Henry Hall; *G-Man*, Herman Cripps; *G-Man*, Ivan Miller; *Nurse Jennie*, Grace Hale; *Nurse Agnes*, Rita Warner; *G-Man in Dance Hall*, Charles Wilson.

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"MIDNIGHT PHANTOM" — RELIABLE. — Screen play by Jack Neville. Directed by B. B. Ray. The Cast: Reginald Denny, Claudia Dell, Lloyd Hughes, Barbara Bedford, James Farley, John Elliott.

"MILLIONS IN THE AIR"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Sig Herzig and Jane Storm. Directed by Ray McCarey. The Cast: *Eddie Warren*, John Howard; *Marion Keller*, Wendy Barrie; *Tony Pagano*, Willie Howard; *Benny*, Benny Baker; *Jimmy*, Robert Cummings; *Bubbles*, Eleanore Whitney; *Miss Watterbury*, Inez Courtney; *Calvin Keller*, George Barbier; *Gordon Rogers III*, Alden Chase; *Mrs. Waldo-Walker*, Catharine Doucet; *Dave*, Dave Chasen; *Theodore*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Chief Edwards*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Kid Pianist*, Bennie Bartlett; *Blonde*, Marina Schubert; *Prof. Duval*, Maurice Cass.

"MISS PACIFIC FLEET"—WARNERS.—From the story by Frecerick Hazlitt Brennan. Screen play by Peter Milne and Lucille Newmark. Directed by Ray Enright. The Cast: *Gloria Fay*, Joan Blondell; *Mae O'Brien*, Glenda Farrell; *Mr. Freytag*, Hugh Herbert; *Sgt. Tom Foster*, Warren Hull; *Kewpie Wiggins*, Allen Jenkins; *Virginia Matthews*, Marie Wilson; *Butch*, Eddie Acuff; *Sadie Freytag*, Minna Gombell; *Nick*, Guinn (Big Boy) Williams; *Annie*, Anita Kerry.

"MISTER HOBO"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the play by Paul Laffitte. Screen play by Maude Howell. Directed by Milton Rosmer. The Cast: *Spike*, George Arliss; *Flit*, Gene Gerrard; *Barsak*, Frank Cellier; *Paul*, Patric Knowles; *Madalaine*, Viola Keats; *Dubois*, George Hayes; *Mrs. Granville*, Henrietta Watson; *Mme. Barsac*, Mary Clare.

"MY MARRIAGE" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX — Original screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by George Archainbaud. The Cast: *Carol Barton*, Claire Trevor; *John DeWitt Tyler, III*, Kent Taylor; *Mrs. DeWitt Tyler, II*, Pauline Frederick; *Barney Dolan*, Paul Kelly; *Elizabeth Tyler*, Helen Wood; *Roger Tyler*, Thomas Beck; *Mrs. Dolan*, Beryl Mercer; *Major Vaile*, Henry Kolker; *Sir Phillip Burleigh*, Colin Tapley; *Marty Harris*, Noel Madison; *Jones*, Ralf Harolde; *H. J. Barton*, Charles Richman, *Saunders*, Frank Dawson.

"NEVADA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the book by Zane Grey. Screen play by Garnett Weston and Stuart Anthony. Directed by Charles Barton. The Cast: *Nevada*, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; *Hettie Ide*, Kathleen Burke; *Clem Dillon*, Monte Blue; *Sheriff*, Raymond Hatton; *Bill Ide*, Glen Erikson; *Cash Burridge*, Sid Saylor; *Ben Ide*, William Duncan; *Judge Franklidge*, Richard Carle; *Cawthorne*, Stanley Andrews; *Tom Blaine*, Frank Sheridan; *McTurk*, Jack Kennedy; *Card Player*, William L. Thorne; *Card Player*, Harry Dunkinson; *Bystander*, Barney Furey; *Bartender*, Henry Roquemore; *Wilson*, William Desmond.

"PERFECT GENTLEMAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Cosmo Hamilton and the play by Childs Carpenter. Screen play by Edward Childs Carpenter. Directed by Tim Whelan. The Cast: *Major*, Frank Morgan; *April*, Cicely Courtneidge; *Evelyn*, Heather Angel; *Hitch*, Herbert Mundin; *Harriet*, Una O'Connor; *John*, Richard Waring; *Bishop*, Henry Stevenson; *Baxton*, Forrester Harvey; *Lady Clyffe-Pembrook*, Mary Forbes; *Kate*, Doris Lloyd; *Alf*, Edward Cooper; *Penelope*, Brenda Forbes.

"RACING LUCK"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Jack O'Donnell and George Sayre. Screen play by Jack O'Donnell and George Sayre. Directed by Sam Newfield. The Cast: *Dan Morgan*, Bill Boyd; *June Curtis*, Barbara Worth; *Jimmy Curtis*, George Ernest; *Elaine Bostwick*, Esther Muir; *Walter Hammond*, Ernest Hilliard; *Mose*, Onest Conley; *Knapsack*, Ben Hall; *Mr. Tuttle*, Henry Roquemore; *Dynamite*, Dick Curtis; *Secretary*, Ted Caskey.

"RING AROUND THE MOON"—CHESTERFIELD.—Screen play by Paul Perez. Directed by Charles Lamont. The Cast: *Roff Graham*, Donald Cook; *Gloria Endicott*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Kay Duncan*, Ann Doran; *Pete Martland*, Allan Edwards; *Ted Curlew*, Douglas Fowley; *Bill Harvey*, John Qualen; *Carla Anderson*, Barbara Bedford; *Baxter*, Richard Tucker; *Mr. Endicott*, John Miltern; *Brenton*, Carl Stockdale; *Baby*, Dickie Dewar; *Emma*, Mildred Gover; *Della*, Dot Farley; *Charlie*, Eddie Phillips; *Mayme*, Vera Steadman.

In the December Photoplay, we credited Gorham with having designed the Francis I flat silver used by Miss Jean Harlow, but a letter from Reed and Barton informs us that the Francis I silver design is theirs.

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"—RKO.—From the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Wallace Smith & Anthony Veiller. Directed by William Hamilton & Edward Killy. The Cast: *Magee*, Gene Raymond; *Mary*, Margaret Callahan; *Bolton*, Eric Blore; *Myra*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Cargan*, Moroni Olsen; *Hayden*, Grant Mitchell; *Bland*, Ray Mayer; *The Hermit*, Henry Travers; *Max*, Murray Alper; *Quimby*, Harry Beresford; *Mrs. Quimby*, Emma Dunn.

"SPLENDOR" — SAMUEL GOLDWYN. — Screen play by Rachel Crothers. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The Cast: *Phylis Lorrimore*, Miriam Hopkins; *Brighton Lorrimore*, Joel McCrea; *Martin Deering*, Paul Cavanagh; *Mrs. Lorrimore*, Helen Westley; *Clarissa*, Billie Burke; *Martha Lorrimore*, Katherine Alexander; *Edith Gilbert*, Ruth Weston; *Clancey Lorrimore*, David Niven; *Fletcher*, Ivan Simpson; *Capt. Ballinger*, Arthur Treacher; *Hoffstatter*, Torben Meyer; *Billy Grimes*, Reginald Sheffield.

"STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE"—WARNERS.—Original and screen play by Sheridan Gibney and Pierre Collings. Directed by William Dieterle. The Cast: *Dr. Louis Pasteur*, Paul Muni; *Madame Pasteur*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Annette Pasteur*, Anita Louise; *Dr. Emile Roux*, Henry O'Neill; *Dr. Radisse*, Raymond Brown; *Dr. Charbonnet*, Fritz Leiber; *Dr. Rossignol*, Porter Hall; *Dr. Jean Martel*, Donald Woods; *Dr. Zaranoff*, Akim Tamiroff; *Dr. Lister*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Dr. Pfiffer*, Frank Reicher; *Boncourt*, Herbert Heywood; *Courier*, Niles Welch; *Joseph Meister*, Dickie Moore; *Madame Meister*, Ruth Robinson; *Emperor*, Walter Kingsford; *Empress*, Iphigenie Castiglioni; *President Thiers*, Herbert Corthell; *Coachman*, Leonard Mudie; *Midwife*, Brenda Fowler; *Muni's Assistant*, Andrew Beranger.

"SYLVIA SCARLETT"—RKO.—From the novel by Compton Mackenzie. Screen play by Gladys Unger, John Collier and Mortimer Offner. Directed by George Cukor. The Cast: *Sylvia Scarlett*, Katharine Hepburn; *Jimmy Monkley*, Cary Grant; *Michael Fane*, Brian Aherne; *Henry Scarlett*, Edmund Gwenn; *Lily*, Natalie Paley; *Maudie Tilt*, Dennie Moore; *Drunk*, Lennox Pawle.

"TALE OF TWO CITIES, A"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Charles Dickens. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb and S. N. Behrman. Directed by Jack Conway. The Cast: *Sydney Carton*, Ronald Colman; *Lucie Manette*, Elizabeth Allan; *Miss Pross*, Edna May Oliver; *Stryver*, Reginald Owen; *Marquis St. Evremonde*, Basil Rathbone; *Madame de Farge*, Blanche Yurka; *Dr. Manette*, Henry B. Walthal; *Charles Darney*, Donald Woods; *Barsad*, Walter Catlett; *Gaspard*, Fritz Leiber; *Gabelle*, H. B. Warner; *Ernest de Farge*, Mitchell Lewis; *Jarvis Lorry*, Claude Gillingwater; *Jerry Cruncher*, Billy Bevan; *Seamstress*, Isavel Jewell; *The Vengeance*, Lucille Laverne; *Woodcutter*, Tully Marchall; *Lucie, as a child*, Fay Chaldecott; *Mrs. Crunsher*, Eily Malyon; *Judge in "Old Bailey"*, E. E. Clive; *Prosecutor*, Lawrence Grant; *Judge at Tribunal*, Robert Warwick; *Prosecutor*, Ralf Harolde; *Morveau*, John Davidson; *Tellson, Jr.*, Tom Ricketts; *Jerry Cruncher, Jr.*, Donald Haines; *Jacques 116*, Barlowe Borland.

"THOUSAND DOLLARS A MINUTE, A"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Everett Freeman. Screen play by Joe Fields and Jack Natteford. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. The Cast: *Wally Jones*, Roger Pryor; *Dorothy*, Leila Hyams; *McCarthy*, Edgar Kennedy; *Benny*, Edward Brophy; *Pete*, Sterling Holloway; *Salesman*, William Austin; *Editor*, Purnell Pratt; *Big Jim*, Morgan Wallace; *Sonny*, Russell Hicks; *Ryan*, Lee Phelps; *Flanagan*, Jimmy Burtis; *Vanderbrocken*, Herman Bing; *Jewel Clerk*, Arthur Hoyt; *Reville*, Franklyn Pangborn; *Robinson*, Claude King; *Landlady*, Cecille Elliot.

"WE'RE ONLY HUMAN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Husk" by Thomas Walsh. Screen play by Rian James. Directed by James Flood. The Cast: *Pete McGaffrey*, Preston Foster; *Sally*, Jane Wyatt; *Danny Walsh*, James Gleason; *Martin*, Arthur Hohl; *O'Brien*, John Arledge; *Mrs. Walsh*, Jane Darwell; *Inspector Curran*, Moroni Olsen; *Berger*, Mischa Auer; *Tony Ricci*, Harold Huber; *Anderson*, Christian Rub; *Mrs. Anderson*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Tommy*, Delmar Watson; *Grandma*, Effie Ellsler; *Morgan*, Charles Wilson; *Casey*, James Donlan.

"WHIPSAW"—M-G-M.—From the story by James Edward Grant. Screen play by Howard Emmett Rogers. Directed by Sam Wood. The Cast: *Vivian Palmer*, Myrna Loy; *Ross McBride*, Spencer Tracy; *Ed Dexter*, Harvey Stephens; *"Doc" Evans*, William Harringan; *Harry Ames*, Clay Clement; *Steve Arnold*, Robert Gleckler; *Wadsworth*, Robert Warwick; *Monetta*, George Renevent; *Chief Hughes*, Paul Stanton; *Humphries*, Wade Boteler; *Curley*, Don Rowan; *Dabson*, John Qualen; *Mme. Marie*, Irene Franklin; *Aunt Jane*, Lillian Leighton; *Bailey*, J. Anthony Hughes; *Dr. Williams*, William Ingersoll; *Larry King*, Charles Irwin.

"YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the play by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson. Screen play by Allen Rivkin. Directed by Eugene Forde. The Cast: *Dudley Dixon*, Edward Everett Horton; *Christine Saunders*, Lois Wilson; *Robert Kirby*, John McGuire; *Ethel Church*, Rosina Lawrence; *Charlie Post*, Alan Dinehart; *Mabel Dixon*, Marjorie Gateson; *Cyril Church*, William Benedict; *Janet Dixon*, Florence Roberts; *Marjorie Baxter*, Jane Barnes.

Now It's Horses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

Bing optimistically calls it a business. He hopes to cash in later on.

Six of his thoroughbreds are yearlings, but a week after Santa Anita has opened, they'll be eligible to race. All horses celebrate their birthdays on the first of the year. Sadly remembering Zombie's ill-fated monicker, Bing has christened his string with less macabre surnames.

Friend Andy has Bing's close pal, Andy Devine, to thank for his title. Aunt Kitty was named after Kitty Lang, the widow of Bing's former guitar player. The fussy habits of the Crosby legal adviser inspired Madame Attorney. Bing's favorite golf course was honored in Lady Lakeside, and the famous twins are responsible for Double Trouble. Bing had his heart set on calling a new racer Jacqueline Oakie which he knew would burn Jack to a nice crisp, but the racing commission turned it down. They said it was too long, but they probably wanted to keep harmony in Hollywood.

BING keeps his prancing pets down on his ranch at Rancho Santa Fe where they sniff their oats in brand new stables under the expert care of trainer Albert Johnson, who rode three Kentucky Derby winners to victory. Johnson and Bing hope that Khayam, a brand new yearling and son of the famous Omar Khayam, will lead them home at Churchill Downs in a year or so.

But so far the Crosby colors have yet to adorn an important purse. Hopes don't keep red off the ledger—and the ink continues to flow freely—not only for Bing but for Clark Gable who still has his Beverly Hills and three new yearlings too young to race this season, for Spencer Tracy and Director J. Walter Ruben, also nursing along some infant prodigies, for David Butler and Leo McCarey of the B and M stables, for William LeBaron, Louis Lighton, Raoul Walsh, Leon Gordon and other big film shots who are building up racing strings, and especially for Director Al Green who has a hungry horde of thirty racing thoroughbreds.

Joe E. Brown, in fact, is the only movie owner who has padded his bank balance substantially from flying hoofbeats. Joe E. risked a few hundred on a selling plater called Straitjacket last year at Santa Anita. But Straitjacket tied up in the back stretch and Joe E. couldn't find a Houdini to ride him.

So he dug deeper to claim Captain Argo, a sprinter with a reputation, at Narragansett Park. The Captain dented the Brown bankroll for $4500, but the first time he heard Joe E. yelp he sprinted home to win a $5000 purse, the second time Joe hollered he galloped for $2500 and the third time it was worth $3500. That's making money. Argo couldn't stand prosperity, however. He died before Joe E. could flash him at Santa Anita, so the Brown hopes will be carried by a brand new substitute, Captain Barnsley, who is said to have ears attuned to his master's raucous railside voice.

If the horse fever stopped with the stable owners, Hollywood would be comparatively normal, but that of course is far from the case. The sad truth is that the germ is more virulent when it attacks those with loose money to back their judgment of other people's horseflesh There is where the wailing wall begins.

Most neophyte movie owners have learned enough about the galloping colts to shun the bookies unless their horse has a more than even chance. Bing Crosby seldom backs his entries with large bets. Joe E. plays them heavily, but Joe doesn't have many horses, and he doesn't race often. When he does, he means business.

Last year most Hollywood bets were chump bets. Starting with a caution becoming greenhorns, the Hollywood wageroos became bolder and bolder until they bet on anything Only a few seasoned old railbirds like Al Jolson—who once bet $75,000 on one horse in one race (and lost)—really had any idea what they were doing when they laid it on the line.

The average Hollywood bet was placed on whispered hunches, tips, the nice sound of a nag's name, the color of his coat or the haircut of his jockey. A large percentage of wagers were inspired by sentiment. The old wheeze, "When in doubt bet Bradley" was changed for a while to "When in doubt bet Crosby," until Bing had to ask his friends please *not* to back his nags. The money they were dropping embarrassed him.

Clark Gable's Beverly Hills went to the post in his maiden race at Agua Caliente backed to the withers with Hollywood gold. All of Clark's pals tagged him purely out of sentiment. Beverly came in a winner and paid eight dollars for two. So everybody backed him from then on, without even glancing at the competition.

THE winnings soon vanished and more, too, when Beverly got out of his class. And then, as if to point an object lesson, the bangtail, sent to Tanforan, the San Francisco racetrack, by Clark and forgotten, romped home in three successive starts to pay forty for two, thirty for two and twelve for two bucks!

Neither Clark nor any of his friends had a dime on him!

Actors and actresses have always been good sports. And, of course, a horse race without bets is like poker without chips, or bridge without arguments.

There will be, however, two definite classes of movie gamboleers.

One will wear the impassive mask of wagering experience. He will possibly have placed his bets before he came to the track, through

Be sure and read "GOD'S INCOME TAX," an astonishing article on the Law of Compensation in the lives of the screen's brightest luminaries, by the famous dramatic author and journalist, CHANNING POLLOCK, in the March issue.



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The other's excited flush will betray the unaccustomed boot the whole business hands him (or her, of course. Every day is ladies' day at Santa Anita. Kay Francis, Joan Bennett, Marion Davies were star boarders at Santa Anita last year.) He will slide his wager under the parimutuel wicket, even as you and I, carefully avoiding, as a rule, the No Limit window in the exclusive Clubhouse, where he will, of course, be holding forth. Very possibly he will be clutching a sucker dope sheet, promising a sure winner in every race. He has just bought it for fifty cents to help him lose fifty to fifteen hundred cocoa nuts.

The cool and calloused type may emit a soft "Damn!" when his nag wilts in the challenge stretch and then hurry to cover his system on the next race. He is used to the breaks. Pat O'Brien and Director Howard Hawks belong in this class. They kept a direct wire humming from the set to the tracks all during the filming of "Ceiling Zero." In between scenes they telephoned their bets. A steady five hundred "across the board" was Hawks' system. He is supposed to have cleaned up a cool $22,000 in the last few months.

But the more excitable movie railbird may put on a bit of fireworks at the finish. Such as Jimmie Durante's nip-ups last year when he saw five hundred of the best come home on the nose of a long shot, and rushed to the pay off window only to discover the horse had been disqualified!

OR like Bing Crosby who (before he had acquired his betting poise) relieved his emotions after losing a close one by tossing odd pieces of furniture across the Clubhouse lobby.

Bing, incidentally, has had plenty of luck backing his racing judgment—but it's all been bad. Nevertheless, the tremendous publicity he has received from his racehorse activities causes him to be popularly tagged a turf authority, and this brings him loads of grief in the form of collect telegrams.

Self appointed touts and handicappers flood him with unwelcome tips on races and track information via pay-and-you-can-read messages. Since they might be wires important on other matters, Bing pays the toll. It has been costing him around the sum of $200 a month.

But the real proof that "horses break more hearts than women" in Hollywood as well as in the Bluegrass Belt comes from the sad story of Virginia Mack, a likely mare, who represented the racing resources of Claude Binyon, Bob Ives and Howard Green, three studio scenario scribblers of note.

Virginia entered a county fair race at Pomona, near Hollywood, which dangled a sizeable purse. She won in a walk but when owners Binyon, Ives and Green extended their palms, the officials stated with regret that Virginia Mack was officially dead! It seems her former owner, wishing to assure her of an old age in deep clover had declared her deceased to keep her off racetracks the rest of her days. Protests were of no avail. The judges couldn't pay for a dead horse. Nobody likes to do that.

So the owners went into a huddle, registered the dead-alive Virginia Mack under the name of Reborn and entered her again. But reincarnation didn't pan out. She hasn't won a race since!

Smart money circulated freely in Hollywood last year, and does again this year—mainly because the innate ego of an actor makes him doubly sure he knows a good thing when he sees it.

But thinking yourself clever isn't always being so clever, where racehorses are concerned—as Spencer Tracy found out only a few weeks ago.

Spencer's groom for his hopefuls, April Folly and Wait For Me (Jean Harlow thought that one up while they were making "Riff-Raff" together), had a horse of his own that looked good. Spencer himself had clocked the animal in amazing time on the training track. The horse was absolutely unknown. So Spencer conceived a fast one. They would enter the nag as a sleeper in a county fair race with a bunch of dogs who had never won more than a dollar watch in their lives. They would back him with the bankroll and clean up It was all very simple, and very sure. He was to waltz in at long odds without even breathing hard.

The plan went through and the day arrived. The Tracys were on hand, *en famille*. The groom in his first striped suit, cane and spats. Spencer with all his spare cash on the line. Mrs. Tracy with the family silver practically in hock for a fistful of betting tickets.

The wire lifted and twelve horses tore out. A little later eleven horses—cripples, old soldiers, lame ducks and dogs—pounded by the finish line. But the Tracy surprise sleeper—the wonder horse — was still running. He came in sometime the next morning.

AND if it seems strange to you that Mrs. Tracy wept and Spencer raved and the groom disappeared for a week, then you don't realize yet just how seriously Hollywood is taking this horse racing season.

Furthermore it may seem slightly silly to you for a whole community of super sophisticates to get all hot and bothered over a lot of ponies running around in a circle.

But if that's your opinion, all I can say is you don't agree with Hollywood at the present writing. No, sir, not exactly.

And, after all, that's what makes a horse race a horse race, isn't it?

A difference of opinion?



All Hollywood's Playing This Game

Gather 'round, all you parlor game hounds—for that's what you do to play Hollywood's current time-frittering favorite. It's called "Words and Endings."

Here's what you do.

Take a letter—any letter. One of you starts by naming the letter. Say it's "d." The next one supplies another letter—any letter—say it's "u." "Du" isn't any word—in English—so you go on around, the object being to keep from spelling a word

Because the player who puts a letter on and ends a word has to toss a chip in the center.

Either a chip or a match or a beer cap, or whatever you are using for money.

Continuing the example we picked—say the next letter picked is "c." Well—"Duc" also is no word in English, so here we go again. Now the next player has to be careful. If he names the letter "k," for instance, he pays—because "Duck" is a word. However, if he's smart he'll name, let's say, "h." That passes him safely. "Duch" doesn't spell much—but it leads to "Duchy," "Duchess" and a lot of things.

The problem of the rest of the charming circle is to keep away from letting the letter they give end the word—get it?

When you end one word, you start another.

Sometimes there's a smarty in the crowd who knows a word no one else does.

If he claims the word ended on his predecessor and proves he's right (better have a dictionary handy) that unlucky gent has to forfeit two chips.

But if he's found to be bluffing or mistaken, it costs the caller two chips.

Everybody starts with the same pile of counters, and the first one who finds his all gone, automatically brings up the pay-off. The player with the biggest pile left wins the chips in the center.

It's a great game—and don't regard it as too lowly. You'll find, after a few sessions, that it's something like chess, you have to ponder and think ahead, and you can take all the time you want in supplying your letter.

If you're real clever at it, you can even arrange to stick the heavy winner for a loss.

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